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MONTHLY

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VOLUME XXV.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

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THE PREACHER AND THE WORLD.

IN the interesting story of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck, which has been recorded by St. Luke in the book of the Acts, we find that the Apostle endeavored to dissuade the soldier in charge from setting forth, but without success: "The centurion believed the owner and master of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." As the event proved, it would have been better if the soldier had listened to the Apostle; and yet it could hardly have been expected that he would; and, had the event been otherwise, his superiors might well have complained, that, instead of being guided by the advice of merchants and mariners, he had allowed himself to be influenced by a landsman and a scholar. Paul the Apostle, the man of visions and revelations, or even the wise, because unselfish, honest, and calm adviser, was nothing to the centurion. He had possibly no knowledge, certainly no faith, either in the signs and wonders of Christianity, or in Christianity itself, and Paul's judgment was for him like the opinion of any inexperienced person. The Apostle seems not to have pressed his view upon grounds

that would have been recognized by experts in seamanship; he rather appealed to some private and incommunicable reasons, which those about him, inasmuch as they were not fellow-Christians, could not be expected to appreciate. They said, and from their stand-point very properly, Let him preach his new religion, let him convert us to it if he can; but let the master and the owner sail the ship! When it comes to navigation, the poorest seaman is better than the best preacher. The gods may have come down to us in the likeness of men. This adviser may be the god Neptune, or one of the Dioscuri in disguise; but we have no means of knowing it: we can see in him only a Jew, an innovator, and an enthusiast. In the circumstances, then, it was inevitable that Paul's counsel should go unheeded. It was not permitted to him to control the course of the voyage, or to ward off the suffering and loss that attended it. And yet who can read that simple but thrilling story of peril, disaster, and marvellous escape, and not say that it was an unspeakable blessing to that poor ship's company to have in the midst of them the unheeded, and, as they said, unpractical Apostle? In the end they owed their lives, and some of them what was worth infinitely more than their lives, to him whose presence was the earnest of a peculiar providence; and even if they and their ship had gone down together, they might have blessed in their dying the preacher of the risen Christ, — the Apostle of the soul's resurrection.

This story from the life of St. Paul illustrates the relation which is held by Religion, especially by the Gospel, to the ordinary affairs of the world; it reminds us of its place and its function, of what it cannot do and of what it can do, — whether in shaping or in overruling events, whether in preventing or in remedying disaster, whether in keeping men out of trouble or in consoling and guiding them after they have fallen into it. It is suggestive as to the bearing of Religion upon the deeds and the misdeeds of the world's workers, schemers, and governors. It reminds the believer

of a success, and a grand success too, which under no circumstances will be denied him, of a ministry to be discharged by him that will be recognized by the most narrowly utilitarian persons as eminently serviceable. It enables us to repel some charges which have been brought, in our day, against the Gospel ministry by a few whose zeal is to be commended before their wisdom. Let me try to gather up some of these lessons.

1. Observe then, first, that there were circumstances in which even the Apostle Paul could not get a favorable hearing, and indeed gained nothing from speaking beyond the satisfaction of having borne his testimony. Religion cannot hope to acquire, and, as it would seem, will not be wise in striving after, save in a few uncommon cases, a direct control in worldly affairs, — in matters of business or statesmanship, in questions about social usages which divide equally sincere persons, in any of those concerns which demand of one who would order them aright, not only a high purpose and a true spirit, but also a knowledge of the facts in the case, and a familiarity with their various and perhaps complicated relations. It is pleasant to sketch the picture of a religious teacher who is a general adviser; but for the most part it must be a fancy picture: in days of great simplicity, and in small communities, such an imagination may be profitably embodied; but it does not belong to a state of high civilization, with its multitude of arts and sciences, with the conflicts and intricacies of its industries and its politics, and the thousand and one delicate questions which are sure to arise when we pass from the abstract to the concrete, and try to translate truth into life. The religionist may be at once spiritual teacher, physiologist, financier, mechanic, politician; but it must be amongst a very simple folk, who have not reached that fineness of organization which belongs to maturity, whether in nature or in man. We have no visions and revelations as to business and statesmanship; and if we had, it is to be feared that, as in the case of Paul, we should not

find enough fellow-believers to make them practically available. It is as much a mistake to ask for direct guidance in affairs from the religionist, as it is to look into the Bible, which is the Book of the soul, for lessons in astronomy or geology or ethnology, which are not indispensable to the soul's everlasting life. There are indeed religious teachers who, in the hope of being, as they say, more practical, and of gaining the ear of the slumberer, venture far and wide in the application of their truth, and scarcely leave the individual Christian any opportunity for the exercise of his individual conscience and judgment. They will undertake to tell you how you must manage your factories, and sail your ships, and sell your merchandise, and conduct your exchanges, — what you must eat, drink, and wear, — how your houses should be furnished, your children educated, your cities drained and ventilated, — with whom you should keep company, and whom you should choose for office. And we have been told by one who claims to be a high authority in this matter, and to be called upon to show what the Christian pulpit should be and do, that nothing short of these brave ventures can save the ministry of the Gospel from the reproach of dulness and inefficiency, — from the charge of exhausting the patience of the faithful with abstractions, generalities, and commonplaces.

Now, in the way of filling out this vast programme there would seem to be two serious obstacles. In the first place, where are we to find the encyclopædic men who shall be competent to give counsel that shall be worth anything upon matters so weighty and so various? — and is it not to be feared that those who should aim to be such proficients would fail to reach anything like completeness in the Christian knowledge and the Christian graces that must come first? The Church has had, I know, famous statesmen, but for the most part they were poor priests; and whilst they were sending armies hither and thither, to good purpose, perhaps, as this generation would judge, the sheep languished

or wandered for want of a shepherd. And when such men flourished the division of labor was little understood. Nothing is more fitted to degrade the Christian ministry in the estimation of all judicious persons, than crude discourses upon what are called the topics of the day by men who only half understand them, and strive to supply with smartness what is lacking in soundness. Sincerity and charity are indeed of prime importance, but they will not make you a physiologist, or a financier, or a statesman.

The other difficulty is found in the fact of the honest diversities of opinion amongst those who are at one in the reception of great religious and moral principles, — diversities which can be harmonized only by conference, and seem to preclude *ex parte* statements or appeals in the presence of those who are met, not for the adjustment of differences, but for the common worship of God, and the study of a Gospel in which all profess to believe. These difficulties may be unduly magnified by the over-sensitive, or perversely pressed by some who would maintain a slumbering rather than a good conscience, or urged in apology for a style of discoursing which would be regarded as simple and evangelical, but is juiceless and meaningless and nerveless and utterly insignificant, — or suffered to rule out of public religious discourse the great topics of social and national morality which demand a broad dispassionate and unpartisan treatment; — nevertheless they *are* difficulties, and must be felt, if not by here and there a prodigy real or supposed, who harangues his thousands in some hall of science, yet by the humbler, and, it may be, quite as useful multitude of priests, preachers, and teachers, who, without vast learning or a particle of genius, must get a hearing for the Word of Jesus from wise and simple, as well by daily and persistent ministrations — the private ministry of the Word — as by the public testimony for the truth. Do you think that the households of a community — the households not only of the choice and cultivated few, but of the lowly and the poor, of the untaught

and the uninviting perhaps — could look for the bread of Christian edification to a few eloquent declaimers? We have been told that the churches are very wearisome places, and this because the ministers for the most part do not instruct the people for whom they should vote, or recite the news of the day. But is voting the chief end of man, and of woman too? — and have we not newspapers for the news? and are there not topics which are the same, and have the same interest yesterday, to-day, and forever? If in our sermons we are to tell the people how to vote, ought we not to run up appropriate flags upon towers and steeples? I admit that the difficulties to which I have referred are unduly magnified when they preclude the religionist from calling attention to those great social evils and sins which can have no place in the kingdom of Christ on earth, or tempt him to emphasize dogma and ceremony at the expense of those sweet humanities which are the legitimate fruits of a living Christian spirit, and without which we cannot be said to have a Gospel. There are obstacles to the discussion rather of *ways and means*, of *methods and persons*, than of the great ends of private and public righteousness, of social and political morality. Individual conscience, judgment, taste, opportunity, will suggest one and another measure here to one and another person. But, to a greater or less extent, the difficulties will remain: and even if Paul speaks, and speaks wisely, the master and the owner will be believed rather than he.

2. And yet, notwithstanding that these things are so, we are not justified in treating the religionist with contempt or neglect as a useless person. For, in the first place, when the Gospel is earnestly, faithfully, and wisely administered, it exerts a mighty though indirect control upon human affairs, and, if not in a day, yet in the long run is sure to make its beneficent power felt in every department of our life. In the instance which has been referred to, we see plainly that even the Apostle could have gained a favorable

hearing for his opinion only by winning a majority of those entitled to advise to a persuasion of his supernatural knowledge. In the circumstances, facts and reasonings unto that end, and that only, would have been pertinent and profitable. The largest discussion with reference to winds and currents and lee shores would have availed nothing. So it is the first business of the Christian preacher to make Christians. If men are *really* Christians, they will be sure to act like Christians. "He that is born of God cannot commit sin." If the teacher can help them to apply Christianity, so much the better; but if he and they are really Christian in heart, in conscience, in understanding, — if they are really full of the Gospel, — it will not be found so very difficult to make the application. The world is suffering, even in its worldly interests, for the lack of the faith, hope, and love of Christ, more than for anything else; and he who can minister these is a benefactor to society.

I accept it as a most righteous judgment upon much which has gone by the name of Gospel ministration, that not a few persons crave, instead of such insignificances, a sanitary lecture, a discourse upon physiology or political economy, or a partisan harangue. I have even heard of ministers whose topics were so far reduced that they discoursed to the people upon the sin of drinking tea and coffee. It is difficult to see how any earnest persons can be interested or helped by the mere traditions, the dry dogmas, the cold and decent moralities, the feeble prettinesses or the vain threats, the bows in the clouds or the spent thunderbolts, of an effete Gospel. But does any one of us need to be told that these are not that great Word of God which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and which, when it really gets possession of a man's soul, rules and blesses it for evermore? Does any one of us need to be told, that to be a Christian is not merely to do better in an outward way, but to be through and through a new creature? What are these truths, stigmatized by some as

generalities, as lifeless abstractions? They are the commandments, — Love God with all your heart! Love your neighbor as yourself! Under all conceivable circumstances, obey God rather than man; and if you are called to suffer for such obedience, take it patiently, not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing, as followers of the Lamb of God, who can take blows, but cannot give them. They are the assurances that in Christ we shall find our Heavenly Father, reconciling us to himself, coming to dwell in our hearts, to enlighten our consciences, to bring down the angels of heaven to our side, to cast out the demons of selfishness and sensuality and pride and wrath, — one who will cleave to us if we will cleave to him, and will make our sacrifices, our tears and sweat and blood, not only tolerable, but sweet. They are promises of righteousness to those who really desire it, of heaven to those who will seek for it through faith and hope and love, of a kingdom in us here and about us hereafter. They are admonitions to a daily and hourly fidelity in all things whatsoever, enforced by His glorious example who did no sin, who went about doing good, who had compassion upon the multitude, who preached the Gospel to the poor, and who, gentle Judge as he is, will say at the last day to the workers of iniquity, — no matter how zealously they may have cried, Lord, Lord! — depart from me! I know ye not whence ye are! These were the truths which were preached in the beginning to Jew and Gentile, to bond and free, and Christendom is the result. The same truths, only believe in them and give them time, will create a better Christendom, a world whose animating principle shall be more and more the spirit of love, — love for Him who first loved us, love for those of every name and race whom Christ calls his brethren, and is seeking to exhalt to his own right hand in the everlasting glory. These truths are to be illustrated by the experiences of our every-day lives; and doubtless that is an unwise and morbid sensitiveness which would exclude such

familiar illustrations; but the illustrations are secondary to the truths, — and let us never forget, that when our faith and joy in these truths are gone, all is gone: the distinctive work of the Christian preacher is suspended, and if any other work is undertaken by him in its stead, the Church becomes, first, a lecture-room, and then is closed altogether. One may be a ritualist or a dogmatist or a legalist, and be the worse rather than the better for ritual, dogma, legality; but if any man has seen the glory of the Father in the face of Christ, — if any man has caught any measure of the spirit of Christ, — he will surely be a more trustworthy man, in all relations, than one who has not attained to this vision and this life, simply because the quantity of his moral being has been increased. And let us say to those who do not love to hear secular sermons from clergymen, are you sure that you are willing to hear religious sermons, or are you as much wearied when God and Christ and heaven are spoken of as you are annoyed by a political discourse?

One word more. The religionist is entitled to magnify his office, even when he has failed to get a hearing, and the hour of darkness has come; because in the day of sore adversity faith, hope, and love are our abiding possessions, — garments which moth and rust cannot corrupt, treasures which thieves cannot dig through and steal. "Whoso heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a man who built his house upon a rock." If you ask for calmness and sober judgments, for patience, sweetness, and hopefulness, for moderate counsels and brotherly words in perilous days, — if you would have those who are more willing to bear the burdens of others than to profit by their misfortunes, if you would have those who can look without despair and madness upon the wasting of their goods, you will find them just in proportion as you are able to find genuine friends of God and Christ. Where these abound the ship may be wrecked, but there shall be the loss of no man's life among you; of the life, I mean, which is more than meat, and which

is clad in that celestial body which is more than raiment. Other men may say, all these things are against me, — but the Christian will not say it; for he knows that God is for him, and that only they who forsake Him shall be written in the earth. The very foundations beneath him may be destroyed; but the heavens are sure, and the promises cannot fail, — and no sinfulness and folly of man can frustrate the merciful purpose of God. How beautifully does the light of the Gospel shine out in times of darkness! The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee! "Be of good cheer!" said Paul — a mere dreamer no longer, but a loving and helpful man — to that ship's company. No reproaches, no taunting and triumphing; only sweet and comfortable words, with good, wholesome advice to take food, and not perish by starvation through fear of perishing by shipwreck. "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." So sang the inspired Hebrews. And read the glorious words of stout Martin Luther, as he holds on his way to the Diet at Worms: —

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He 'll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

. . . . .

With force of arms we nothing can, —
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

. . . . .

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.

. . . . .

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,

But, spite of Hell, shall have its course, —
'T is written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all; —
The City of God remaineth."

Whoso can say these things out of a Christian heart cannot be spared out of the ship in the voyage of life. Let such be heard; but let him who degrades such speech into cant, or vain repetition, keep silence until he has learned to believe.

"Be of good cheer!" said our brave Apostle to those who were looking each moment to be shipwrecked; and they are good words for all who have fallen upon dark and evil times. "If ye faint in the day of *adversity*, your strength is small." Any man who is not an atheist can give thanks for his blessings, but the Christian counts his sorrows blessings; and, even when many things have been taken, or are likely to be taken, praises God, because he can lean back upon Him, and look up to Him, and hold by the same strong hand that bore up the fearful and sinking Peter. We need changes and chances as well as prosperity; and it is written, "Because they have had no changes, therefore they fear not God." Let the fearful encounter their fears with charities, and strive to understand that the rest which the world may hope for is not rest *from* care, but rest *in* care, — great peace in great painfulness.

R. E.

THE ORIGINAL.

A QUIDAM tells me, "I am of no school,
No master lives to give me rule;"
Of which I take it this is the amount,
"I am a fool on my own account."

GOETHE.

HISTORY OF THE OXFORD SINGING-SCHOOL.

THE singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution, — not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy wending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milkwomen hieing thither with their pails; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with

long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was ever out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children flared out in finer silks and broadcloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Corne-

lius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "fuguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all the other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

> "How pleased and blest was I,
> To hear the people cry,"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the anti-strophes,

sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony, — Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

> "'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array."

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis, — all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers — Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney — who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sulky criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of "Squeaking Tim." But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and *some* thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder-storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus —" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the schoolroom like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some

guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That 's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe, — not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health, and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could n't be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifactions, or, like Lot's wife, into salifactions, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was

gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antediluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to effect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two choral wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its

place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, called it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

The next thing was the choice of a leading chorister, for Mr. Solomon Huntington's term was drawing to its close. The "traps" of course went for Timothy Case, and the "locks" went for Peter Bettis. There was, however, a third party, which represented young Oxford, and which held the balance of power. They were mostly "traps" in principle, though they did not make that the most important plank in their platform. Peter Bettis, however, was chosen by a decided majority, for he rallied around him the kindly disposed of all parties, who would not see him rudely thrust from his place. He rose, with a good deal of emotion; his words were few, but to the point: —

"I thank you, my friends, for this honor, but I must decline. I will never sing with the choir huddled together like a flock of sheep."

Of course the reader will excuse him for drawing his imagery from his own bucolical reminiscences. The third party rallied its forces. They put forward, as their representative, a young blade by the name of Seth Hubbard.

Seth lived in a remote part of the town, but he was one of the rising lights of Oxford. He was fond of singing, fond of dancing, fond of female society, and female society was generally fond of him. He was engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and would have been to a third had not "circumstances prevented." There was a girl of smart, queenly appearance, that came up every Sunday from Mr. Thomas Cleveland's dairy-farm, and sat and sang in the quadrangle. Ellen Cleveland was among the best specimens of honest country life. Strength of muscle, mind, and heart had come to her from the work of the dairy-room. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were like two baldwins, and her ruby lips poured forth strains which could always be heard, clear as a lark's, in the highest and most tumultuous flights of the quadrangle. Her vocabulary was very limited, especially in the direction of polite phrases, and she cut short with the word "gammon" a great deal of the general nonsense at the country parties. It was currently reported and believed that Seth had tried to engage himself to Ellen Cleveland, that she cut him short with "gammon," that she applied her palms to his ears in such wise that fuguing tunes sang through his brain spontaneously for several hours, and that she set him whirling like one of her own cheeses till his face subsided into a homeward direction. This, however, had been hushed up, and Seth had come clear shining out of any little clouds of this sort. Every Sunday he came with his gilt buttons gleaming in the distance. As far as you could see Seth, so far you could see the rows of metal on him, shining in the sun. Even the clouds of dust which

the carriages raised along the road seldom shut out entirely the flimmer of the fourteen buttons as they hove in sight. You might say of Seth then, when on his way to church, more truly than Goethe does of the loved one, —

> "I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder,
> The dust be stirred."

Seth was chosen first chorister by a triumphant majority. He was a decided "trap," and some of that party having formed a coalition with young Oxford, carried the day. Almost all the older singers, who had given dignity and character to the quadrangle, went below into their pews. They were not going up into that pigeon-loft, let Grandville and all the world do as it might. Peter Bettis never sang any more. His mouth came closer and closer together, till he occupied the extreme left of the "locks," and when the Orchestra party prevailed, it shut entirely, and he went below.

Great preparations had been made for the first Sunday after the reorganization of the choir. Mr. Solomon Huntington has closed his school and gone. The choir have met every evening in the week to practise under the new chorister, and it is expected there will be an uncommon blaze of harmony from the pigeon-loft on Sunday. Something must be done to shame the conservatives, and convince the "old fogies" of the quadrangle that theirs was not the music of the spheres.

Sunday comes: the choir are in their new seats, and Seth Hubbard shines in front in his twice sevenfold metallic brilliancy. During prayer time and sermon time there is much bustling and rustling and turning of leaves; at other times — but the reader must not expect me to describe the torrents of psalmody that rolled down from the pigeon-loft into the aisles. The grand effort, however, was reserved for the close. After the last prayer in the afternoon, Parson Harrison rose, and announced to the audience that the services

would close with a voluntary. Thereupon Seth Hubbard left the pigeon-loft and went below. The people stared and stretched their necks as he came wending up the broad aisle, flinging the golden sheen around him, till he stood in front of the deacons' seats, below the pulpit. Then the strophes and anti-strophes broke forth as follows: —

CHOIR (*in the loft*).

Come, pilgrim, come away,
C-o-m-e, p-i-l-g-r-i-m, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, ccme, come, come, come, come,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH (*below, solus*).

I hear the voice of angels,
They cry Co ——— me a ——— way,
C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

CHOIR.

C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH.

They cry Co ——— me a ——— way.

SECOND TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

BASS.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

TENOR.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

OMNES.

Come, pilgrim, come away.
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come away — come away — come away — come away,
C —— o —— m —— e a —— w —— a —— y.

SETH.

They cry, C — o — m — e a — w — a — y,
Co ———— me a ———— way,
Co ———————————— me
A ———— w ———— a ———— y.

All party distinctions in the choir seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Even the "locks" opened their mouths and leaned forward from the loft in a perfect deluge of harmony, and it was some time after the last lingering "Come away" had crept off through the vacuum of the "old maid's pew," and vanished, before the congregation came back to themselves. I watched Parson Harrison. He looked very solemn, and kept stroking the top of his head. I could understand why he should do it now to prevent his hair from rising up, though I do not know that this was his real motive.

"How did you like the singing?" was on everybody's lips as we came out of church. I was non-committal, for I really did not know what to say. My thoughts had taken a sort of spiral motion, and I preferred waiting till they subsided into their old channel. I saw the Clevelands walking ahead of me, and quickened my pace and came up with Ellen.

"I did n't hear your voice in the choir to-day."

"No. I sat below."

"You don't approve of the new arrangement?"

"O, I don't care a fig where the singers sit. 'T is n't of so much consequence where the seats are as who fills them."

"I expected to hear you to-day, as I understand you belong to the 'traps.'"

"Well,—I mean to open my mouth so as to let the words come out without hitting, when there 's anything to come out."

"That singing this afternoon I consider rather remarkable."

"Gammon."

The same performance was repeated two or three Sundays, after which the chorister sent notice to the pulpit that another voluntary was to come off.

Parson Harrison was one of the best of men, though when he had something disagreeable to say, or something which required more moral courage than usual, he never looked his audience in the face, but always looked straight at old Dick's pew. I have heard him preach some exceedingly pungent sermons, but he always poured them all in upon the negroes. Once, I remember, he preached a sermon against dancing, all of which went straight as an arrow at old Dick, though the poor old cripple could n't dance a step to save his life. The minister, in this new emergency, after the last prayer, made a pause, stroked the top of his head, which he seldom did in the pulpit, and looked at old Dick, from which I knew he was going to say something that gave him pain.

"The voluntary can be omitted. Shall we receive the Divine blessing?" And the congregation were dismissed.

Father Harrison had told some one that he thought the voluntary dissipated the solemn impression which he wanted the sermon to leave upon the minds of the people, and he felt obliged to leave it out.

We have come now to what may be called the "Decline and Fall" in the history of the Oxford singing-school, if not of the Oxford parish itself. The next Sunday both the quadrangle and the pigeon-loft were deserted and desolate. The hymns were given out, but nobody responded. I knew how deeply the minister felt it, for he looked under the stairs and preached at old Dick all day. In the afternoon, however, he gave out "Hymn 148," which in Dwight's edition

of Watts, you will see, if you turn to it, is preserved in its original beauty, having not yet been tinkered for the modern compilations. There was a subdued pleading in the voice of the venerable man, which was very tender and touching, as he read these stanzas: —

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

"*Let those refuse to sing*
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

The pastor sat down after reading the hymn, and stroked the top of his head three times, as if waiting for a response. I could not see how the old singers below would resist the appealing pathos of his voice, as it quivered through the stanzas. I thought Peter Bettis would certainly open his mouth. But it had closed forever on the melodies and shut them in. The pastor was just taking up his notes when a female voice broke forth, at first subdued and almost choked with emotion, but finally it soared clear and bird-like, scaling the empty pigeon-loft and waking its echoes. It was Ellen Cleveland's. One voice after another dropped in as the strain went on. Even old Dick and black Phillis opened their mouths, and Cornelius responded from under the opposite stairs; and the last stanzas of the hymn went up from every part of the house, with an unction I have seldom witnessed: —

"The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
And walk the golden streets."

It went up from the congregation as if a mighty wind had come suddenly and swept them like so many human lyres, and rolled away in a soothing and billowy motion through the

arches. It seemed to be alive and have a soul in it. People looked towards the Cleveland pew. Ellen's voice ruled the whole, and when the strain closed, her eyes were swimming in tears.

This went on for several Sundays, when lo! Seth Hubbard and his compeers reappeared in the pigeon-loft. They were determined, they said, to break up this screeching from all over the church. It was disgraceful. It was barbarous. They would see whether the pews would sing down the gallery. Fortunately they did not try. The pews became mute as the pigeon-loft became vocal. The pigeon-loft, however, were never after edified by the prayers and sermons, and they regarded their own performances the only ones which it was not a waste of time to hear. They spent the time between the singing in eating pea-nuts, reading newspapers, or making arrangements for the next ball, and thus they managed to fill up the hour at church rather pleasantly, notwithstanding the dull sermons and prayers.

Here my personal knowledge ceases, and I must write from hearsay the closing chapter of the history of the Oxford singing-school. I left the good old town to be educated somewhere else, and only came back to get short glimpses of the ancient church and its mutilated galleries. Good Mr. Harrison had left, — the kind-hearted old pastor, whose smooth, white hair was the silvery shine of the heavenly purities which he approached so near. The Scrapewells turned against him. "Squeaking Tim" went to the Baptists. Young Oxford thought they ought to have a minister who had some taste for music, and who kept up with the times. Jesse O. Whitney and his brother-in-law joined the Methodists, that their fuguing faculties might have unobstructed swing. Seth Hubbard, notwithstanding his metallic splendors, disappeared under a cloud which the reader will excuse me from describing. Old Dick had sunk into his grave, — not, I trust, without sanctifying grace, considering all the orthodox sermons which had been piled upon his head.

Ellen Cleveland was there, — no longer a tenant of the Cleveland pew, but of Esquire Brown's, whose daughter-in-law she was, — and she had brought up already three cottage flowers to be sprinkled with baptismal waters. There was no settled pastor; a preacher was "supplying," and the church was about half full. A new set had succeeded to the pigeon-loft, assisted by a flute and a violin. There was nothing in its performances to blame, and not much to praise; but it made me sigh for the golden days of Peter Bettis.

I by no means affirm that the singing-school was the cause of all this decline. I only aim to give its beginning, its middle, and its end. Certain I am that things went rapidly down as soon as the quadrangle was broken up. Certain I am, too, that they went rapidly up again in the short interval when Ellen Cleveland led off the congregation; and we came out of the church with our hearts brimming over with devotional rapture, and our souls melting together in brotherly and sisterly love. And I brought away from the old church these two ideas, — and have carried them with me these thirty years, all after experience so confirming them that the Smithfield fires could not melt them out of me, — that the Divine influx comes with special power and fulness into congregational singing, and that singing-schools are a curse to human society.

E. H. S.

THE SCALES.

Use well thine early days!
In the scales of Fortune
The index seldom keeps still:
You must rise or sink;
You must rule and win,
Or you must give up and fail;
Suffering or triumph is thine, —
The anvil or the hammer!

GOETHE.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

MATT. xvi. 25: — "For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it."

MANY of the sayings of our Lord seem purposely obscure. It was clearly no part of his plan that his followers should learn the Gospel by rote. Mingled with much that is simple and evident, are not a few things hard to be understood. It would appear that the Great Teacher was seeking to guard against the easy error of substituting words for things. He foresaw how natural it would be for men to persuade themselves that they knew the truth because they could recite it glibly. Hence he shrunk from all formal statements of doctrine, such as catechisms and creeds. He uttered his instructions in parables and enigmatical sayings. He was content that some should turn back perplexed, provided that others were made to pause and reflect.

The seeming paradox of our text illustrates this habit of the Son of man. The word life is here evidently used in a peculiar sense. The losing of life that is here spoken of cannot be the mere dissolution of the physical frame. A deeper and more comprehensive dying must be intended. The life, too, which we gain must be more than existence in a future state. We have only to glance at the frequent passages where the word life is used in similar connections, to be satisfied that here is no allusion to the popular idea of immortality. Throughout the New Testament there is traced a striking analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. As one was conceived by the Holy Ghost, so must the other be born of the Spirit; as one was made perfect through suffering, so is the other taught to view no chastening as grievous; as one was crucified, so is the other commanded to take up his cross; as Christ on the

third day rose from the dead, so his followers, rising from the death of selfishness and sin, are exhorted to walk with their Living Head in newness of life.

The frequency, the earnestness with which these expressions are reiterated, forbid that we should put them aside as mere rhetorical figures. They must involve some real and important sense. We cannot understand the mystery of Christ till we learn by experience something of this analogy. We must come to receive him in his fulness; he is more than example, more than instructor, more than substitute; he abideth in his followers, so that it is no longer we that live, but Christ that liveth in us.

Our text needs obviously to be interpreted by this analogy. As Christ counted not his own life dear unto him, but freely gave it up, so must his followers be willing to lose their lives. It is the inexorable condition of discipleship. To be his disciple is to have life, and to have it more abundantly; it was for this cause that God sent his only begotten into the world that men might live through him; but only so far as they die with him can they also live with him, even as a corn of wheat except it fall into the ground and die, abideth alone.

We are too apt to narrow the significance of life and death. Life is not mere existence; death is not the mere putting off of this mortal frame. Our Saviour, we are told, first brought life and immortality to light; that is, he first displayed their real nature. From him we learn that even while living we are often dead, and that this is life eternal, not simply that we may live forever in a future world, but that we may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!

We see, then, that eternal life is not to be conceived of as simply in the future. It is something that we now enjoy, differing from our mortal life, not in duration, but in quality. That eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested in the Son, abideth in the believer. "For this is the record," says the beloved disciple, "that God hath given to

us eternal life; and this life is in his Son, and he that hath the Son hath life." We need not then lie down in the grave to receive this incorruptible gift. The seeds of the new creation lie waiting in every regenerate soul.

What we mean by life, in its last analysis, is that ceaseless action and reaction of subtle forces which lurk in material existence, eluding the keenest scrutiny of science. Of life in its origin and essence we know absolutely nothing; whether it be a product of organization mysteriously generated from the travailing creation, or whether it be a superadded energy above the range of physical causation, we cannot say. We know it only in the conditions of its manifestation. So far as we are capable of recognizing life, it is made up of relations. The life of the plant consists, in the main, of relations to sun and air; the life of the animal, of relations to meat and drink; the life of the soul, of relations to man and God. The relations of the soul are its desires, affections, convictions, impressions. These are the subtle forces that fashion its interior growth. The lower gradations of life complete themselves, and culminate in a life that is not simply organic and sensitive, but conscious and rational.

The real life of a man is therefore measured by the mass of his relations to himself and to other beings. His positive vitality is the sum total of them all. He is more a man as he is brought more broadly into conscious contact with the whole universe of God. We may discriminate man's capacities into capacities of knowing, of loving, and of doing. The amplest and completest life would therefore be a life in which the intellect received its highest culture, the affections their fullest exercise, and the will its most perfect discipline.

According to this definition, eternal life means simply the soul's experience of its eternal relations. Its eternal relations are its relations to God. Eternal life involves, therefore, the knowing of the only true God; and, as a consequence of this knowledge, the loving him with all the heart, and, as a consequence of this love, the doing of his will. This is

the life that we find by losing the life of self. These relations that now exist, as they exist between the soul and the Father of spirits, cannot be shattered by the wreck of the physical frame.

All growth involves the losing and gaining of life. It is the divine law of development, comprehending every grade of being. As the seed must die in the ground before it can blossom into a flower, as the worm must die to mantle itself "with downy gold and colors dipped in heaven," so the soul must be unclothed of one existence before it can be clothed upon with another and a fairer. As it enters each new stage, it must lose life before it can find it.

And it is well for us to note, that the precepts of our Lord, which seem often most harsh and exceptional, are in perfect harmony with the laws of being. The kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace are not antagonistic in their working. We grow in holiness by a process perfectly analogous to that by which we grow in wisdom and strength. By the same straight and narrow gate we enter into all that is truly good. The conditions by which we inherit the reward laid up in heaven are the conditions of all genuine excellence. The child must lose its life to become a man. The life of innocence, of playfulness, of thoughtless joy, must give place to a life of temptation, of anxiety, of patient, earnest effort. The early days survive only as dim memories of a golden age. They linger as recollections of another state of being. So little do they blend with our more robust experience, that the poet's fancy has seen in them the intimations of a purer life, that was brought to a close at our birth into this present sphere.

And so on to the end. Long as the soul continues to grow, it grows by losing that which it has gained. Its life is nourished by a continual dying. As it advances in knowledge, it puts off its former ignorance; as it grows in affection, it forgets its prejudices; as it becomes more perfect in obedience, it denies its sinful habits. The law which constrains the seed

to burst its husk is not more imperative than the law which looses our silver cords and breaks our golden bowls.

This law, however, finds its most perfect illustration, not in those cases where a former life is put away by the inevitable flow of years, nor by the soul's natural growth, but where life is freely laid down for the sake of some greater good, where endeared associations are relinquished and cherished ties are broken; or where outward advantages and ease are given up, and former relations willingly surrendered to some call of duty.

In every act of self-sacrifice and self-denial we thus lay down our lives. It needs not the putting off of the outward body. Many a mother watching at the sick-bed of a child, many a wife clinging to the fortunes of a ruined and outcast husband, has more truly laid down her life than a martyr at the stake. The laying down of life that is most complete, that makes most sure the finding of another, is the daily and patient laying down of what renders life most dear.

Moses laid down his life when he forsook a life of honor, of power, of earthly rank, to become the leader of fugitive slaves, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin. Howard laid down his life when he relinquished the comfort of his English home "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, — to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." And, if we may quote a more sublime example, the Son of Man laid down his life, not so much in the hour when he cried on the cross and when his pierced side poured forth water and blood, as in his giving up of the glory that he had with the Father and becoming despised and rejected of men; in the daily contact of his self-denying love with pride, ingratitude, and unbelief.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles had perhaps this saying

of our Lord in mind, when he supplied the best comment on it in the words: "Know ye not that as many as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

We see, then, in what profound sense he that loseth his life shall find it; how broad and far-reaching is the law that all growth involves death and resurrection. Like Paul, we die daily if we are living members of Christ; we must be always emerging from the tomb of a past existence, and casting from us the grave-clothes of a sinful nature. By such ceaseless, ever-renewing process is it that this corruptible puts on incorruption, and this mortal puts on immortality. This is the life given us in Christ.

The life that was manifest in Christ was a life of self-renunciation. He laid down his life for the world. Though rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. But by losing his life he found it. "Wherefore," for this cause, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

The same Divine economy comprehends the followers of Jesus. They become the sons of God by the same self-renunciation. They must lose life in order to gain it, for it is a faithful saying, if we be dead with him we shall also live with him, if we suffer we shall also reign with him. In explicit terms he proclaimed the conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Every son of God must suffer many things.

For only through this sympathy of suffering and death can

we be made acquainted with the Lord of Life. Only so far as we have passed through, in our own experience, this antagonism of holiness and sin, can we comprehend the mystery of his being. Only by the discipline of the same trials that he endured can we become partakers of his nature. The ever-descending Spirit refuses to rest on those who have not been baptized with his baptism!

In words that seem almost harsh our Saviour forewarned his hearers of these things. "If thy right eye," he says, "offend thee, pluck it out; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "And if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Men were cautioned to count the cost before they sat down to build that tower.

Do you say, "Is this the cup that we must drink of?" Well might the disciples ask, "Who then can be saved?" Is Christian life only self-denial; must our present existence, with all its interwoven threads of joys, of sympathies, of hopes, of loves, be thrown away; all its aims and interests be abandoned; father and mother, wife and children be forgotten, when we set out to run this race? To affirm this is to affirm that only half our text is true. But he that loseth his life shall find it. That life cannot be lost that is lost for the sake of the Son of Man. The joys that we surrender to follow him, will come back to us again in double measure, like the patriarch's flocks. That which is in part is done away, only that that which is perfect may come. New and more enduring relations, purer affections, closer ties, take the place of the old. Like the woman of Samaria, we are called away from earth's shallow fountains, to drink of that well of water that springeth up into everlasting life.

The fatal error of asceticism consists in recognizing only half this truth. The barefooted monk, the hermit fleeing from the world, the nun wasting in her cell, do not lay down

their lives for the sake of Christ. That alone is truly done for his sake which is done with the same mind that was in him. It was not his purpose to lessen, but to increase the sum of human happiness. Through his poverty many were made rich. Monasticism, then, with its whole apparatus of artificial and profitless suffering, is a base travesty of the Man of Sorrows. Self-sacrifice and self-denial are meritorious only as they tend to secure some greater good. It is no part of religion to narrow our humanity. The seed is not planted that it may rot in the ground. Christ came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly; that it might be richer in all pure delights, broader in all generous sympathies, more fruitful in all good works. We lay down our lives for his sake, only when we lay them down that we may find them in another and ampler being.

He that loseth his life shall find it. He shall lose a life of self-indulgence, of self-seeking, of disproportioned affections, of misdirected efforts, of disappointed hopes; he shall find a life of holiness, of charity, of regulated love, of effectual labor, of content and rest; he shall find it in more serene exercise of his spiritual nature, in nobler purposes of action, in new springs, that gush forth at every step, of joys that are unspeakable and full of glory!

The Christian life, when viewed in its completeness, is life in its largest and most gladsome aspect. It has promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. As we are clothed upon with this new existence, we are clothed upon with a Divine humanity. The life that was the light of men is perpetually made flesh through our mortal lives. The self-renunciation that our text enjoins is simply the portal through which we press on to the mark of the prize of this high calling.

Must a man, then, hate his father and mother, yea, and his own life also? So far as these stand in the way of his love to God, he must. So far as the creature supplants the Creator,

it must be given up; so far as finite and temporal relations make us unmindful of those which are infinite and eternal, they must be set aside. Soon as they are exalted to this false eminence, they are worthless husks. If we wish to save them, we shall lose them; if we are willing to lose them, we shall find them again. The natural affections will not be robbed of their sweetness when sanctified by the spirit of religion. We shall not in the end love father or mother less, because taught to love God supremely. We shall not love our children less, because taught to love our neighbor as ourself. On the contrary, every good instinct will be quickened afresh. There is a unity of being that causes all parts to rejoice together. The natural affections will be transfigured into Divine affinities; we shall receive an hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life. And how sublime, in this aspect, seem the capabilities of human life. When we save it for ourselves, when we narrow it down to our own interests, when we make it subserve simply our own enjoyment, it is vanity of vanities, — like a tale that is told, — like a vapor that hasteth away; but when we lose it for Christ's sake, when we freely give it up for others, it is identified with life eternal, enduring, and undisturbed as the everlasting years of God.

How true, then, it is that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, not in mere earthly enjoyments, not in relations that are limited to this present sphere. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle all these are passing away. In vain shall we seek to stay their flight. In the grave there shall be no remembrance of them. What is essential and enduring in us is independent of those outward accidents. The growing soul will no more regret them than the child regrets his swaddling bands.

Our text supplies a test by which we may feel assured that our lives are hid with Christ in God. It is a test independent of our changeful spiritual moods; an assurance that does not rest on dreamy devotion, or on rare moments of ecstatic com-

munion. It fixes the proof of discipleship on a practical and unmistakable basis. It leaves us no more room to doubt that we have eternal life abiding in us, than to doubt the reality of our own existence. The life will be as manifest in the branches as it was manifest in the vine.

If, then, out of real love for Christ, we delight to share his work, — if we count it all joy that like him we are permitted to minister rather than to be ministered unto, — if in the order of our course we serve at the same altar, offering ourselves as living sacrifices, — if we make it the ruling purpose of our lives to do, not our own will, but the will of our Father which is in heaven, — and if in ceaseless struggle with our easily besetting sins, in ever-increasing abhorrence of whatever is unholy and impure, we are conscious of a growing sympathy with Him who was tempted in all respects as we are, that he might be made wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption for us, then may we humbly trust that we have received that spirit of adoption by which we are made partakers with him of his everlasting sonship.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DIVINE AND HUMAN.

ALL progress is the result of knowledge, — of knowledge applied and wrought out in practice. To effect this, that which is used as the means of progress must be knowledge indeed, — not vague, general, or inaccurate, for then no progress will be made; but it must be knowledge that is definite, particular, accurate.

Hence the importance of clear and definite ideas, — of ideas founded upon realities and facts. This is the grand requisite in every department of human thought, and in every domain of inquiry. The history of all science is simply the history of the accession of new facts, serving as

the foundations of new and definite thought. As the increase of definite thought goes on, progress in the sciences is made; and when that increase stops, progress is at a rest.

The advancement of astronomy has consisted in a vast accumulation of accurate and definite knowledge concerning the heavenly bodies; an increase in the number of actual facts brought before the mind, serving to give fixity and rest to the thought, and prevent its wandering vaguely and objectless through the spaces. In this way have the fallacies and fancies of the older theories been gradually rolled away, as masses of mist and cloud are dispelled before the rising glories of the morning light.

The ideas which men had of the structure of our globe, of the causes of various appearances scattered over its surface, of the action of forces in operation upon it, of the nature of its crust, and the contents of its interior, were exceedingly vague, inaccurate, and conflicting, until Geology came, and, by an acquisition, arrangement, and study of the facts, gradually brought light out of the darkness, and order out of the confusion. The progress in this case was exactly coincident with the acquirement of accurate knowledge as the foundation of definite thought.

So, too, in the department of human history. As we look away back, up the stream of time, across the long vista of preceding generations, into the realms of the remoter past, all is vague, dark, misty, and fabulous, until History, as a science, comes, and with her dates and chronologies, her kings and empires and epochs, — giving the thought some actual points of fixity to rest upon, — plants her row of shining lamps along through the darkness, shedding a chain of light over that shadowy realm, and marking in clearness the pathway of the travelling ages. Progress, in this case, too, was made just in the proportion that definite thought took the place of vague thought, and the foot of accuracy chased away the vapors of uncertainty.

As it is in the domain of natural things, so it is in the world of spiritual things: clear and well-defined views are necessary in order to make progress in them. Definite thought, founded on accurate knowledge, is the measure of intellectual progress in heavenly and divine things, while the application of that thought to practice constitutes wisdom, and is the exact measure of a man's real and living progress in those things.

It is a thought and belief with some that the loftier themes of theology, and the higher realities of the spiritual life, should not be made the subjects of fixed doctrines, and of a definite and uniform teaching grounded thereon; but that they should be left alone in their exalted region, and each mind be left free to follow its own conceptions of such things, to be guided by its own light, to take its own views, and form its own ideas.

In the light of the analogies already drawn, however, we can see the fallacy and unsoundness of this view. No realm of thought is ever really surveyed by indulging in excursions of the imagination into it, nor is any truth ever acquired or kept by exercising the mind upon vague and shadowy objects. The thought requires a point of fixity to rest upon, in order that anything may be learned, as the eye requires an object to look upon, instead of the vacancy of open space, in order that anything may be seen.

The reason why the more exalted subjects of a spiritual and heavenly nature are not better understood, and are supposed by many to lie beyond the reach of human thought, is because of the want of accurate doctrine in relation to them, and the absence of clear and definite teaching founded thereon. But the subjects themselves — many of them — are not hard to be understood. And when the Lord, by an opening of the meaning of his Word, communicates them to men, they may be learned as easily as the truths of any other science, and intellectual progress in them be as rapidly made.

The likeness of man to God is the truth most frequently set forth in the Scriptures; we are called his children, and he is called our Father. The Lord is spoken of as possessing and exercising the various faculties, powers, and attributes which belong to man; and it is said that he made man in his own image and likeness, — in the image of God created he them.

From all these representations we learn the great truth of who and what God is. We learn that he is a Divine man; or rather, that he is the one Divine Man of the universe, — and that we are men simply because we are images and likenesses of him. All our finite attributes correspond to his infinite attributes, and thus, as we are finite men, so he is an infinite man.

This is the first great truth which the Scriptures everywhere desire and design to teach us. But if this truth alone were given us, we should form incorrect ideas about it; we should be liable to think of the Lord as only a larger and more powerful man like ourselves. The fallacies of the senses would come in to shape our thought, and we should think of the Lord as possessed of greater size, greater will, greater wisdom, and greater power than men, — but yet of all of them as being essentially human will, human wisdom, and human power. We should think of him as possessed of the same quality of faculties as we ourselves possess, only increased to an indefinite or illimitable degree.

As this would be an incorrect idea of the Lord, and of what is Divine, therefore the Scriptures give us this other truth also, setting forth the essential difference between man and his Maker, — thus between what is Divine and what is merely human.

As we have said, this is not a difference of mere degree, or extent, — as of more or less, of greater or smaller, — but a difference in real essence, a difference of quality and kind.

Let us illustrate this difference by one or two familiar examples. There are two common sources of light and heat to

men. The first is the sun, which sheds down his rays from above, continually diffusing their beams, like a gentle shower, over the whole surface of Nature, stimulating her processes, animating her operations, and everywhere filling her with life and clothing her with verdure. The other source is the lights and fires of man's own kindling on the surface of the earth. They are different in their origin, different in their nature, and different in their effects. We may increase their size and enlarge their flame, but do not alter their nature, nor change the results they are capable of performing. They are mere chemical combustions, and the glare of their flame can never operate upon the leaf of tree or flower like the ray of solar light. There is no vivifying force in them. We may multiply them indefinitely, and spread them out over the whole continent; nay, may even wrap the whole globe itself in flames, and as their sheeted volumes should ascend into air, licking at the clouds, we should have only scorching and consuming conflagration, without one single ray of solar light or heat. With all our labor, we should have made no advance towards creating a single pencil of the sun's beams, or of making anything that would produce similar results.

Thus we see, from this analogy, that there is no tendency, by merely increasing what is human, to become what is Divine, or to render it any more of like quality as the Divine.

As it is with the two kinds of light and heat, so it is with the bodies from which they proceed. There are two kinds of function that are performed in the system of the heavens. The one is performed by the sun, the other by the planets or earths. The sun is in the centre of the system; he stands in the midst, and rules the planets in their motions. He is the lamp of the system; he shines by his own light, and he is the dispenser of light and heat to all the earths in his system.

The planets, on their parts, revolve around him; they are dependent on him for their motion; they have no light of their own, but in their own nature are dark and opaque; they are made to be inhabited, — to be the homes of men, —

to receive the rays of the sun and reflect them, — to shine, not in themselves, but by the light which is borrowed from him, and which is borrowed by them and bestowed by him every moment of time; to receive that light and heat into their bosom, to appropriate it, treasure it up, use it to clothe themselves with life and verdure, and manifest it by shedding forth a reflection of it to other planetary worlds around them, as the moon and the planets do to us.

Thus we perceive a difference of specific and essential quality between the sun and the earth. No increase of size in the bulk of the earth would convert it into a sun, nor have the least tendency to do so. No enlargement of the moon's surface would ever cause her to shine by her own light.

And so it is with the difference between the Lord and men, — between what is Divine and what is human. As the sun of the natural heavens is in respect to the earth, so is his life above our life, and his quality above our quality.

He is the spiritual centre of the universe. It all depends upon him. He is the only possessor of life, — the only one who shines by his own light. He is its uncreated source and fountain; out of him it flows. All other beings whatsoever are only recipients of this life; none of them have life in themselves; they all are created forms and organs fitted to receive, to appropriate, to use, and to manifest or reflect forth that life to others. This is the case with angels, spirits, and men. They never shine by their own light. Life is not created and put into them; they never possess it as an inherent substance of their own being; but it is forever continually communicated to them by an influx from the Lord himself, as light and heat are communicated every moment to the planets by the beams flowing forth from the natural sun.

This perpetual stream of life from the Lord flows down and enters into men, being breathed into the interiors of their souls, as air is breathed every moment into the lungs. And as the body requires the latter, so does the spirit require

the former. As if the air were withheld from us, and we should cease to respire, our natural life would soon come to an end, so, if this influx of life from the Lord should be withheld, and we cease to receive it for only a single moment, all our mental action would cease; we could neither feel nor think, and should fall down in a swoon.

It is here that we seize the very essential difference between the quality of what is Divine and the quality of what is human. The one possesses life in itself, — uncreated, self-existent, self-productive, forever giving it forth. The other is only a form or vessel capable of receiving an influx of that life, and of being filled with it.

How simple this truth, and how easy to be understood! And yet from how much vague thought and how many fallacies will it save us?

It will preserve us from the error of thinking that we possess life in and of ourselves, giving us a rational idea, and a firm conviction of our momentary and complete dependence on God. It will afford us a rule for the accurate and discriminating use of language in regard to this subject, showing us, at the same time, that, however good a man may become, he can make no progress whatever towards being Divine. No increase of manhood will ever change that essential quality of his nature by which he is only an organ recipient of life. He may go on improving forever; he may enlarge his powers and exalt every faculty of his soul; he may become more and more spiritual, more and more heavenly, more and more angelic, — may continue to increase in holiness and in purity to eternity; and all this time will only have been growing more and more truly human, but not one whit more Divine than when he first began. He will not have incorporated into his own substance a single particle of the essence of life, not have implanted in himself a single spark of truly Divine fire, nor have taken one step towards rendering himself an original source of spiritual light and heat to others. There is an oppositeness and diversity of

essential quality between the two, which separates, by an impassable chasm, the least thing of Divine substance from the largest or purest thing of human substance. The holiest archangel in the highest of all the heavens is no nearer changing his human into a Divine nature than the meanest or lowest mortal on earth; nor has he taken a single step towards doing so.

We are too apt to form our ideas of the Lord, and of what is Divine, from what is large and high and lofty in a material sense: thus from size, or dimension, or bulk. The limitations of space and time come in to determine our thought. But when we come to think of the Divine from essential quality, the ideas of space vanish. Feelings of love do not occupy space; and Infinite Love does so no more than human love. Ideas of thought do not occupy space; and Divine Wisdom does so no more than human wisdom: size or dimension is not predicable of them. The Lord, in his Divinity, dwells above the entire region of space and time; his substance transcends all their limitations; they are not predicable of him, and they have no effect upon him. He is in all space without space, and in all time without time.

As it is quality of essential nature, and not size, which differences the Lord from man, therefore whenever he appears, he appears no larger than another man. When he veils his Supreme Divinity, and, descending into the region of man's ideas, — into the region of space and time, — there clothing himself with a form, which he uses as a medium to manifest himself, he takes a form not larger than that of other men. When he descended and came to Abraham, he did so in such a form. When he was seen by Moses, and talked with him face to face as a man talketh with his friend, he was seen by Moses altogether as another man. In a similar form did he appear to Joshua, Elijah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, as to all the seers and prophets of the Old Testament. And when he veiled his Divinity still further, and came into the

world, he here appeared in the common mien of men. He then changed the quality of the outward form he here assumed, and made it to consist of his own Divine substance; thus causing the same quality to dwell in that which dwelt in himself. According to the Scripture, "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." That is, he made the humanity, which he assumed, essentially Divine. And being now Divine, that humanity, unlike the humanity of other men and angels, is now the source of light and life to men, because the Lord, our Heavenly Father, dwells in it as a soul in its body. Being made of like substance with himself, he took it with him when he went up again where he was before, when he ascended above all the heavens, above all the regions of space and time. And the Divine sphere of light and glory by which that humanity is surrounded is the sun of the spiritual universe.

We frequently call that Divine which is only derived or proceeds from the Divine. Thus, the Word of the Lord, or Divine truth; the Holy Spirit, or Comforter; that operative influence proceeding from the Lord to the mind and conscience of the believer; that flood of light shed forth by him, in which all men are enabled intellectually to see and to think; and that all-pervading atmosphere of life, which every one spiritually breathes, — all these are called Divine. And it is proper that they should be called so, because they all proceed directly from the Lord; they receive all their quality from him, and as they come from him are entirely unqualified and unmodified by man. But yet we must always preserve in our minds the clear distinction between what is essentially Divine — by belonging to the Lord's own being, and forming a part of himself — and that which is Divine only by being derived from him. Otherwise we shall frequently fall into confusion of thought when we use the term "divine," and be liable to make mistakes in spiritual things corresponding to those which we should make in

natural things, if we were to confound the breath proceeding from a man's mouth with the man himself, or the rays of sunshine with the body of the sun itself, or the gentle rain with the cloud out of which it descended. The Divine Being is not an ocean of life or spirit, diffused through space; but that ocean of spirit everywhere diffused, flows forth and is derived from the Divine Being.

Those things which proceed from, or are given forth by, the Divine are attempered, modified, and adapted, and intended for man's use. It is by receiving them without perverting them that he can become holy. As he allows them to purify and qualify his life as they are intended to qualify it, he becomes, not Divine, but truly human, and at length angelic. These intermediate Divine things, which proceed from the Lord, and which flow down from him to man, are symbolized by a number of corresponding things of the material heavens. Thus as we read: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, — that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, — so shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth."

On every side we turn ourselves we shall continue to see the perfect distinctness of quality there is between whatever proceeds from the Lord and whatever has a human origin, — between every work of God and every work of man.

First, as to God's works; — look at the peculiar character impressed upon them all. To take an illustration from the vegetable kingdom. If we direct our attention to so small an object as a single grass-seed, we shall find it to be a wonderful thing. It is fitted to perform a certain use, and endowed with a remarkable capacity to do it. It is insignificant in appearance, — very light and frail, — and yet there resides in it a power which if we should see it operate for the first time we should declare miraculous. Deposit it in the ground,

giving the right conditions of air and light, and heat and rain, and it will open itself, unfolding from within a blade or spire; and when this is fully grown, other seeds will make their appearance. Plant these again, and you will have several blades or spires, and they in turn will cover themselves with a corresponding number of seeds. The increase will continue as long as the process is repeated. The seeds will multiply and the grass will spread out. Give it free way, removing all obstructions, and it will cover a township. Nay, it will do more. Allow it sufficient time, and it will weave a carpet over the whole continent. And then, give but transportation to a few of its seeds thither, it will in the same way clothe another, and another, — with all the islands of the sea, until the whole globe is covered. Transport the seed to another planet, and it will repeat its work there; and so it will go on, from earth to earth, through the universe, never exhausting its energies and never stopping its work.

And all this immense result from an organized atom not half so large as the head of a pin! with operative machinery so minute as not to be discernible to the naked eye. That seed has a principle in it which comes forth from the Divine; and in its prolific principle, by which it could, unfolding from within, clothe itself with such a succession of material forms, it images and represents that self-productive and self-unfolding quality which belongs to all Divine substance. Does not this still further confirm the thought, already suggested, that the principle of Divinity resides in essential quality, and has nothing whatever to do with size or dimension, with any idea of time or space?

As it is in the vegetable kingdom, so it is in the animal kingdom, — a single pair of fish are so capable of reproducing their kind, that, with opposing influences removed, they could in no great length of time fill all the oceans of the world. And if of one world, why, then, of all worlds in the natural universe. A single pair of beasts could cover all the land with their progeny. And a single pair of birds could people all the air of the visible universe with flying fowl.

Now contrast all these with man's works. He cannot create anything that can receive life, — nothing which can reproduce its kind, — nothing that possesses a prolific principle. He may fashion substance, and change its outward forms; but he cannot create any substance, nor give organization to its interior structure. He may build a ship or a steamer, and increase them in size until he launches a leviathan. But all the skill and labor expended on the united navies of the world would not succeed to make the smallest fish that sports itself in the waters of the deep, nor bring into being anything to compare with the little nautilus, which, guided by its instinct, rises at will to the top of the ocean, adjusts its shelly boat to the surface of the water, and spreads its tiny sail to the breeze. Man may rear a dome of St. Peter's, or build a pantheon, or pile a pyramid; but he cannot make a single seed of any plant, nor create a grain of sand. He cannot breathe the breath of life into one of the meanest insects that creeps upon the earth, nor even copy nor imitate the fabric of its shell!

It will be useful to us to divest our minds as much as possible of fallacies derived from the senses and from ideas of space when thinking of the Lord and his Divinity, and think of his Divinity as residing thus in essence and in quality; for we can see that from the very smallest spark of truly Divine fire a universe might be created. Divine substance possesses the self-productive faculty of unfolding from within itself other substances and other forms. The smallest amount of it, or what to the natural senses would appear as the smallest amount, would suffice to renew the entire universe, if that were destroyed.

We can see from this how Supreme Divinity could dwell in the person of the Lord Jesus, as he appeared on earth; how he could say that he that had seen him had seen the Father; how the Apostle could say that in him all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily; and how he himself could say, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

In him dwells the truly Divine fire: his substance is essential Divine substance; and even his human form is the fountain of spiritual life.

What a lesson of humility ought this truth to teach us! We are nothing in ourselves, and have nothing except as we receive it from him. It is the flame of his love that feeds all our affections, and the lamp of his wisdom that sheds all the light of our intelligence. How ought every feeling of merit, or self-complacency on account of anything that we are or anything that we do, to vanish from our minds when we reflect that every good impulse and every right purpose we have is inspired into us from the Lord Jesus! And how ought every sentiment of pride, on account of our own intelligence, to vanish and disappear when we know that every true thought we think is the communication of his wisdom!

Our dependence on his mercy and goodness is complete, and continued every moment. It was his Divine and infinitely compassionate work on earth to prepare and adapt this inflowing life to our capacities of reception, that so he might conjoin us to himself and redeem us from sin, and error, and evil.

It is ours to receive and use this life from him as he intends that it should be used. It is ours to apply and manifest it in learning truth and in doing good. It is ours to impart the effects of this life to others, in the practice of wisdom, without turning its light into darkness in ourselves, and without perverting its good to evil. Looking to the Lord in humbleness of spirit, and departing continually from the wrong things which his precepts forbid. Thus can he elevate us to himself; thus may we become, all the time, more and more orderly recipients and organs of the Divine love and wisdom; and better and better images and likenesses of our Father who is in the heavens.

W. B. H.

EXPOSITION OF THE GOLDEN PROEM IN THE MONTHLY JOURNAL.

THE November and December numbers of the Monthly Journal, the organ of the American Unitarian Association, contain an explanation of John i. 1 – 14, which we have read with a good deal of interest. However understood, those fourteen verses must be regarded, for depth and sublimity, as one of the most important passages in Scripture, and our idea of the passage must give the key-note to all our readings of the Christian revelation. The exposition, which we presume to be from the pen of the able and earnest Secretary of the Association, makes "the Word" to mean the Divine Speech, or God revealing himself. There are three of these Divine Words or Revelations, — the Word in Nature, the Word in the soul of man, and the Word in Jesus Christ.* The Word in Nature utters power, wisdom, law, goodness. The Word in the soul utters personality, unity, creation, freedom, holiness. Still something is wanting. God is not yet completely revealed. How the revelation is made complete in Christ is set forth by the following exceedingly pertinent illustration: —

"There was once a great king, who determined to erect a city. He sent architects and workmen and materials; he laid out streets and squares; dug reservoirs, and brought in water in aqueducts; made roads and canals leading from it to the surrounding country; and, when all was ready, sent a colony to inhabit it. These inhabitants went to and fro through the streets, examined the city, and said to one another, 'What a powerful government it must be that was able to build this city!' And, as they looked further and examined it more, they said, 'What wisdom, what foresight, did this power display in this city! How wisely was the site chosen! What order and method in all the arrangements! What knowledge in the choice of materials, in building, and in the general plan!' And then, look-

* Is this exhaustive unless we add the Word Written?

ing still further, they say, 'What goodness *to us!* How are our wants foreseen, and all provided for! We have high walls to defend us from without; markets, aqueducts, bazaars, gas, paved and lighted streets, within. Everything is arranged for our comfort. The government which built this city — whether it be a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy — has evidently *power*, *wisdom*, and *goodness*.'

"The inhabitants of the city have thus heard in the city itself One Word about the maker of the city. The city itself speaks of its founder's power, wisdom, and goodness; but you observe that they are not yet able to tell whether the founder of the city is one or many, nor what his ideas are about right or wrong.

"But now let us suppose that the founder of the city sends a viceroy to live in it, who establishes himself in a central palace; announcing the name of the king for whom he governs; publishing the code of laws, with penalties attached; rewarding the obedient, and punishing the disobedient. He does all this in the name of his absent master. *Now* the people know more about the master: they know that he is one; they also know what his ideas are concerning right and wrong. They have thus heard a Second Word from him, which brings him nearer to them than the first did.

"But let us suppose that these citizens become disorderly. They disobey the laws established for their government. They rebel against the viceroy and his authority. They plunge into vices, and commit crimes. They grow idle, intemperate, reckless. So come pauperism, disease, and crime. A famine arises, and many starve to death. A pestilence follows, and they die in the streets. Bands of robbers prowl the streets day and night for plunder and murder. In this state of things, the king who built the city comes to live in it. He becomes personally acquainted with the citizens. He shows them the misery of their course; explains to them the importance of his laws, and the need of obeying them. He establishes hospitals for the sick. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the prisoners. The people all become personally acquainted with him, and learn to love him because he had loved them.

"And now it is evident that they have had a new Word spoken to them concerning their king. The Word is made flesh, and dwells among them; and they have come into personal communion with him.

"This story illustrates the three steps of progress in our knowledge of God. That which the citizens learned about their king from the city itself corresponds with what we learn about God from nature, — the city which he has built for us; that which they learned by the government of the viceroy corresponds with what we learn of God by means of his viceroy, — conscience in the soul itself; and what they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ 'reconciling the world unto himself,' and 'formed within us, the hope of glory.'

"It is in this sense that we may regard Jesus as a new divine Word; different from the Word in nature, also different from the Word in the soul. And this is the divinity of Christ, — that as God's power, wisdom, and goodness dwell constantly in nature, that as God's holiness and freedom constantly manifest themselves anew in the soul's freedom and conscience, that so God's love to individuals is constantly manifested in the life of Jesus."

All of which seems to us to be admirably put, and to suggest as much of Christian truth and doctrine as could well be crowded into the same space.

When the writer, however, comes, in the next place, to answer the question, "*How* was God in Christ?" the discussion of which has so baffled the wit of man for eighteen hundred years, we cannot make the answer at all consistent with the grand truth which is here illustrated. First, the orthodox doctrine of two natures in Christ is stated and rejected. Then the doctrine known in Church history as that of the Monophysites is stated and rejected, — that Christ had only one nature, — the Divine, — and that there was nothing human about him except his body. "A human body without a human soul."* Lastly, the writer gives his own explanation as follows: —

* This notion the writer strangely calls Swedenborg's. It was the heresy of Eutyches, a monk of Constantinople in the fifth century. It had slept fourteen hundred years, and was unwittingly exhumed one day in one of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's random performances, for which his orthodox brethren sharply rebuked him, and the Independent called him to order. Swedenborg we understand to assert two natures in Christ with special emphasis.

"The third explanation declares that Christ was divine, and was a Word of God, because he was a human medium through whom God revealed his divine love. His human will was in perfect harmony with the will of God, and so his life became a revelation of his Father's will. So when Jesus says, 'I and my Father are one,' he does not intend *one person* (as the Orthodox say), nor one nature (as the Swedenborgians imply), but one by becoming united in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will."

Are we not to believe that every good man, woman, and child is respectively "a human medium through whom God reveals his divine love"? Are we not to believe that every man, as he advances in the regeneration, is brought into more perfect harmony with the Divine Mind? and may there not be myriads in the heavens, and possibly some here on the earth, who have become united to God "in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will"? How, then, by this explanation, does God in Christ dwell among his people and become "personally acquainted with them," except as he dwells among them in the good men of all the centuries, whose wills have been so harmonized to the Lord's, and whose hearts have been so filled with the Divine Love, that it breathes through them and so acts upon the world? And why does not the Word in Christ, then, all resolve itself into the statement made under the second division, or the Word in the soul of man? And why is not something still wanting, then, and God incompletely revealed?

Very likely, however, the writer did not mean to do anything more than give a hint or suggestion on a theme that reaches so deep and high; but we wish he might have suggested more, after having written so admirably, and at least have kept our minds up to the lofty level of his first thought.

This question *how* was God in Christ was discussed during the first five centuries, especially in the Greek Church, and with the subtile power of the Greek language, so that it would hardly be possible to make a collocation of English words that should bring out a new idea. But we cannot think of

any doctrine worth reproducing now which would not resolve itself into one of the four following: —

There is the *Humanitarian*, which only acknowledges the simple, finite humanity of Christ, and makes his nature like that of all other men. He was a prophet, like Moses, though more fully and perennially inspired. That this satisfies the language of John's Gospel or the alleged facts of the first Christian history will hardly be contended now.* Notwithstanding its ingenious dealing with particular texts and its excision of Matthew's first two chapters, there is one broad fact in the Christian history which, so far as we know, it has always ignored, — we mean THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR AS THE NEW INHERITANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN ALL AGES. "*I* will send you the Comforter," was the promise. "*He* hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear," was the fulfilment. Christ the glorified Head of the Church, and filling it with his personal presence, is the thought that glows through Paul's writings; and that he does not mean this as a figure of speech is evident from the fact that this was the power that laid hold of him at his conversion, and changed him from a proud Pharisee to a humble Christian.

There is the *Arian* doctrine, which seems to us essentially idolatrous, and which was nothing more than an offshoot from Gnosticism. It makes a creature the creator of this glorious universe. It exalts Christ in words, but it interposes a finite being between man and his God, and pays him honors due to God alone. We cannot see its ground in philosophy nor its value in theology, nor do we see how it meets the demands of a fair exegesis any better than the one just

* They are not so read by those whose position is outside of Christianity, and who have no polemic interest in the question. The last Westminster Review says, in a notice of Dr. Lamson's late work: "In tracing very justly the doctrine of the Logos to a Philonian source, he has omitted to remark that the views given in the fourth Gospel are from the same source (?) *that the Logos is there already hypostatized.*"

named, except on the bare, unimportant question of personal pre-existence. Of what practical use is the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence, regarded only as a creature, and aside from the question of his impersonation of the Godhead, whereby human nature is put in living communion with the Divine? And if a creature made the world, nature is dishonored and leads us not up to God, but stops us short at some Demiurgus, and the gulf between us and the Supreme is as deep and dreadful as ever.

There is the *Tripersonal* theory, — Christ in his Divine nature was the third person of a Trinity. As the ingenuity and skill of fourteen centuries have never been able to defend this from the charge of Tritheism, or show it in any other light than as a palpable substitution of three Gods for one, we may presume they never will. As it has allied itself with the most uncharitable spirit, and always flourished best in the darkest and bloodiest times, we must believe its influence on the interests of piety to be most disastrous. Mr. Milman has some chapters in his great work ("History of Latin Christianity") which will cure a man, if anything can, of the superstition of believing a thing because the Church has believed it, and which turn the historical argument, the "quod ubique quod ab omnibus," with unmeasured force against the corrupters of Christian doctrine. That this theory is fast losing all practical influence over intelligent minds "inquirers in theology," in more directions than one, render abundantly evident.

Lastly, there is the *doctrine of the Logos*, which the writer in the Monthly Journal is well aware was the genuine and dominant Church doctrine before the Nicene Council, and before the Church lapsed into Tritheism, that is in its best and most peaceful days. It sets forth the truth of God in Christ, not by inspiration merely, but by essential indwelling. It asserts the union of the Divine nature in Christ with our own human nature. In some of the *hypostatizing* speculations of the Fathers — Tertullian's, for example — it infringes

on the Divine Unity; but what need is there of so conceiving it? It is the primitive Church doctrine of the "hypostatic union," clear of the speculations of men. It can hardly be denied that John asserts it in the plain, literal language of his proem.

"But this makes out that there were two natures in Christ." Of course it does. And how else can the Word become flesh in any sense that may not be explained away, and discharged of its meaning, and turned into a flourish of rhetoric? We want bread to eat, not rhetoric. But we cannot see the doctrine of a twofold nature in Christ open to any such objections as the writer in the Monthly Journal urges. "The same person would at the same time and in the same sense possess infinite wisdom, and not possess it." Not so. The Logos doctrine asserts, as we conceive of it, that Christ was born with our human nature, grew with our passions, wants, temptations, and finite intelligence; but that this human nature in his case had a specific relation to the Divine, so that "the Word" came finally into his self-consciousness when the finite and imperfect disappeared before it, and in place thereof came forth the unclouded wisdom of the Godhead, and through it the unclouded beamings of the Eternal Love. And then he could say, "All power is given me in heaven and upon the earth." "All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore he (the Spirit) shall take of mine and show it unto you."

This transcendent view of the Divine Incarnation will suggest a great many questions which no finite being can answer, and so will any view, from the Humanitarian upward. In our profound ignorance of our own, much more the Divine psychology, of what the soul is as distinct from body, or spirit as distinct from either, and of how many natures are folded away within us, we cannot dogmatize on such a question as this, but look up rather in lowly waiting. But difficulties are one thing, self-contradictions are another thing. Let us turn, however, to the practical bearings of the ques-

tion on Christian faith and piety, — this doctrine of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. We hope in what we have said we are strictly within the comities of Christian fellowship, and that the writer in the Monthly Journal will receive it as we mean it, — a neighborly comparison of views, that all of us together may approximate as near as possible to the living truth as it is in Jesus. In what we are now to say we feel confident of his sympathy touching the practical value of the doctrine of God revealed in Christ.

This Logos doctrine, received, not as a figure of speech, but a veritable unveiling to us of the glory and loveliness of the Godhead, has three bearings of vast importance: —

First, it becomes forever impossible, so long as we hold this, that we should lose right views of the Divine character. Whence the superstitions that have polluted the worship of the Church and made its tender mercies cruel? From separating between Christ and God, making Christ propitious, and the Father vengeful. When we can point to Christ, not merely as one who came to talk about God, but one in whom dwells ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY, we can never mistake the Divine character. It is all there. Nature might misguide us, for we are crushed under her laws. Our intuitions might misguide us, for our hearts are foul. The Church may misguide us by her false traditions. Looking to Christ we are sure, for we know all that the Father hath is his, and that there the Divine countenance is turned full upon us like a sun.

Once more; when we hold securely the Logos doctrine, communion with God in Christ means something, and all that is said in the extract we quoted from the Journal on this head has a delightful significance to the Christian heart. "What they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ 'reconciling the world unto himself,' and 'formed within us the hope of Glory.'" The Word in the glorified Christ is still with his Church, — He who walks in the

midst of the seven golden candlesticks and keeps their lights burning bright. God, not by a viceroy and messenger, but in his own benign aspect and person, has appeared, not to angels only, but to mortal beings, and our Christmas celebrations did not commemorate the birth of a prophet, but a Divine Advent that lights up our dreary annals from on high.

Still once more ; if this doctrine of the Logos be true, our poor weak nature is encouraged and lifted up, and we are bound to our race with a new tie. Is there one so low or so outcast, that in our pride we turn away and scorn him? *His* is the nature which Christ assumed and in which the Word was made flesh, and of him the Master will say in the judgment, "Because ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." This humanity must be dear to the Lord, who "wrapped the garment of our infancy about him." Or, as Dr. Channing puts it, in that appeal for the slave which was the last that fell from his lips,— "Christianity is a revelation of the infinite, universal, parental love of God towards his human family, comprehending the most sinful, descending to the most fallen, and its aim is to breathe the same love into its disciples. The doctrine of 'the Word made flesh' shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfections." *

What else do we need as a Christian people and denomination so much as being placed in living relations with the Christ that shall give us the same sense of the Divine power and presence, the same procession of the Holy Spirit, that his own true Church have ever enjoyed? No people can be "excluded" from the great Church of the Lord, except by their own action. That Church is not gathered around a human messenger and teacher, but around Him in whom God passes over into our wasting humanity to enrich and glorify it, or, as the writer already quoted has said so worthily, to

* Address at Lenox, Works, Vol. VI. p. 408.

make it "come into personal communion with him." Far less do we need an "example," as a pattern of perfection which we might strive after with vain self-manipulations, than a quickening hand laid on our palsied nature and a quickening power that says, "Arise and walk!" — far less a Saviour who tells us about God, than one who fulfils to us the promise, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

S.

ISAIAH LXIII. 1–6.

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this from Edom's land,
Travelling in his mighty strength?

SECOND VOICE.

Leader of the ransomed band,
Homeward I return at length!

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this in glorious dress,
Round whose chariot banners wave?

SECOND VOICE.

I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty still to hear and save!

CHORUS.

Shout Messiah's praise, and sing
All the glories of our King!

FIRST VOICE.

Why these garments dyed in blood?
O victorious leader, why?

SECOND VOICE.

Singly 'gainst the foe I stood,
Of the people none were nigh!

FIRST VOICE.

Deep thy garments' crimson stains,
As the wine-press thou hadst trod!

SECOND VOICE.

Of the foe not one remains,
Crushed they lie beneath my rod!

CHORUS.

Willing subjects of his reign!
Shout Messiah's praise again!

FIRST VOICE.

Dawns at length the glorious day!
Vanquished are our mighty foes!

SECOND VOICE.

Naught my conquering arm might stay!
Naught my vengeance might oppose!

FIRST VOICE.

This illustrious day we hail!
All thy saints are gathered home!

SECOND VOICE.

Of my promise naught shall fail!
Year of my redeemed has come.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Shout and sing!
Glory to our Saviour King.

L. E. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW YEAR.

THE FUTURE VEILED AND UNVEILED.

WHAT a year may bring forth we cannot tell. It is impossible to know all the causes which shall be followed by their proper effects. We cannot tell which grains "will grow, and which will not." For wise reasons, the immediate Future is hidden from us. Even the sons of God and the prophets deal less than many have been wont to suppose in the names of cities and the numbers of the years. "Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world;" but it pleaseth him for the most part to hide this knowledge from his children; it is not for them "to know the times and the seasons." So we commonly speak of the Future as veiled, and we have frequent occasion to say, "How merciful that it is so!"

And yet the Future is unveiled too; — though the day, the month, the year, are hidden from our eager eyes, the world to come on earth and in heaven, the City of God here and hereafter, is not hidden. It is a Life of Promise. It is God's world, and its course has been appointed from all eternity. All things are working together for the good of the loving. The gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church. There is no peradventure. There can be no disappointment. We can do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth. If old things are passing away, it is only because new and better things are pressing into their places. If the moon is fading, it is because the dawn is breaking. I cannot tell you what will happen to-morrow; but I can tell you what shall happen in the last days, what shall be the end of all these struggles, — of all these fears and hopes and sorrows and joys. I know what preparation God has made for man, and what for the Devil and his angels; and so as the New Time begins I can meet all questionings and anxieties with the word HOPE. God reigns! Be still and trust in him! Take hold of that strong hand and move bravely through the darkness towards that fair City which he hath set upon a hill, and which can be hid only from those who are wilfully blind.

"Yes! sound again the horn of Hope, the golden horn!
Answer it, flutes and pipes, from valleys still and lorn;
Warders from your high towers, with trumps of silver scorn,
And harps in maiden's bowers, with strings from deep hearts torn,
All answer to the horn of Hope, the golden horn!"

E.

"NO GOD IN ST. GILES'S."

WAS HE RIGHT?

"THE history of Marian B. was a singular one. She earned a scanty livelihood in cutting fire-papers, or moulding wax flowers, or making bags for silversmiths in London; and her lot had been cast, for three and thirty years, in some one or other of the purlieus of the Seven Dials. A drunken father, who broke her mother's heart, had brought her, as a young girl of fifteen, gradually down, down from the privileges of a respectable birth, to dwell in a low lodging-house of St. Giles's. He died shortly afterwards, and left her and a sister, of five years of age, orphans in the midst of pollution, which they, as by miracle, escaped, often sitting on the stairs or door-steps all night to avoid what was to be seen within. An old man, who was her fellow-lodger, kind-hearted, though an Atheist, had taught her to write a little, and he bade her never read the Bible, — 'it was full of lies; she had only to look round her in St. Giles's, and she might see that there was no God.' That poor child is now one of the most successful of the 'London Bible Women.'"

Was the old man right? Is there not a God in St. Giles's also? *See* "*The Missing Link.*"

E.

KILKENNY THEOLOGY.

OUR readers have heard of "Kilkenny cats," and of their internecine and exhaustive warfare; but we doubt they have not heard of the Kilkenny Theology. Let us give them an example thereof. It is recorded in the life-story of the socialist Owen, who labored so unsuccessfully at the old problem, "How to bring a clean thing out of an unclean," that during his apprenticeship he sometimes attended divine service with his master, and sometimes with his master's wife, not, however, unto edification in either case; for

the clergymen occupied themselves for the most part in attacking each the other's theology, — the Episcopalian belaboring Presbyterianism, and the Presbyterian Episcopalianism. Owen came to the conclusion that they were both wrong, and with this hopeful capital in negations proceeded to furnish himself *ad libitum* with denials, until he had divested himself entirely of the Gospel armor, and of all those garments of Aaron which are for glory and beauty to the soul. The two militant churchmen, instead of fighting with the Devil, fought with each other, and the Devil carried off him whom they should have shielded against his devices. So far as the young man was concerned, they had simply slain each other and cleared the field. Why will not theologians cease from their civil wars, and speak each one the positive truth which he finds edifying and gracious, and strive to build, in the firm persuasion that the thing which ought to fall will fall in due time, and that what is most needed is that something be reared and strengthened within, which shall stand forth in majesty and beauty when the worn-out structure tumbles into ruin?

E.

The force of a saying varies with the mouth which utters it, as the blow of a hammer with the arm which wields it.

> Reason and conscience, like man and wife,
> Unite their strength for the trials of life,
> And, side by side contending, prevail,
> When each, if left unaided, would fail.

The historian looks at men through a telescope, the moralist through a microscope.

The historian restores past ages, as the geologist restores extinct animals, by putting together and piecing out their fossil remains, and clothing them with beauty or deformity by the help of analogy.

Reading without reflection is only a narcotic for mental restlessness.

Literature consists mainly of a few ideas continually repeated with variations to suit different circumstances.

> Books are like crates of crockery; half
> Their contents usually are chaff.

Compact expression gives point to common thought.

Fiction crystallizes readily round a small nucleus of fact.

Many a writer's brilliancy is the phosphorescence of corruption.

> How often wealth destroys its owner's peace,
> The sleepless guardian of a golden fleece!

Those who have much to lose are much afraid of losing it. The wealthy are often afraid of coming to want; for wealth usually produces indolence, and indolence incapacity, and incapacity a feeling of insecurity. Men who are actively employed have a spring of wealth in themselves; but the idle rich draw from a reservoir, and live in dread of its being exhausted. Besides which, leisure and luxury naturally breed melancholy. The evil spirit finds the house empty and garnished, and enters in and dwells there.

A man who shows himself through a magnifying-glass will be thought smaller than he really is, when he comes out (as he must soon or late) in his true dimensions.

Small motives often call forth great efforts.

A man should train himself for difficulties, and not wait for them to train him. It is better to be inoculated with the small-pox than to take it in the natural way.

Lyell, in his "Travels in America," reports the following remark as made to him in this country: "Your nobody in England is our everybody in America."

> Who 's truly learned? He who knows
> Man's highest good from goodness flows.

Living words are often buried in dead ones, like a statue in a block. Strike away three quarters of the mass, and the rest starts into life.

Unequal conditions may produce equal happiness, and more good is often done with small means than with great ones.

> Sweet as the fragrance of the fire
> In which the phœnix dies,
> The hope in which the good expire
> Regenerate to rise;
> They know that death is priceless gain,
> And, in its promise, triumph o'er its pain.
>
> E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — This fresh instalment of Lectures or Essays by Mr. Emerson has already been eagerly welcomed, and those who listened to the Lectures, and a multitude of persons who did not, will read the Essays with deep interest and unfeigned contentment. Given the time and place, Mr. Emerson was inevitable. New England, in the day of a declining and effete Calvinism, must needs produce him. The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide of men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost; and Mr. Emerson found himself a preacher of a doctrine which he had ceased to believe, and a priest at an altar which for him had become antiquated and superstitious. He took the only course which remained for a consistent and honest man, and turned to the Gentiles, not with the purpose of a Paul, but as one wholly in sympathy with them. Hence this masterly Gentile wisdom, proclaimed up and down in many Christian cities and villages, and even on the Lord's Resurrection Mornings. That Mr. Emerson is a noble Gentile, a fine old Greek, is not to be denied. And, as we say, in these days when so many have lost their faith, he is unconsciously, like the Gentiles of old, with their moralities and philosophies, preparing the way for a new coming of the Lord, laboring at the restoration of faith, one of the schoolmasters who shall bring men to Christ. We believe that the Christ would say to him, and to many who are with him, "You are not far from the kingdom of God, — nearer indeed than many who still speak according to the traditions, and minister at the old shrines." That any considerable number of men and women will ever be content to abide in the fields with this eloquent Priest of Nature, we cannot believe for a moment. Every earnest and brave affirmation from his pure lips will but awaken a longing for Him who alone embodies all these aspirations and is the substance

of all these shadows, — in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, now, as of old, — in whom we are complete, and from whom if we depart for a season it is only that with a deeper heart-cry we may return to Him, saying, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life." It was a wise and kind Providence that changed the essayist in the pulpit into the man of letters and lecturer, — and we know where to find him, and what to expect from him, for none is truer than he, or more lovingly outspoken; and whilst no wise man will choose to leave his home and the City of his God and go out into the wilderness, it is fortunate that those who are already gone out can listen to the voice of one crying in the wilderness and uttering better things than he knows. E.

Grimms' Popular Tales and Household Stories. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1861. — "Nothing but truth for the child!" say some, and so say we; only, do not understand by truth nothing but hard facts and dry reasonings. Let us have the truth of poetry, of fancy, of imagination, of dream-land, as well as of our common every-day world, — and by all means let us have the truth according to Grimm! — would there were four volumes instead of two! Is there no truth in a beautiful vision, — in a fair ideal? Was not the imagination of the child put into him to be cultivated? Before he is worked up as a brain, or a hand, or a foot, in some warehouse or factory, it will be well for him to read Grimm; and so we are exceedingly grateful to Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. for these finely printed and well-bound volumes. E.

The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Mr. Thornton has done his work well, and has put together a volume which will be found very interesting to the student of history and to the Christian moralist. Discussions upon the Christian question of non-resistance to tyranny are of course appropriate topics for the Christian sanctuary; but some of the discourses expand into applications which, as we judge, cannot profitably find place in a Christian pulpit, even in times of the highest political excitement, and are not free from sentiments, which, if they are creditable to the patriot, certainly are not to the divine. "*Can we ever love*

Britain again?" asks Dr. Stiles. Why not? saith the Master. The fac-similes of the old title-pages, the portrait of Rev. Dr. Mayhew, the copy of a curious old print, entitled "An Attempt to land a Bishop in America," and the excellent typography, add to the interest of this valuable book. E.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE, Author of "The Angel in the House." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — This poem has not interested us so much as those by the same author which have gone before, and it contains much which can hardly be called poetry at all; but there is enough which is sweet and graceful to engage the reader's attention and secure for the poet his hearty thanks. It is a charming testimony to the beauty of love and goodness. We cannot refrain from commending the admirable typography, so legible even to dull eyes. E.

The Romance of Natural History. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F. R. S., Author of "Aquarium," &c., &c. With Elegant Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — Under the different heads of Times and Seasons, Harmonies, Discrepancies, Multum è Parvo, The Vast, The Minute, The Memorable, The Recluse, The Wild, The Terrible, The Unknown, The Great Unknown, with a real love and poetic appreciation of his subject, the author has told the story of his wanderings through the wide and rich fields of Nature, and gives us a fascinating report of the Romance of Natural History, which, without being superficial, is intelligible and instructive, — a good book for young and old. E.

A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor;" or, A Letter from MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by CAROLINE H. DALL, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor," &c., &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1860. — We have already called attention to this work, and given an extract from the advance sheets. A fuller perusal of Mrs. Dall's Preface and of Miss Zakrzewska's Letter has fully confirmed our favorable impressions. We hope that the little book will be widely read and earnestly pondered; it is stimulating and encouraging as well as saddening, cheering in its suggestions as well as faithful in its testimonies, and Mrs. Dall could have no more instruc-

tive instance to plead in support and illustration of the noble cause to which she has given herself. E.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. Author of "The Wanderer," &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — "Lucile" indicates no little talent, and ends far better than it begins; but on the whole it is not much to our liking. The best portions of it are the descriptions of nature; the men and women, even after they have been reformed, as they greatly needed to be, are not especially interesting. Owen Meredith is capable of things nobler, if less ambitious. E.

The Heroes of Europe. A Biographical Outline of European History, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. By HENRY G. HEWLETT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Cid, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Rudolph of Hapsburg, William Tell, Christopher Columbus, Luther, Loyola, Richelieu, are amongst the famous men whose stories are told in this well-written and well-illustrated volume, for the special benefit of the young, and of that portion of their elders who must economize their moments. E.

The Printer-Boy; or, How Ben Franklin made his Mark. An Example for Youth. By WM. M. THAYER, Author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1861. — The apostle of the wisdom which *does* bake bread, and economize it when baked, is sure to be a favorite in our utilitarian age and land, and there was very much in Franklin's life which deserves to be studied by the young of any age and land. Mr. Thayer has made a book which young people will find quite as interesting as any sensation *novellette*, and far more profitable. The clear paper, large type, and excellent illustrations add much to the value of the story. E.

The Benefit of Christ's Death; or, The Glorious Riches of God's free Grace, which every true Believer receives by Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. Originally written in Italian, by AONIO PALEARIO, and now reprinted from an ancient English Translation. With an Introduction by Rev. JOHN AYER, M. A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is the testimony of a martyr, and it has done good work in the world; for

three reasons it will have a value, though the treatment of the great theme may offer little which will meet the wants of our age of the Church. E.

Prerequisites to Communion. The Scriptural Terms of Admission to the Lord's Supper. By ALBERT N. ARNOLD, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — A very fair, able, and kindly statement of the views which are entertained upon this subject by our Baptist brethren. We are glad to learn from a trustworthy modern source just what these views are, though we are wholly unable to accept them. E.

Intercessory Prayer, its Duties and Effects. By G. W. MYLNE. From the Seventh English Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861. — For none of our Christian privileges do we find clearer warrants, whether in the Word of God or in the soul that has been taught and inspired by Jesus, than for this of Intercessory Prayer, and the Church of Christ may well be glad to be reminded of it by means of this beautiful little hand-book. E.

Memoirs and Reminiscences of the late Professor George Bush. Edited and arranged by WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. — This is a very incomplete and fragmentary record of one of the best of men. It will be read, however, with exceeding interest by any who have become acquainted with Professor Bush, either personally or by his writings. For vast learning, piety, — warm, humble, and tender, — a spirit fresh and childlike, and a heart in which there was no guile, there have been few men like him. The book has such extracts from his writings and letters as are more strictly autobiographical, and communications from persons who knew him, in which the traits of his character are depicted, and incidents related which illustrate his spirit and life. The letters of Messrs. Hayden, Bellows, and Whiting are specially interesting. S.

Legends of the Madonna as represented in the Fine Arts. By MRS. JAMESON. Corrected and Enlarged Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a reprint from an English edition, and forms one of the series in blue and gold. It shows the influence of the worship of

the Virgin on the plastic arts, and incidentally brings into relief the opinions and controversies of the Church on that subject. S.

The Percy Family. Baltic to Vesuvius. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. — There are no better books of travels for children's reading. The style is easy and colloquial, the descriptions vivid, and the young folks will be getting knowledge of the world and entertainment at the same time. The work is illustrated. S.

Wheat and Tares. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is an English novel, with a double plot. Reginald Leslie and Grace Featherstone, Wynne and Rachael Leslie, are the characters around which the interest of the novel is mainly concentrated. Reginald is a loose liver, and marries secretly against his mother's wishes. Rachael is a fine character, whose affections and hopes are blighted. There are the usual crossings and troubles which attend the course of true love in the development of the double plot. There are many dull pages, and some tragic passages; but Wynne and Rachael gain constantly on the sympathies of the reader to the close. S.

Lake-House. By FANNY LEWALD. Translated from the German, by NATHANIEL GREENE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — "Lake-House" is an old mansion in Germany, the scene of a terrible tragedy; and a description of the characters and incidents leading to it and connected with it constitutes the story of the novel. A dark, strange mystery hangs about the place, and allures the reader till it clears away. The translation is done into English that flows on smoothly and gracefully. S.

Hymns for Mothers and Children. Compiled by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — The compiler writes of her work, in her Preface, with an exceeding, if not an excessive modesty. Spite of the poor material of which she complains, she has made an admirable collection, a precious household book, that will nourish whilst it expresses the faith, hope, and love that are at once the fairest ornaments of childhood and the glorious possessions of a manhood and womanhood out of which the light of heaven has not been suffered to fade. The printer

and publisher have admirably seconded the compiler in this work of love. E.

Ninety Days' Worth of Europe. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — Contrary to the author's advice, we have read a large part of his book, and hope soon to read the whole of it. It is readable and sensible and instructive, without dulness. The traveller's carriage does not run always in the time-worn ruts, and yet we cannot complain of having been jolted. E.

Children's books by Walker, Wise, & Co.: —

Patty Williams's Voyage.

The Story of the Princess Narina and her Silver-feathered Shoes.

Nobody's Child, and other Stories. Edited by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," "Noisy Herbert," etc.

Sunny-eyed Tim, the Observant Little Boy. By the Author of "Faith and Patience."

Juthoo and his Sunday School. A Tale of Child-Life in India. By the Brahmin, J. G. GANGOOLY.

Theda and the Mountain. By the Author of "A Summer with the Little Grays."

These six volumes are called the "Silver Penny Series," and the series is to be further extended. They are put in beautiful gilt dress, bound uniformly, and make an excellent series for a child's library. There is a pleasant alternation of fact and fiction, of humor and pathos, always with a healthful religious and moral tone. The whole series may be had at twenty-five cents each, neatly done up in a pasteboard box; and whoever wishes to make a present to the little folks, with a design to make them good and happy, will hardly find a better opportunity than the one offered in these volumes. Parents will find full compensation in the cheerful sunshine which will be let in upon their hearths. S.

Student Life: Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Author of "Studies in Biography," "The Hearth-Stone," "Milestones," etc. New York: James Miller. — Six letters are here given, written to a young college friend, with college addresses, all bearing upon student life. The advice is all good, con-

veyed in a pleasing and familiar style. The print and binding are the pink of neatness, and are a luxury to the eye. S.

Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg. Collected by Dr. J. F. I. TAFEL of Tübingen, Germany; translated and revised by Rev. J. H. SMITHSON of Manchester, England. A new Edition, with Additions by GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. New York: published by the American New Church Association. — Part I. Testimony of personal friends and acquaintances of Swedenborg. Part II. Testimonies to Swedenborg's intercourse with the spiritual world. (Oberlin's valuable testimony is here included.) Part III. Letters and Documents relative to Swedenborg's general claim. — The whole makes a large pamphlet of 232 pages. S.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. Being Selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and other Sources. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — The multiplication of these sacred anthologies is one of the most encouraging signs of our religious times, and we are glad to welcome a "second series" of Hymns which are amongst God's best gifts to the ages, and have at once supplied the best expression and the best nutriment for the faith of the ages. Side by side with dry systems of divinity and juiceless books of casuistry, these heart-songs have come down to us; and whilst we might have spared the first and taken in their stead the old Gospels, which are better, we could not have spared the last. The Spirit breathes in numbers. Inspired prose has ever a peculiar rhythm; but poesy and prophecy belong together. The best human comforter is a sweet hymn, and when the soul of a true disciple of Christ is put into it, it becomes a Divine comforter, God-breathed. This second volume does not seem to us quite so carefully selected as the first, but it is nevertheless full of gems, and they have found a choice setting.

E.

*** Notices of several other books received from publishers we are obliged to omit till the next number, for want of room.

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CARMEL IN THE SOUTH.

OUR former sketch from the Old-Testament history was of Carmel, the long mountain ridge in Galilee which runs eighteen miles east and west, ending in a bold promontory making into the Mediterranean Sea. You will recall the striking scenes of which it was the theatre, as also the fact stated that its name, Carmel, which signifies "a park," was derived from the luxuriance of its growth of grass and forest-trees, presenting a sight so unusual in Palestine that they were spoken of as the excellence, that is, the glory, the ornament of Carmel.

It is not uncommon to find the same name — and for similar reasons — given to different places in Judæa and Galilee. The vocabulary of the time was a limited one, and the name given to a place was generally because of some incident or fact connected with its first history, some peculiar feature in its situation, or some special culture for which it was known. Analyze or translate the names of places, and you will find that they all have some reference to some fact or event such as would strike a simple people. Indeed, many names of places in our own day are primarily commemorative of some such simple things.

If you will look on the map, far to the southeast of Mount

Carmel, and south of Hebron, directly on the way down to Egypt, — the way that Joseph was borne when the Ishmaelites carried him, the way that another Joseph took when he fled with "the young child and his mother," the way the traveller still takes as he enters the Holy Land on the route of the children of Israel, — you will find another Carmel, one which has not much note, which possibly by the casual reader is confounded with the Carmel above, which yet is not it at all, and has a separate history. Its name, like the other, is drawn from its peculiar appearance, — a place of fertility and natural beauty, very striking to those who ascended to it after forty years' wandering in the deserts which lay to the south between it and Egypt. It lies just within the hill country of Judæa, — a sort of frontier settlement between that neutral ground in which the shepherd patriarchs wandered before they had made a final settlement, and that land which God sware as a possession to the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The history of this Carmel will bring us to some incidents in the life of David.

Returning from his successful encounter with the Philistine, David and Saul are met by the women of all the cities of Israel, "singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day forward;" i. e. he grew jealous of him; and all that after madness, and that long, bitter persecution of one who had so befriended him, was the result, it seems to me, solely of that feeling of jealousy acting upon a conscience disturbed by its own infidelities, as a consequence of which God had taken the sceptre from him. Not only had he wronged himself, and offended God, but defrauded his children of their right to rule.

The jealousy thus suddenly engendered constantly gained strength with the king, as David continued to win his way to renown in arms and to the good-will of the people. As if an evil spirit indeed possessed him, on every possible occasion, in every possible way, the king caused David to feel his anger, until he became possessed by an insane thirst for his life. While David sat and played to him, twice he hurled his javelin at him, and once when David was absent he transfixed his empty seat with the same weapon. He married him to his daughter Michal only that she might be a snare; but she, letting him down through a window, substituted a bolster and pillow for him in his bed, with which she deceived those who were sent to him. He sent him out against the Philistines, and appointed him almost incredible tasks, with the hope that his life would be taken. Even the interference of Jonathan could avail nothing; and the ever-swift javelin hurled by his father at him, as he pleaded David's cause, convinced them both that the king was implacable, and that there was no safety except in flight.

Taking an affectionate leave of Jonathan, David first fled to the priests, who dwelt together at Nob, a short distance from what was afterwards Jerusalem; but fearing to remain there, he sought shelter at Gath, hoping to pass unknown among his enemies. The people about the king discover him, and he only evades their fury by feigning himself mad, and finally escapes to the cave of Adullam, where he is joined by his father and brothers, who probably considered themselves no longer safe in Bethlehem. As soon as it was known where he was, his cave became the rendezvous for all the malecontents of the kingdom. "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men;"—a band wholly undisciplined, wanting in unity of purpose, with no high aims, refusing at first to follow even David's commands.

David was now fairly an outlaw, and a price set upon his head. Pursued relentlessly by the king, "like a partridge among the mountains," he moved rapidly from place to place, down along the western shore of the Dead Sea, through the wilderness, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in caves, sometimes in towns, always discovered, and when discovered fleeing without a blow. The real magnanimity of his character is shown in this, that he more than once, when the king's life was in his hand, refused to injure the Lord's anointed.

He was now come into that southern country, that neutral ground, to whose fertile fields and excellent pasturage the people of Judah, who had large possessions in cattle, were wont to send their flocks during a part of the year. The shepherds in this open country had long been subject to the attacks of the prowling Arabs of the desert, who, sweeping all through this region from time to time, stripped them of their herds and possessions. David, whose band was now increased to six hundred men, constituted himself the guardian of these defenceless men, and, during the eight months of his stay, kept from them all danger and all fear; and it speaks well for him, and the discipline he had now established among the lawless men under him, that, though themselves often straitened and suffering, they never took advantage of their strength to defraud those they had volunteered to protect.

Among those who had been thus cared for was Nabal, who had large possessions in Carmel, the upland slope rising from the southern plain. Along this slope were his pastures, his vineyards, and his olive-fields, while in the plain just below his thousands of sheep and goats fed securely. Returning northward from his sojourn in the wilderness, David was told that this Nabal was making preparations for a great entertainment to his people during the shearing of his three thousand sheep. "And David said to ten of his young men, Get you up to Carmel, and go to Nabal and greet him in my

name, and thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity: Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast. And now I have heard that thou hast shearers: now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there aught missing unto them all the while they were in Carmel. Ask thy young men and they will tell thee. Wherefore let the young men find favor in thy eyes, for we come in a good day. Give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand unto thy servants and to thy son David."

And the young men came to Nabal, and respectfully gave David's courteous greeting and message. But this man, though a great man and possessed of much possessions, was held by all as a "churlish man and evil in his doings," — a mean man, as some others are, — having enough and to spare, yet with no intention of troubling himself at the wants of another, — one who would hoard, and not use. He ought, according to the custom of his land, to have anticipated this request, so soon as he knew that one to whom he was under such obligations was in the neighborhood. David should have been an invited and honored guest at his feast. A mean man, and proud, as mean men always are, he answered insolently, pretending not to know him, and classing him with the discontented, runaway servants with whom the country was now full: "Who is David, and who is the son of Jesse? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?" Naturally enough, David felt himself outraged by this reply, which his young men hastened to bring him, and with a terrible oath swore that by the morrow there should be no living thing that was Nabal's. "Surely in vain have I kept all that this fellow hath in the wilderness, so that nothing was missed of all that pertained unto him, and he hath requited me evil for good." And he

girt his sword about him and called his men to arms and bade them follow.

Now it happened, as it sometimes does happen still in like cases, that this man of great possessions and a mean soul, this churlish Nabal, had a wife, Abigail, beautiful in person, and, as the record says, "a woman of a good understanding." She seems to have had that authority in the household which, it is said, a woman of sense always will have, even in the house of a brute or a fool. One of the young men who had been in the wilderness, and had felt David's kindness, had stood by impotent when the insulting reply had been made, and felt keenly the disgrace of such a requital. He knew there was only one help, that, if there was any repairing the mischief, or averting the danger, his mistress could do it, so, quitting his work, he ran to Nabal's wife, saying: "Behold, David sent messengers out of the wilderness to salute our master, and he railed at them. But the men were very good unto us, and we were not hurt, neither missed we anything as long as we were conversant with them when we were in the fields; they were a wall unto us both by night and day, all the while we were with them keeping the sheep. Now, therefore, know and consider what thou wilt do, for evil is determined against our master and against all his household, for he is such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him." That was pretty frank speaking from a servant to the wife of the master; but the wife seems to have understood and agreed with it, for at once, and without words, she orders a munificent present for David out of the home stores, — wine, bread, parched corn, dressed sheep, raisins, and figs, enough for all those hungry men of the desert, — and, while Nabal is eating and drinking his fill, sets out herself to make amends for the meanness and slight of her husband. She meets him in his hot march, at the head of his band, hurrying with drawn swords to wreak vengeance on one who had set at naught one of the prime duties of those early times; and no sooner sees him than she alights

from her beast, runs and throws herself on the ground before him, and with true woman's tact soothes his passion, and convinces him that, if he will pass over the insult and not shed the blood he had vowed, the thought of it will give him no trouble in the day in which the Lord shall make him ruler over Israel, while the shedding of innocent blood in his anger would be a torment forever. Quick in his passions, yet quick always to see and own the right, David broke into thanksgiving that he had been spared the commission of so great a crime: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee to meet me this day, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood and from avenging myself with mine own hand." And he took her gift and departed, and she went back to her husband at the feast; but as he was, according to the Scriptures, "very drunken," she said nothing to him then; but when he was somewhat recovered from his debauch, she told him the danger he had so narrowly escaped, and his coward heart sank within him, and in ten days after he died.

The meeting with Abigail had left an impression upon David. Her beauty and wisdom had fixed themselves indelibly in his memory, and when he hears that Nabal is dead, he sends messengers to her in Carmel, to ask her to be his wife. And she came with his messengers, and though he had many wives after that, Abigail, the Carmelitess, seems to have been most dear. When the city of Ziklag, which Achish, king of Gath, gave him, was taken in his absence and spoiled, and his wife and the wives and daughters of his friends taken captive, he took no rest till he had rescued her. She shared with him the days of his adversity, and when Saul was dead, and he could once more return to his native land, she went with him to Hebron, where he was made king of Judah, and where he reigned seven years and six months before he finally established his throne at Jerusalem.

Had David been content with the wife he took out of Car-

mel, it might have all been well with him. Michal, Saul had married to another; and though she is said to have loved David, there seems to have been no special love on his part, and though he afterward sent to claim her of the husband she then had, it was probably as a matter of policy, as it might conciliate some of the friends of Saul who held out against him after the king's death. But his heart went out toward Abigail, — a noble woman, fit to be a king's wife and a mother in Israel. She would have kept him to the path of integrity, and he would have been spared the sorrow and the shame that grew out of his other marriages and from his other children. He followed the customs of his country in having many wives. They were taken from caprice, from policy, from passion. None other seems to have been selected from that pure respect which is the basis and the food of a true, enduring love; and though they may have added to his state, to his worldly importance, brought him some temporal gain or advantage, we cannot but feel that his life would have been happier, and less tarnished his name, had he been content only with Abigail the Carmelitess.

J. F. W. W.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

III.

THE DREAM.

ARIOCH.

O KING, live forever! I have found a man
Among the captives of the Hebrew race
Able to show unto the king his dream's
Interpretation.

THE KING.

Art thou able, then,
The vision of the dream that I have seen,
And its interpretation, to make known?

DANIEL.

The secret which the king demands cannot
Unto the king be shown by soothsayers,
Astrologers, magicians, or by men
Of human wisdom; but there is a God
In heaven, who hath power to reveal
Secrets, and to make known unto the king
What shall be in the latter days. Thy dream,
The visions of thy head upon thy bed,
Are these: (O king, thy thoughts came unto thee
Of what should be hereafter; and He who
Doth secrets unto man reveal shall show
To thee that which shall come to pass; but not
For any wisdom that thy servant hath
Beyond the wisdom of the sons of men,
But for the sake of them that do show forth
This secret, and that thou mightst know the thoughts
Of thine own heart.) O king, thou didst behold
A mighty image. This great image stood,
In brightness most resplendent, and in form
Most terrible, before thee. Of fine gold
Its head and breast, silver its arms appeared,
Of brass unto the thighs, iron its legs,
Its feet part iron and part clay. And thou
Didst look until thou sawest that a stone
Was cut out without hands, which quickly smote
The image on the feet, that were of clay
And iron, and them into pieces brake.
Then was the iron and the clay, the brass,
The silver, and the gold, in pieces broke
Together! They became like unto chaff
Of summer threshing-floors, which by the wind
Away were carried, that no place was found
For them. The stone that smote the image then
Became a mountain, filling all the earth.
This is thy dream! And now, before the king,
The dream's interpretation I will tell.

O king, thou art a king of kings! for He,
The God of heaven, hath given a kingdom thee,
And power and strength and glory. He hath given
The fowls of heaven and the beasts of earth
Into thy hand, and made thee over all
The ruler, wheresoever dwell the sons
Of men. Thou art this head of gold, O king!
And after thee a kingdom shall arise
Inferior to thee; and yet a third,
Of brass, which shall bear rule o'er all the earth.
And the fourth shall be strong as iron is,
And break in pieces, and subdue all things,
As iron doth. And whereas thou didst see
The feet and toes were part of potter's clay
And part of iron, this fourth kingdom shall
Divided be; but there shall be in it,
As thou didst see the iron mixed with miry clay,
The strength of iron. Partly were the toes
Of iron, partly clay; so partly strong
And partly broken shall the kingdom be.
Thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay,
To show its mingling with a barbarous race,
But not to cleave together, — even as clay
Cannot be mixed with iron. In the days
Of these last kings, the God of heaven will
Set up a kingdom that shall never be
Destroyed; but all these kingdoms it shall break
In pieces and consume, while it shall stand
Forever. Forasmuch as thou didst see
The stone out of the mountain without hands
Was cut, and that it brake in pieces all
The gold, the silver, iron, brass, and clay, —
Thus the great God hath shadowed forth to thee
That which shall come to pass hereafter. This,
The image of thy dream, O king! is true,
And the interpretation thereof sure.

THE KING.

O Belteshazzar, unto thee belong
Worship and honor! Bring forth odors sweet,
In golden censers, for an offering
Of praise to him who hath revealed the dream
And its interpretation!

DANIEL.

Be the praise,
The offerings, O king! to Him alone
Who gave the wisdom to reveal thy dream
To thee unto thy servant.

THE KING.

Of a truth
It is, that thy God is a God of gods,
And Lord of kings. To thee He doth reveal
Secrets, for that thou hast made known to me
This vision.
Gifts and honors shall be thine!
Over this kingdom thou shalt ruler be,
And the chief governor of governors
Unto the wise men in all Babylon!

DANIEL.

O king! I pray thee give not unto me,
But to my fellow-captives, these thy gifts
And honors!

THE KING.

Thus it shall be unto him
In whom the king delighteth!
Be it as
Thou wilt!
But thou shalt sit in the king's gate!

JOHN NELSON, THE LAY PREACHER.

BUCKLE, in his Introduction to the History of English Civilization, says: "Under the two most remarkable men of the eighteenth century — Whitefield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen — there was organized a great religious system, which bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome. Thus, after an interval of two hundred years, a second spiritual Reformation was effected in this country." This tribute of the philosophical historian is more significant, because, in his estimate of the forces of civilization, he places little value on the influence of moral and religious truth. The tendency of his mind is to depreciate everything relating to the sentiments, while he exalts in a corresponding degree the sphere of the intellect and the power of knowledge. When, therefore, in his broad generalizations, he recognizes the presence and action of a religious movement, the presumption is that the evidence of its power is incontrovertible.

Since, then, Methodism has acted so distinguished a part in the Church, it is profitable to study some of its features as exhibited in its representative men. Among these is John Nelson. He is an original type of the lay preacher, and his biography illustrates this feature in the system of Methodism. His early life was spent exclusively in a rough and vigorous wrestle with toil. In birth, mental cast, and natural bent, he was very unlike Fletcher. With a much coarser fibre of soul and less learning, his piety was far more practical than meditative. The work he had to do was also wholly different from that of the pastor of Madeley. In the comprehensive arrangements of Providence there is a need of a great variety of forces. Hence each sincere and earnest man or woman, whether thinker or worker, has a place and a sphere. Thus was it with Nelson. Though not endowed with a mind fitted

by the power of thought to give tone or shape to the religious system which he embraced, he was admirably adapted to perform what he undertook. The rude training of his early days, though not rich in the brilliant acquisitions of scholarship, gave him what served him better, — a robust frame and manly courage. This enabled him to brave a mob, maintain his coolness, and think with calmness and rapidity in scenes of personal danger. Often his preaching had a peril akin to that which would attend an antislavery advocate in a Slave State. The only difference in the comparison is the greater extent and intensity of violence and passion in the latter. The fury burns with more fierceness, and the hatred is more bitter and enduring.

John Nelson was put while a boy as an apprentice to a mason, and was educated in the Established Church. From a child he was grave and moral, so that his language of self-condemnation does not proceed so much from the memory of gross wickedness as from the high-wrought intensity of his feelings. Macaulay, in speaking of Bunyan, says most of his biographers have done him injustice, because "they have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense." This distinction is necessary in our estimate of all deeply religious men. They often fall into language of self-disparagement which is not only exaggerated, but also false; and many a saint who calls himself the vilest of the vile, and exhausts the vocabulary of terms of self-condemnation on himself, would instantly repel any specific charge of immorality, such as a lie, theft, or fraud. Nelson is not pre-eminently guilty of this kind of exaggeration, and the circumstances of his lot did not tempt him in this respect so much as many of his brethren. He was a prosperous mechanic. He had health, good wages, and an excellent wife. Compared with those of the same social position, he had more than the average comforts and means of happiness, was free from vices, and blessed with a snug and peaceful home. But with all

this he was not content. His mind constantly brooded over the great problems of existence. While his hands were hewing stone, his thoughts were intent upon those themes which have stirred for ages the sage and philosopher. To his companions he was a mystery; for he would refuse to join in their dissipations, yet with burly English pluck would fight for his rights. Still his restless questionings gave him no peace, and his insatiable yearnings drove him forth to other religious communions in quest of positive spiritual assurance. He went to the Romish cathedral; but the desire for a vital personal religion was too intense to be satisfied by the gorgeous ceremonial of this Church. He had no better success among the Quakers, whose quietistic piety did not feed his emotional nature. After trying all forms of prevalent religion except the Jewish to no purpose, he returned to his first love, — to read and pray in the English Church, "whether he perished or not." "A judicious minister," says Southey, "who should have known the man, might have given him the comfort which he sought; but the sort of intercourse between the pastor and people which this would imply hardly exists in the metropolis, where Nelson was then residing." Whether this be true or not, it is certain no peace came to the soul of this thoughtful mechanic. The more he revolved the themes of religion in his mind, the more he was perplexed. "Surely," he says, "God never made man to be such a riddle to himself, and to leave him so." Burdened with these reflections, he would betake himself to the fields and wander through them at night; but the darkness and the light were alike to him. He sat in gloom, though the silent stars shone serenely in the heavens, or the sun poured forth its splendor at noonday. While in this state of spiritual unrest, Whitefield came to Moorfield. Nelson, with a soul thirsting for the waters of eternal life, went to hear him. But even the graphic eloquence and devout fervor of the great preacher failed to satisfy him. "He was to me," says this soul-distressed mechanic, "as a man that could

play well on an instrument, for his preaching was pleasant to me and I loved the man; so that if any one offered to disturb him, I was ready to fight for him; but I did not understand him; yet I got some hope of mercy, so that I was encouraged to pray on, and spend my leisure hours in reading the Scriptures." He was now on the verge of despair. At night his excited and distempered imagination haunted him. When he did sleep, he dreamed he was falling into a pit or fighting with the Devil, and would awake "dripping with sweat and shivering with terror." If this had long continued, his mind would have been wrecked, and reason would have yielded to his over-excited imagination and vivid feelings.

Now came the great transition period of his life. When the sun of hope had wellnigh set, the morning dawned. At this time Wesley visited Moorfield and preached. As he ascended the platform there was one hearer of his congregation who had so long dwelt on his own thoughts as to beget an intense self-consciousness. He saw all things through his excessive subjectivity. Hence the preacher had no sooner stroked back his hair and turned his face towards the place where Nelson stood, than the soul-diseased mechanic thought Wesley's eye was fixed on him. "His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." "Nelson," says Southey, "might well think thus, for it was a peculiar characteristic of Wesley in his discourses, that in winding up his sermons, in pointing his exhortations and driving them home, he spoke as if he were addressing an individual, so that every one to whom the condition which he described was applicable felt as if he were singled out; and the preacher's words were then like the eyes of a portrait, which seemed to look at every beholder." In this case the arrow pierced the heart to the quick. This man "can tell the secrets of my breast; he has shown me

the remedy for my wretchedness, even the blood of Christ." "Oh!" is his subsequent language, "that was a blessed morning for my soul." From this Moorfield preaching dates a change. His mind passed from its wrestlings to peace. A new life burst upon him, and he was flooded with joy. But no sooner was the spirit at rest than outward conflicts came. Religion was to this earnest man an intense and real conviction; so out of the depths of his profound piety he strove to bring others to a knowledge of the truth. As he went round exhorting, his friends became alarmed. They feared in the absorption of his zeal he would neglect his work and bring poverty upon his family. Nor were they relieved when he replied to their remonstrances, "that his business in this world was to get well out of it." But their fears were unfounded, for though he gave himself to exhortation, he also plied his hand diligently to his trade. The hours which he had given to brooding he now employed in the study of the Bible and in exhortation. He invited his fellow-villagers to his house every evening, and turned his largest room into a meeting-house. Here his fervent soul found utterance in prayer and discourse. So thoroughly in earnest was he for the fate of men's souls, that his neighbors thought he was either crazy or under the delusions of the Devil. Erelong the moral aspect of the town changed. In the evening the alehouse was deserted, while the people thronged at his door unable to get in to his crowded meeting. The innkeeper raged at his loss of custom; but still the work of reform sped on, until it became of sufficient importance to be visited by Wesley. He came to Birstal and found both a preacher and a society; — the one he recognized as a "Helper," the other he enrolled as one of his "United Society."

Nelson now entered upon his Gospel labors, hewing stone by day and preaching at night. His ministry is of value, not only because it gives us a portrait of the genuine lay preacher, but also as an indication of the fearful social and

moral condition of the great mass of the people of England. Methodism was born out of the throes of popular violence and riot. Often in its first stages the Amen of the prayer was drowned by the hideous groans of the mob, and the response to the sermon was a volley of stones. This was often literally true of Nelson. No doubt that in his aggressive earnestness he often used provoking language. He was not dainty in his choice of phrases or in the employment of epithets. His heart was on fire with rude, impassioned earnestness. As thus he went from village to village, denouncing profane gamblers and besotted laborers, calling on them to repent and threatening them with the doom of eternal woe, — as thus his soul was burdened and he agonized in prayer for their salvation, — it was not surprising that he sometimes overleaped the proprieties of speech. Great reforms, in their practical operations, are never carried forward by those whose caution weighs every word they utter. The man who is never borne away by the hot impulse of honest, though extravagant zeal, will rarely be found among the efficient workers in a popular movement. The rough life of England, as it then existed in the cottage and the workshop, could not be morally quickened by weak, though polished platitudes. The men who lounged about the wharves of Bristol or Plymouth, wasting the earnings of a voyage in a fortnight's carouse; or the mechanic and collier, who on Saturday night spent in debauch the money which should have gone for children's bread and a wife's dress; — in fact, the vigorous, dissipated common people would never have been roused from degradation and ignorance by any except the most resolute, bold, and enthusiastically earnest religious men, such as could speak from the workingman's experience and in the dialect of the cottage and the workshop. Besides, the reform conflicted with the interests of the tavern-keeper, the passions of the multitude, the ease and power of the established vicar. It is necessary to keep these all in mind as we follow this sturdy evangelist in his perils and expos-

ures. His career is marked by the romance of danger, and after reading of his various encounters with fierce and passionate mobs, we are surprised at his escape from a violent death. On these occasions his coolness, courage, and admirable tact served him. Thus once at Nottingham Cross an attempt was made to silence him; but his discourse having subdued the rioters, he was allowed to go on to the end, when a soldier stepped forward, and, kneeling, with tears in his eyes, besought the preacher to pray that God would have mercy on his soul, for he had come there to pull him down; "but your words have come as a sword to my heart, and I am convinced you are God's servant, and I hope I shall begin to lead a new life from this hour." His biography abounds in other instances of his power over the passionate multitude. Once a clergyman having hired the town drummer at Grimsby, to drown the preacher's voice, after beating three quarters of an hour he was so impressed with Nelson's preaching that he threw away his drumsticks and stood listening with the tears running down his cheeks. At Epworth the clergyman and clerk were drunkards, and the mob was excited to violence; but it was of no avail. Though other indignities awaited him, yet he never quailed. His moral courage rose with the danger. It is painful even to read of the physical conflicts of this earnest and devout preacher. We are in constant antagonism with the rough and fierce passions of the multitude. At the suggestion of the alehouse keeper of Bristol, Nelson was pressed as a soldier. While in keeping of the officers, he was marched from town to town, lodged in prison, and subjected to many indignities. He was finally released through the influence of Lady Huntingdon. Nothing daunted, he was more zealous still in his Master's cause.

But though this brave mechanic preacher could face a mob as effectually at least as Wesley, he was not invincible. Sometimes he was overpowered. One of the most brutal scenes of this kind was at Hepworth. He had succeeded in keeping the mob at bay while preaching, but upon stepping

down he was struck with a brick on the back of his head and fell bleeding. Not heeding the yells of the rioters as he rose and tottered, he cried out, "Lord, thou wast slain without the gate, and canst deliver me from the hands of these blood-thirsty men." On the next day at Acomb, whither he went, a worse fate awaited him. After various attempts he was seized by the ringleaders and so severely beaten that he was left for dead; yet to satisfy the doubts of some he was lifted up, and giving signs of life he was knocked down eight times. The rage of the multitude burned with increased fury; they stamped on his body "to tread the Holy Ghost out of him," and wrought other deeds of cruelty too atrocious to recount. And yet, says Stevens, "these ruffians passed in the community for gentlemen." The fury of a mob, when once aroused, cannot easily be allayed; and doubtless those who instigated this mode of dealing with the Methodist lay preacher were "respectable." A cause which is afraid to trust to truth, and has recourse to violence, must have its basis either in selfishness or injustice.

Nothing but a frame naturally vigorous and toughened by toil enabled Nelson to rally from the violent assaults on his person; and yet the next day after those we have just mentioned he rode forty miles to hear Wesley preach. Unable to stand, he leaned against a tombstone, and his soul was wonderfully refreshed at the words of the apostle. Under the influence of the discourse, Nelson cried out, "O Lord, I will praise thee for thy goodness to me in all my trials; thou hast brought me out of the jaws of death; and though thou didst permit men to ride over my head, and laid affliction on my loins, yet thou hast brought me through fire and water into a wealthy place. So far, Lord, I am thy witness; for thou dost give strength for our day according to thy word, and grace to help in time of need. O my dear Redeemer, how shall I praise thee as thou oughtest to be praised? O let my life be a living sacrifice to thee, for it is by thee alone that I have escaped both temporal and eternal death."

John Nelson lived and preached surrounded by dangers.

His presence set a whole town astir, and doubtless many staid and quiet gentlemen of classic training and Christian culture desired peace and exemption from agitation. But the calmness of stagnation is death. No advance in morals or religion is ever made in practical life without coming into antagonism with selfishness, prejudice, and passion. The life of this zealous preacher followed the great and all-pervading law of reform; and planting himself on what was religious truth to his own mind, as a preacher of the "everlasting Gospel" he declared it. His sincerity, earnestness, and fervor combined to make him an effective evangelist. Even in those places where he was mobbed, the seed brought forth fruit, and during his last years he preached to crowds with marked success. After a laborious ministry of thirty-three years, he suddenly died, in the ripeness of toil, in 1744. His remains were followed to the grave by a procession a mile long, weeping and singing Charles Wesley's funeral hymns. Hundreds of sad hearts surrounded his grave in Bristol, and the Methodist communion mourned for one of its most faithful and devoted lay preachers.

Though lowly born, and bred a mechanic, Nelson is described as having a natural dignity. Southey says "he had as brave a heart as ever Englishman was blessed with;" and Stevens adds, "that perhaps no lay preacher ever raised up by Methodism has presented a better exemplification of what such an evangelist should be, — a more admirable example of heroism, of magnanimity, good sense, sound piety, hard work, and courageous suffering." His memory is embalmed in thousands of hearts, and he was an admirable type of that class of Christian disciples who supplied the religious wants of the common people in the eighteenth century, as did the Franciscans in their purity that of a former generation. There is this difference, — the mendicant preachers of the earlier Church bequeathed a system capable of great abuses, while that of lay preaching will live without any marked attendant evils as long as it can be of service to Christendom.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE NATIONAL FAST, JAN. 4, 1861, BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

Mark xi. 22. — "Have faith in God."

In times of anxiety and amidst threatenings of disaster man is sure to take refuge in God. He will go in fear, or he will go in love and confidence, according to the measure of his growth in true religion; but he will go in some way. When the sun shines, and the sea is calm, and the Great Spirit clothes himself in beauty and lavishes his gifts, we may fail to think of our entire dependence upon God, — we may even be led away into perplexed and perplexing discussions about his providence in the ordering of our life; but when the clouds gather, and the tempest rises, we have an ear for what holy men of old have said of Him who is our refuge and strength, and the wise heart sets aside all our sceptical theories with a single word of authority. This is the experience at once of the individual and of the nation. As the individual goes alone to the everlasting Helper, so, as with one mind and one heart, a whole people will prostrate themselves before Him who sitteth upon the throne of the universe. How can we fail to do so when our God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, living and loving, near to us at all times, his eye as open to our wants, his ear as open to our petitions, as when his admonitions and consolations came to the disciples through the lips of his Son. To believe in Christ is to believe in the efficacy of prayer. To be a Christian is to pray; and it would be a marvel were a nation whose fairest inheritance is the Gospel of Jesus to forget the house of God and the shade of the altar in the hour of trial.

In my observance of this special Fast I wish to place myself upon this broad ground. I feel at home here, — quite above the conflicts of parties and sections, and in sympathy with those preachers of the Word who have pressed upon

he. I do not find in this belief anything which can weaken a healthy feeling of responsibility, but it does sensibly relieve that terrible anxiety which hears in every unwonted sound the crack of doom; it does comfort us with a vision of the new world that is slowly but surely growing up into the perfection of beauty out of the ruins of decaying civilizations. God reigns! Through what days of darkness this great affirmation has carried men hopefully and cheerfully! They looked upon one and the other fearful disaster, and said, "A blessing in it!" — and so it has ever proved. Especially do these great divine purposes come out into the light of day in that part of our world to which the Son of God has been revealed. Christendom holds in her bosom that imperishable treasure, the Church of the Redeemer, and may well console herself in the midst of the tempest with the thought of her divine charge. "Thou bearest Cæsar!" said the Roman to the affrighted sailor; "thy ship cannot go down!" How much more emphatically may we say to an affrighted nation, "Thou bearest the Gospel, the world's hope!" Have faith in God, who creates and destroys and again creates, and the second creation is ever fairer than the first, though the night must come between. Even war has been one of the greatest civilizers of the world, terrible instrument as it is; indeed, had it not been for the warlike and fierce races of Northern Europe, our Gospel would have been almost crushed under the weight of burdens laid upon it by an ambitious priesthood. It is said that Charlemagne wept when his eye fell upon the ships of the Vikings, crowded with fierce Danes and Norwegians; but they, too, were needed,—they did not come a day too soon; and modern civilization is greatly indebted to them, and we are the better to-day because they got such a strong, though terrible grasp upon our English home. Have faith in God, that, step by step as he moves through the ages and carries the race of man with him, he leaves evil, sin, and sorrow behind, and, however slowly and however sorely, builds the City which hath foundations. Have faith

in God, and never look upon earthly trouble as though some strange and fatal thing had befallen you. We belong to a race which has bought its greatness thus far with real sweat and tears and blood, and which must again and again pay more of that good purchase-money, and be hurled down from the seat of pride and security, and learn the sad yet sweet and indispensable lessons of adversity.

2. Again, have faith in God! — in God who is goodness, and who asks of us penitence and a sincere purpose to do justly and love mercy. The believer knows that the only way to be better off is to be better, and in any time of calamity his first questions are, "In what have I offended, and in what way, so far as I am concerned, can the offence cease?" Let each one of us put these questions to himself, and strive to deal honestly with himself, and hear conscience out. One general answer all will readily give, to the effect that the religious and moral tone of Christendom is still, after these eighteen centuries, very low; that few Christians are thoroughly Christian; that for this reason, even when we are striving to promote good causes, we fall into sour and fatal dissensions, wars of religion and of opinion, and are found to be serving God with the Devil's weapons, so that one is sometimes tempted to say that we could spare our good men quite as well as our bad men. So long as the world is what it is, it must needs be that offences come; and just so far as any one of us lives for himself and not for God, disregarding conscience, falling short of his aspirations and ideals, following Christ at a great distance, he has a part in these offences, not directly perhaps, but indirectly; and when the day of darkness comes, we must all say, "I, too, am a partaker in this transgression; let me strive to draw nearer to God, and to trust in him more." Nations sin and suffer because nations are unchristian, and nations are unchristian because the men and women who compose them are unchristian, — because they are selfish, worldly, passionate, — because they will not accept it for the chief end of man to

glorify God by seeking to build up his kingdom in the deeds of our every-day life. In a very important sense we are all sinners together, and so we need not think it so strange that we are often all sufferers together.

But let us try to be a little more specific. This will be the easier, inasmuch as I have not the least desire to add anything to the chaotic medley of opinion and advice with which a patient community is afflicted. There may be perhaps throughout the land a score of wise men who would do well to counsel their fellows; should the residue hold their peace, it would be *their* wisdom. Statesmen are not born every day. It would be rash to suppose that each Christian congregation the land through had found one in its pastor and teacher. We go too far, I presume, when we take for granted that we have one in each daily or weekly journalist. I doubt whether ministers, or even editors, are the best judges as to the expediency of sending or refusing to send regiments to one and another post of danger. The division of labor is a modern improvement of which we avail ourselves far too little, to the great confusion of those who, after everybody has said his say to his heart's content, must really do the work, and take the responsibility in every crisis. Moreover, I shall feel under no obligation to go back into the past, or to point out the present shortcomings of others, — we want to know what we ought to do and can do to-day, and we are not keeping a fast for the sins of other men, of our fathers, or of our brethren. It would be easy to show how the evils which are afflicting us might have been prevented, or to blame those who have gone before us in the world with transmitting their problem to us instead of solving it themselves; it would be easy to ask of our fellows at a distance a heroism of self-sacrifice, an exceeding righteousness of which we have given them in our own lives no examples. It would be easy to add fuel to the fire which is raging in our land, by criminations and recriminations, — by what is called boldness in one or another direction. It is wiser and more Christian, as it seems

to me, to sit in judgment only upon ourselves, and to ask what *we* must do to-day in order that our record upon the page of history may be clean, and if, alas! there should be any shedding of blood, it may not be upon our heads, inasmuch as we have sincerely tried to be right, even though at the expense of consistency, and have done our utmost to live peaceably with all men, willing to sacrifice everything but principle, to make more account of our duties than of our rights, not from any selfish love of peace, but out of a deep sense of the sin and shame and unspeakable calámity of civil war and possible anarchy. What then, as Christians, — as those who have faith in God, and would obey his voice in the soul and in the words of the Bible, — can we do or refrain from doing in this national crisis to restore peace and maintain the integrity of the nation?

I answer, — 1. We may separate ourselves more emphatically even than we have heretofore done from that class of persons in the community who deal with the institution of slavery as a sin, in and of itself, with which no Christian can hold terms for a moment, either in the communion of the church, or in the matter of citizenship, or in the intercourse of society, — a sin to be followed up and ferreted out wherever it exists, to be met with sharp words if one believes only in the weapons of the tongue, or with swords and rifles if one believes in these. Thoroughly antislavery myself in conviction and feeling, I have never been able to sympathize or act with those who demand the emancipation of the slave from every one who would show proof of his Christianity. There are practical difficulties in the way of emancipation which a Christian may regard without sacrificing his Christian character, and I do not find that the Gospel deals with slavery as with stealing or lying, or impurity. Slaves and slaveholders in the ancient Church there unquestionably were, and there may be in the modern Church, though there will be none, I am sure, in the City of God towards which the Gospel is leading us. I believe that amongst our brethren

and friends at the South there are those who are endeavoring to discharge their duty towards their slaves as they see it, striving to do the utmost for them in a condition which they know not how to change, certainly upon the instant. Are there many of us, unwilling as we should be to accept such responsibilities, who would venture to say, Let these people go to-morrow! In judging and trying to help others, we must take into account the influences of education and the inheritances from the past. My Christianity would not suffer me to accept the gift of a slave, but my Christianity does not oblige me to denounce as less Christian than myself another, neither born nor taught as I was, who has accepted and retains such a gift. My duty towards him is a good example in my own dealing with the less favored at my own door, a loving testimony in behalf of my own opinions when such testimony will not be unseasonable or needlessly irritating, and the offer of help in providing the means of escape from a sore evil. I believe that even Christianity can afford to wait for men and women to grow up within her fold to the measure of her ideal in this matter. The early Christian preachers recommended, but did not require, emancipation; emphatically discountenanced those servile outbreaks which can only work mischief to the slave; and gradually, under the indirect influence of the Gospel, European slavery has given place to serfdom, and serfdom will soon give place to citizenship. The work is to be done here in circumstances of great difficulty, a peculiarity of race adding to the perplexities of the problem, and there is a demand, not for any sacrifice of principles, but for wisdom and patience in the application of principles. The laws of society and the spirit of the Gospel working in the heart of the modern world will be far more instrumental in bringing about the results that we crave, than any agitations by professional philanthropists, or measures of merely political reformers; and I am sure that we, who have on our hands cities that are filled with multitudes as heathenish and wretched as any in nominal heathendom, need not

think that we are not serving our Master with all faithfulness unless we are all the time pouring into the unwilling ears of angry men denunciations of a system which perhaps they like as little as we, but have determined to defend so long as it is assailed from without. In so speaking I speak as I have always spoken when I have said anything at all, and believe that Christianity will justify this moderation, and that precisely here the churchman, or say the Christian, parts with the world in the matter of dealing with institutions that can have no place in the City of God, though they may be argued for again and again, to the end of time, from the letter of the Old Testament.

2. And, again, we may be content to labor for human liberty, even where we are directly concerned, strictly within the forms and restraints of law, the limitations of the social organism, of the national constitution, and of ancient compacts. The business of the Christian, with a law which his conscience does not approve, is to labor to have it changed; and when it crosses his path, quietly, submissively, like a good citizen, to pay the penalty of a passive non-compliance, going to prison with Baxter and Bunyan and Paul and Peter, because no way was open for them save that of obeying God rather than man. It is a fearful thing to have recourse to violence, to take the law, as we say, into our own hands, to break up the whole framework of society because there are serious defects in it; — if we have made any agreements which we cannot conscientiously keep, we are bound in honor to offer fair equivalents, — to strive to realize that what is to us conscientiousness may seem to others obstinacy and even dishonesty, and that the victories won by peaceful struggles at the ballot-box and in the senate are worth incalculably more than the successes of the soldier. And in our service of liberty we can afford to be patient and good-tempered, and strictly just, not intruding by so much as a hair's breadth upon domain for which we are not responsible; so justifying our refusals and non-compliances when we have reached a point beyond which

as honest men, respecting our own convictions, we cannot go. And let me add, that there is a practical wisdom here which is eminently worth regarding, — the wisdom that forbids us to sacrifice a substantial good for what is merely technical and formal, to hesitate in doing right lest the captious criticise, or cry out inconsistency. What men want is things, not words; and if the thing is right and works well, no matter if we cannot adjust it to something which was said last year, or even yesterday. I have in my mind one,* and I love to claim him as a fellow-worshipper, who at the risk of being charged with inconsistency has in this very crisis gone as far as seemed to him possible in conceding for the sake of peace what was rather formal than vital, being careful now, as he has ever been, to distinguish between a zeal for constitutional liberty and the fervors of the mere fanatic. Would that all who love freedom loved her as wisely as he. Impulse and sentiment can destroy in fact, and rebuild in imagination; only wisdom and patience, toiling on little by little, can reconstruct actual society. Have faith in God, with whom a thousand years are as one day; and even now try to believe that North and South shall work amicably together for the advancement of humanity, — of the white and the black alike.

3. Finally, have faith in God, even if for us, as for so many who have gone before us over the earth, there must be months and years of strife. As I meditate these last words there come startling tidings, for History is making rapidly in these days. Perhaps we shall have need of all our manhood, of all our Christianity; but what we need God will bestow, if we will only put our trust in him. His way is in the sea and his path in the great waters, but his law is the truth, and we are safe in keeping it. Human society and human governments are of Divine appointment, and they will never fail. Our own government may be an experiment, but government itself is not an experiment. "Render unto Cæsar the things

* Hon. C. F. Adams.

which are Cæsar's," will be truth to the end of time, and there will be a Cæsar of some sort, better or worse, imperial or republican, to stand for civil order. Whether it should be by coercion of the malecontents, or by reconstruction upon a different basis, let those who are wiser than I attempt to say; but we shall have a country, and it will be a free country and a Christian country. The world is God's world, and it does not go backward, save as the wave upon the sea-shore goes back into the ocean to recover itself for a fresh advance. The blood of the Northmen still flows in our veins, and we have been baptized into the constructive spirit of Christianity; and the Gospel, the everlasting refuge against barbarism, in giving us the home has given us the germ of the Christian State, and out of all those confusions and sufferings which are needed to discipline our earthly nature we shall come forth, we or our children, a Christian commonwealth. The descendants of the New England Puritans, the countrymen of Washington, have a glorious destiny to achieve under the blessing of God. Only let each one of us walk by the light which shines out of heaven into the soul, and be at once wise and harmless, and the days of our trial shall soon come to an end. The glory hath not departed from Israel until the ark of God has been taken, — until corruption, private and public, has sapped the nation's life, — until party spirit has prevailed over patriotism, — until expedients have supplanted principles, and children sit upon thrones which belong to men. God be praised that we have a country still to pray for, and that hope has not yet wholly deserted the souls of men. May we even now rise above our misunderstandings, and fanaticisms, and bitternesses and needless strifes, and, accepting together the lofty aims of a truly Christian civilization, only struggle to surpass each other in all that elevates and redeems humanity, employing our wondrous resources, not in a vulgar, selfish luxury, which despises the oppressed and the poor, but in those grand enterprises which uplift the degraded, empty the poor-houses and prison-houses, reconstruct the poor's

quarter, reform thieves, reclaim transgressors, and educate the bondman for the estate of the freeman: for wise old Homer most truly said, that when you take away a man's liberty you take away half his humanity; and a wise modern adds this comment, that a slave who has only broken his chain has probably lost the other half.

And so, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, and to the guidance and consolations of the spirit of his Son. Through far more troublous times than these the children of the Kingdom have passed safely, and the thing which hath been, it is the thing which shall be, only in the fairer and nobler form which it pleaseth God to send forth out of his inexhaustible fulness.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

THE darkest hour that falls upon the earth
  Is that before the coming of the dawn,
When light with darkness struggles for its birth,
  And help Divine for man seems oft withdrawn!
In vain the eye would penetrate the gloom,
  And look beyond the darkness of the hour,
To see of Wickedness the fated doom,
  Or Virtue's kingdom come with greater power.
Thus when, amidst convulsive throes of old,
  Christ's kingdom in its glory should appear,
He the dark hour before the day foretold
  In signs and wonders to his followers clear,
And bade them earnest watch, and earnest pray,
Until in splendor rose his peaceful day.

J. V.

CHRIST NOT A PATTERN, BUT A REVELATION.

At first view it seems a great privilege to have before us a pattern of sinless perfection. Christ is revealed to us out of the heavens as the ideal of an all-accomplished humanity. This is the ideal which we must follow, and not any saints of the calendar, — not the Fenelons and the Howards, not the Senecas and the Platos. We soon find, however, that this revelation of sinless perfection, so far from putting life and courage into us, depresses us under discouragement and despair. It shines away off and above us, like a planet in the heavens, with gulfs of infinite space between. Who of us are endowed like him, who of us born like him, having power over nature, having all things delivered to him of the Father, having foreknowledge of the future, having power to lay down his life and take it again, so that the tomb bursts the third day and he comes forth and goes up into heaven from Ascension Mount? And yet he is set forth to us as an example, and we are to follow in his steps! Discouraging enough! if an example means only a pattern to imitate.

This, however, is a very partial and one-sided view. There is a view of Christ as our example which is exceedingly animating and hope-inspiring. In unfolding the subject let us see first what errors we are to avoid, and then let us see what is the grand truth which appeals to us in the example of Jesus Christ.

First, there is *not* implied an imitation of his words and actions. What folly to suppose that we could do the same things that he did! We might try this, and only ape him at an immense distance, and come no nearer to him than we were before. Suppose we were to take up his language or style of address in those awful denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees, as if we were in the seat of judgment to pass sentence upon men! Or think, again, of any human being

standing up like him and saying, "All that the Father hath is mine!"—"No man knoweth God but me, and he to whom I reveal him!" What on his lips were divine declarations, on ours would be self-conceit and blasphemy. See what fallacies we fall into when we suppose that following Christ means acting as he acted. His example has been cited as proving that no physical force must ever be used in restraining or resisting wicked men. Christ used none, so his followers must not; — this is the argument, and it would prostrate every human government on earth. Why should he use physical resistance, who held the winds and waves at his word, who could command twelve legions of angels, who saw through the souls of men with a glance, who could command them with his eye and wither up their courage with a word, so that those who were sent to arrest him slunk away and dared not take him, and could only report, "Never man spake like this man"? His death was a part of his great plan of redemption, and till his time came they could no more put him to death than they could pluck the sun from his orbit. Follow him through his whole mission, and you see how fallacious is the notion that to imitate Christ is to assume his deeds or his language.

Again, it is not implied that we must be what he is. Understood in this sense, following Christ would induce a spiritual culture extravagant and fantastic, and even insane. We open the book of revelation, and read the ritual of heaven, every creature in heaven and on the earth ascribing "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Put in place of the Lamb the name of any saint in the calendar, — Fénelon or Howard, — and how would it read? and how monstrous would our self-culture become, if it put us on the vain effort of trying to *be* what he is!

In another view of the subject, however, Christ *is* our example, and our example in such wise as to stimulate all our efforts in the Christian life. An example is a pattern to be

copied. The copy answers to the original line for line, and feature for feature, though it may not be, or even aim to be, what the original was. I hold up a mirror to the sun. The sun's image is formed in it, and answers to it ray for ray. It can never be another sun, though it can always receive the sun's image and reflect its splendors. Throughout the whole of the New Testament there is a striking and exact analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. An analogy, you observe, is a very different thing from sameness or equality. The Jewish temple, says the writer to the Hebrews, was made after the pattern of heavenly things, or served as "the example and shadow" of holy things. It copied down the things of heaven on its own plane and in its own degree; and in this sense there is an exact analogy between our life and the life of Christ. This is shown in four things.

His spirit must be ours. We cannot do the deeds which he did; but all our deeds can be done in the spirit of Christ. This, in fact, is the exhortation of the Apostle: "Let this same *mind* be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." The same spirit, the same temper, the same love, may be in us, so that, though we do not the same works, we may work for the same ends. The spirit that warms the heart in the humblest scene of work-day care or of household labor, may be precisely the same spirit that lighted up the scene at the grave of Lazarus, or that calmed the waters on the Lake of Galilee.

The Divine incarnation in Christ was designed to bring down into our world the more immediate sphere and presence of the Godhead, and thus to light up all the annals of this earth with the Divine Love,—to make Christ the central figure of all human history, to make all its outgoings the developments of Christian benevolence, — until Christ knits all the nations together in the bonds of fellowship and peace. What Christ is to the whole world, he would make every individual follower in his own little world of duty and care.

As Christ is to fill the earth with the spirit of the Lord, so the Christian is to fill his home and the circle all around it with the same spirit, so that under every roof there shall be a new Divine Advent, the image and the copy of God's great advent to the race. Thus we see, that, though we may not do the same things that Christ did, yet every man and every little child may make his own small sphere of action the image and the copy of that wider sphere of Christ which extends over the earth and through endless time.

Not only his spirit, but *his death, must be ours.* It hath pleased the Father in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. All through the New Testament, how much emphasis is laid upon the death of Christ! "He purchased us with his blood." He is the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Paul says he glories "only in the *cross* of Christ." From such phraseology as this, it comes to pass that the Church has come to fix its eye mainly and almost exclusively on a single scene in the earthly career of the Saviour, — the scene on Calvary. There it is supposed the whole stress of the Gospel lies, there the whole work of redemption is wrought out. Now you will see, on a faithful reading of the New Testament, that the death of Christ does not mean the mere rending away of the fleshly body. If so, he is an example in suffering to a very few of us; for how few of his followers are called to a death of martyrdom! By the death of Christ is meant the denial and putting away of the whole selfish and earthly nature. This is precisely what the cross symbolizes; and for this purpose it is emblazoned on the Christian banner. So it was that Christ died. Through temptation, trial, suffering, — through the deserts and Gethsemanes, as well as the Calvarys of life, — he died to this world, and to all its seductions and applauses. Calvary was only one of the scenes in this progressive work; and when Paul says we die with him, we are buried with him, he means very clearly, we follow in the same path of self-denials,

till there is nothing more to be denied, — the old sinful man is dead and buried, and all its motions cease. This is dying with Christ. This is taking up the cross. This is following him in the regeneration. And how exactly in all this is he our pattern and example! And what a light is thrown back from his cross over all our sufferings and self-denials! We may not always see the mighty work which they accomplish within us; but, looking at that glorious pattern that leads us on, we may know that every defeat we suffer and every pain we bear, if we turn them to this account, will be weakening and rending away some clogs and hinderances of the spirit, and be the prelude of victory and of triumph. What encouragement is here! What hope and inspiration from the cross! Denials and sufferings are not so much meaningless torture and agony, — to the Christian they are the dying of the old earthly nature, and a preparation to a complete and glorious victory. All this will come to us if we keep the eye steadily on the cross of Christ, and take in the whole meaning of the symbol.

His resurrection must be ours. "We are buried with him by baptism into death, — that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." All human progress is a death and a resurrection, and of this the death and resurrection of Christ are the heaven-drawn picture and representation. From his childhood he began to die, and just in that degree he began to rise. The earthly nature waned and disappeared, and in the same degree Divine nature broke forth unclouded and all-refulgent. On one side the desert and Gethsemane and Calvary, on the other side Transfiguration Mount. Now in the guise of our broken and suffering humanity, "having no beauty that we should desire him;" then clothed in sunlight splendors, so that John fell at his feet as dead. As the earthly body dropped off, the Divine body was put on, and

bore us across the broad Cooper, — the river which, uniting at Charleston with the Ashley, perpetuates the name of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the patentees of South Carolina in the reign of the second Charles. The restless and intriguing spirit of the Earl, joined with high abilities and a strong sense of personal honor, made him no unfit patron for the colony that was destined to become the South Carolina of our days.

My first home in Charleston was at Jones's Hotel, then the principal one of the city. Jones was a free colored man, and so, though wealthy, could not be out o' nights without a pass, for which he would apply to one or another of his numerous boarders. At his house, however, my stay was brief, being soon invited to those hospitalities which so many visitors have shared with delight, and which I in following years so often enjoyed, where refinement, genius, and kindness clustered around the table of the "Northern Laureate." That name was given to Dr. G——, in questionable compliment, by a Southern statesman, in reference to his Union Ode, sung at a Fourth of July celebration by the Union party. The Ode — beginning,

> "Hail, our country's natal morn!
> Hail, our spreading kindred born!
> Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
> Waving o'er the free!" —

was fairly inscribed on the silver surface of a vase, presented, by those who felt its sentiment, to its author.

My first garden walk in Charleston! I had left snow and ice at Cambridge, and cold ground and sharp winds at Washington; but now, in my host's garden, I seemed to be in fairy-land. The season was flush with flowers; it seemed to me like late summer rather than early spring. Myrtles, and other shrubs, whose names we associate rather with fancy than with fact, gave the impression of Arcadia; and my entertainers, "Arcades ambo," were fit tenants of so bright a scene.

My first ride on a railway! It was not with steam-power, nor with horse-power, — nor, as I afterwards travelled in the same region, with negro-power, four stout Africans singing vociferously as they turned the handles of a small self-moving car to which that which bore the passengers was attached. No; this was in the earliest days of railway locomotion. Of the Charleston and Augusta road, one of the earliest in the country, only one mile was as yet completed, and on this a small car had been placed, for the amusement of the public and the profit of its projector, propelled by means of a sail. I took my seat, and a gentle breeze wafted me smoothly on, while I thought of Milton, and of

> "the sandy plains
> Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
> With sails and wind their cany wagons light."

In after years I travelled often on that railroad, in its more advanced state, though I can scarcely say in its completeness; for it was built on trestle-work, its interminable bridge stretching away over fields and swamps, and the work of filling in being left to be effected by degrees.

Among my first impressions of Charleston, the sense of insecurity on the part of its inhabitants held a place. The city seemed to be in a permanent state of siege. The police were in military uniform, and one of these seeming soldiers was stationed in the porch of each church during the time of service. At evening, close following a sweet chime from St. Michael's, resounded the drum-beat, signal to the black population that they must no longer be found abroad. If any were so, without a written pass from some white person, he was liable to be arrested and punished. Then, about the centre of the wide base from which the triangular city stretches out between its two rivers, stood a large brick building, bearing the warlike name of "The Citadel." It was built around a quadrangle, and was provided with means of military defence. The class who were to be held in awe by these means swarmed on every side. I thought I

could perceive in their demeanor a more subdued and cringing aspect than that with which I had been familiar among their brethren at Washington; but this may have been the fancy of a youth. I witnessed a slave-sale. It was on the piazza of the Custom-House; and several, of both sexes, changed their masters. The scene was loathsome to me,—indescribably so; but more from the idea of man being made merchandise, than from any exhibition of grief on the part of the "chattels," or of brutality on that of the ruling race. The transaction seemed viewed by both parties as a common occurrence.

My visits to Charleston were frequent and long enough to afford me some intercourse with its refined society, beyond the friends to whom reference has already been made. And to that society it is but justice, to bear witness to its elegance and its courtesy. Among my remembrances is the studio of an artist, a gentleman of property and polished manners, who, not content to be merely wealthy, had won himself an honorable reputation as a sculptor. As I write, scene after scene rises before me, of domestic ease, or of social enjoyment, with the grace of fashion but without its affectation, and with a genial courtesy that made the young stranger feel at home.

The society of South Carolina has a strong infusion of the French element, derived from those Huguenots by whom some of the first settlements were made. The names, half Anglicized in pronunciation, still indicate their source. One of these French names, its possessor informed me, was traced farther back to an Italian form, in which it had been borne by a Doge of Venice, from whom he claimed descent. None of these foreign appellations is better known through the Union than that of Huger. I met, at a later period of my Southern residence, the brave old Colonel of that name, and heard from his lips the narrative of his chivalrous attempt, with Dr. Bollmar, to rescue Lafayette from his imprisonment at Olmutz.

Of the churches in Charleston, I have already mentioned St. Michael's. This, a fine stone building, dedicated to worship according to Episcopal order, stands at the corner of King and Meeting Streets, the two widest streets in the city, the other three corners being occupied by public buildings for secular purposes, — the City Hall, Guard-House, and, if I remember rightly, an office for the deposit of records. St. Michael's dates from before the Revolution, and its interior, in the ecclesiastical style of that period, reminded me of King's Chapel in Boston, though probably larger than that church. It is embellished with numerous monumental tablets, though in this respect it yielded to St. Philip's, a still more ancient church, which was destroyed by fire during my residence at the South. In St. Philip's not only were the walls incrusted with mural tablets, but tablets in various styles of ornament and inscription were affixed to the columns, giving to the edifice an aspect of solemn and venerable grandeur. The exterior of St. Michael's, of white stone, is adorned with a steeple which appeared to me of remarkable beauty, combining massiveness with grace. It contains a chime of bells, whose sweet voices were heard, when I was there, each quarter of an hour. On the roof of the belfry, where the diminished size of the next story of the steeple leaves an encircling walk, a sentinel was stationed at night.

Next to these churches I may rightly name the Circular Church, for Independent or Presbyterian worship, — a plain but spacious edifice of brick, in the shape of the Roman Pantheon. This church and one in Archdale Street were formerly connected by a singular arrangement, the two congregations being known collectively as the Independent Church, and supplied by two ministers, who officiated alternately in each. But in 1817 a large portion of the compound society having, with the pastor of their choice, adopted Unitarian opinions, a separation took place, and the building in Archdale Street became known as the Second Independent, or, in popular usage, the Unitarian Church.

Guided by a friend, now long since dead, but whose kindness I well remember, I visited the Jewish Synagogue, during the Saturday hour of service. That service has been often described, yet some who read these reminiscences may not be aware of its peculiarities. The building resembled a church with side galleries; but, instead of pulpit and pews, there was a railed platform in the centre of the edifice, an ornamented press or book-case at the farther end, and benches around. The platform was occupied by several persons, who read in turn; but my Hebrew ear was not sufficiently acute even to identify the language. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the foreign sounds, came in a few words of good plain English. These were "the United States of America and the State of South Carolina." Whether these modern names were considered incapable of being translated into Hebrew, or whether the worshippers thought it best that their prayer for State and nation should be recognized as such by their fellow-citizens, I was not informed. Occasionally, persons from the body of the congregation entered the railed enclosure, while others withdrew from it to take their seats on the benches without. Those who officiated wore scarfs, and the whole assembly wore their hats. The galleries were occupied by the females.

During my residence at the South, I had the pleasure of forming many acquaintances among the people whose mode of worship I have thus described, and among them were some for whom I cherished a high respect. They were among the most intelligent and honored members of society in the cities where they resided.

I was led by the same kind conductor to visit the City Hall and the Jail. In the former building I was shown the pillory, the instrument of a punishment antiquated elsewhere, and, I hope, since abolished in South Carolina. The pillory consisted of a platform, supporting upon upright beams a sort of yoke, with apertures for the head and hands; and in this frame the culprit was to be exposed to the view and to

the insults of the crowd. In the Jail, the presence of my companion procured me a general inspection of the building. It was spacious, and appeared to be neatly kept. I found that it was used for the confinement of insane persons as well as criminals. The impression of this was painful, but the fact was no uncommon one, thirty years ago, and before our people in general had had their attention strongly directed to the claims of the victims of insanity by the philanthropic labors of Miss Dix.

After our general view of the prison, the keeper observed, "Perhaps you would like to see a prisoner who has lately been sent here; he is from the North, and this gentleman may possibly know something about him." With these words he led us to a room of comfortable dimensions and well lighted, where a young sailor rose to meet us. His name was Edward Smith, and he had been arrested for distributing incendiary pamphlets. His account of it was, that, on leaving Boston, some person had given him these pamphlets and asked him to circulate them in Charleston, and that he had done so without knowing their character. The book was "Walker's Pamphlet," the first publication, I think, that was made in Boston on the subject of slavery. I have heard the pamphlet described as of a highly incendiary character, but cannot vouch for the truth of the account. I asked him some questions, in the hope of being useful to one whose appearance made me think he had been rather indiscreet than criminal; but my introducer showed great uneasiness, and soon cut short the colloquy. I afterwards saw by the papers that Smith had been found guilty, and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

Among my subsequent visits to Charleston was one during the height of the Nullification excitement in 1832. It will be remembered that the cause of this excitement was the unpopularity of the then existing tariff or revenue law, which was thought to press heavily upon the Southern States for the benefit of the manufacturing interest, the seat of which was

principally at the North. South Carolina, denying the constitutionality of the law, assembled, at the call of the Legislature, a Convention, invested with extraordinary powers; and by this Convention an Ordinance was passed, declaring the revenue law to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The State did not, as at present, resolve on secession; but its purpose was to resist the execution of the obnoxious law, and, if it should be enforced, to appeal to the sword. A conversation which I had with a very intelligent young lawyer, himself a member of the Nullifying party in Georgia, showed me that the real cause of the movement lay deeper than in the laws relating to revenue. He represented the matter thus: that the sentiments of the North and South were opposed on the subject of slavery. "We are not afraid," said he, "of what emissaries from the North can do to excite our slaves, so much as of the impression made on our own people by their visits to the North. They go there for purposes of trade or pleasure in great numbers every season; and if this continues, they will bring back with them abolition ideas. Our only security is in a separation." But what his candor revealed to me was not the argument used before the world. This fact suggests the suspicion, that, in the present excitement, the leaders of the Secessionists have far deeper motives than those which they employ to stir up the passions of the people.

I visited Charleston during the height of this excitement, for the purpose of exchanging pulpit services with one of the clergymen of the city; and, my residence being distant, the exchange was arranged for a month. The nullifying ordinance had been passed; and General James Hamilton had ordered a cargo of sugar from the West Indies, for the express purpose of proving that it could and would be carried into effect. The party which had the ascendency designated themselves as the State Rights party, but were more commonly known throughout the country as the Nullifiers. Their members might generally be recognized in Charleston by the

blue cockade, which they wore as a badge of their enrolment in the service of the State for the contest which seemed approaching. On the other hand, the "Union and State Rights party" — for they too claimed to be State Rights men — were not much less numerous than their opponents, and had also their own military organization, the difference being, as I was told, that the drill meetings of the one party were public, and those of the other private. The Union party were contemptuously styled Submission-men by the Nullifiers; but while they submitted to law, they had no thought of submitting to the ruin of their country, but were prepared, if called on, to stand up for the preservation of the national Union.

Shortly before I arrived, the processions of the two parties had met in the streets, and it had required all the address of the Union leaders to prevent a hostile encounter. But the first news I received was an indication of a more hopeful character. The evening before, a meeting had been held, at which General Hamilton had made known that, in consequence of some advices from Washington, he had concluded not at present to test the power of the law; adding, however, that he knew, if the hope of a peaceful settlement failed, his fellow-citizens "would go to the death with him for his sugar." As the collector's office had been removed to one of the forts, which were all strongly garrisoned, and a vessel of war was also stationed in the harbor, the conduct of General Hamilton in postponing the entrance of his sugar without payment of duties was not less prudent than patriotic. But though the firmness of the President, and the conciliatory spirit displayed in Congress, gave hope of the danger passing away, the excitement was not yet allayed, and the possibility of a bloody result still existed.

It was under these circumstances that I went, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on an excursion in the harbor. Among us was the daughter of a leading Nullifier; and as a United States flag lay in the boat beside her, she put it

from her with an expression of disgust, which had more of sportful than of serious meaning. We landed at Sullivan's Island, the summer retreat of the inhabitants of Charleston. The purpose to which it is devoted, and its position in reference to the city, reminded me of Nahant, but the island itself is very different. Instead of rocky hills, it is a long beach of sand. At that point of the island which commands the channel, stands the famous Fort Moultrie. Entrance was not allowed under the doubtful circumstances of the time, but we wandered around its walls upon the landward side, and observed the style of its construction, — a high enclosure of stone, with advancing angles, so as to command the approach of a foe from whatever direction. It is about seven miles from the city. Of Fort Sumter I have no remembrance, and suppose that it was not then built. It is situated, the newspapers inform us, a mile from Fort Moultrie, on the opposite or the southern side of the channel. But in going to the island and in returning we passed Castle Pinckney, a large and lofty circular place of defence, much nearer to the city than either of the others, and which had then been supplied, we were told, with the means for its bombardment. When, somewhat later, peaceful feelings had resumed their reign, and the commander at Castle Pinckney proposed to give a ball to the citizens, a clerical gentleman made the remark, that, if things had gone otherwise, the Colonel would have given them a good many balls.

At another time I visited the Citadel, which stands, as already mentioned, about the middle of the landward side of Charleston. My conductor was a gentleman of excellent character, modest and amiable, but whose political opinions coincided with the ruling party in the State, and who, whether he fully approved the course of its leaders or not, felt bound in honor to stand by them in the hour of danger. The conversation which occurred between us impressed me much at the time, and its repetition may perhaps soften the bitterness of feeling towards those in South Carolina, of whom there

are probably many, situated as my friend was then. As we walked towards the Citadel, we conversed upon the abstract political question with which the excitement around us was connected, the question of free trade or a protective tariff; and Mr. H—— (so I will call him) expressed his views in favor of the former, and spoke with admiration of a recent essay by Dr. Channing upon the subject,—the article on the Union, now printed in the first volume of that great man's works. From this subject we passed to another on which Dr. Channing had written,—that of Peace. We had been admitted into the Citadel, and entered a hall where numerous swords lay on a large table, while other weapons were arranged around. Some young Carolinians were examining the swords, and expressing their ideas upon the kind they would prefer, evidently with not a little military gusto. We turned to a window overlooking the quadrangle within, and saw before us the State Guard, who garrisoned the building, going through their drill. In this warlike scene my friend continued his observations on peace; expressing his agreement with Dr. Channing's views on that subject, and his hope that the time would come when all such military preparations as we saw around would be discontinued as needless, and when war should be no more. I evinced my surprise at such words from one of a party then actually in arms against the government; and spoke of the young men we had just seen selecting swords, and sporting their blue cockades. "It is true," he replied, "and I have my cockade also, though I do not make a display of it, but carry it in my pocket. I am enrolled as well as others. Much as I regret the approach of civil war, I agree in opinion with the State Rights party, and I must in honor share their danger." The next morning, as I went abroad, Mr. H—— met me with the news of Mr. Clay's suggestion of a compromise. The danger of civil war was over, and we shook hands warmly in mutual congratulation.

I do not know whether my old acquaintance is now living, or whether his admiration followed Dr. Channing, when that great writer turned his attention to slavery. But I can well

believe that there are now in Charleston men like him, who deplore the existence of that evil, but conceive it to be inseparably connected with the prosperity of the State, and even with the personal safety of themselves and their families; who, lovers of peace, yet suppose themselves called to the dread necessity of war; and who, bearing the badge of secession, turn yet a lingering look of fond farewell to the Union which their fathers joined with ours in forming.

The condition of South Carolina, social and geographical, can alone explain the seeming madness of her people on the subject of slavery. By the census of 1850, South Carolina and Mississippi were the only two States in which the number of slaves exceeded that of white persons; and while in Mississippi the difference was trifling, in South Carolina it was in a proportion of more than four to three; — the numbers being 274,563 whites, and 384,984 slaves, with 8,960 free persons of color. More than this, in some districts the slaves outnumber their masters in a fearful ratio. The seaboard districts (with the exception of Horry, the northernmost, which has more whites than blacks) number about 40,000 white persons, and more than 125,000 slaves. Among these, in the district of Beaufort there are more than five slaves to one white person; and in that of Georgetown there are eight slaves to one white. These regions are swampy, devoted to the cultivation of rice and of sea-island cotton, and are considered uninhabitable for a white laboring population. They yield at present the richest products of the State; while to remove the black population, were it practicable, would be, not only to ruin the proud aristocracy of the State, but to consign these wide regions to utter solitude. In the midst of this portion of the State stands Charleston, the only city of importance which it contains, and which must perish in the desolation of the surrounding country.

In such a region, the removal of slavery by colonization is evidently out of the question; and colonization is regarded at the South as the indispensable condition of emancipation. The people of South Carolina, therefore, regard the perma-

nence of slavery as a necessity; and while they know that public opinion throughout the civilized world is more and more directed against it, this knowledge excites them, not to concede to that opinion, but to brace themselves against it with the firmness of desperation. It is in vain they are told that no attack is intended by any political party upon slavery in the States. They reply that measures not contemplated now may be called for hereafter by the growing madness (as they style it) of mankind. Hence they see no safety but in secession. Even that, could it be peaceably effected, would at best but postpone the dreaded evil; for public opinion crosses frontier lines, and is not to be arrested by ordinances or proclamations.

I greatly fear that the course pursued by South Carolina, if persevered in, instead of averting the emancipation of her slaves, will hasten it in its most fearful form, that of a servile war. Should such a war break out, the overwhelming numbers of the insurgents, aided by a climate favorable to them and dangerous to their pursuers, may, after years of unimagined horrors, convert the lowland districts of the State into a black republic, while some Dessalines or Christophe rules in Charleston.

To avert such evil, two ways present themselves. The one is, a course of gradual emancipation, or rather amelioration of the slave system. Let the effort be to convert them from bondsmen into vassals, the master not resigning his power, but gaining for it an increase of dignity by surrounding it with just restrictions, and exercising it as magistrate, not as owner. Let education be no longer forbidden, but promoted. The lower class, as they become intelligent, and acquire some humble rights of property, will recognize the advantages they receive from the existing order of things; while the moral restraint on the increase of population beginning to be felt, and the country under the influence of cultivation becoming more salubrious, the disproportion between the races will be diminished, and the relation between them remain for ages that of feudal protection and obedience.

The other way is simpler still. It is only to do right according to the light now enjoyed, and leave events to God. If the people of South Carolina do not see it to be best to take any step towards emancipation now, with themselves rests the whole decision of the question. But let them not resolve that their grandchildren shall see the subject as they do; nor break up the Union, because, a hundred years hence, some attack may be made on slavery in the States. The Ruler of nations is wise and just and merciful. They who would anticipate the work of his providence may do harm where they intend good; but alas for those who place themselves in defiance to its irresistible course!

S. G. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

TRUE HEROISM.

We mean the heroism of patience and a wise moderation, their heroism who are resolved not to precipitate a fearful strife, and to strike no blow until every peaceable method has been exhausted. That is a very cheap bravery which blusters and vapors at a safe distance, — that is not a very costly bravery which, incensed by unreasonableness, is swift to wrath; — he is a hero who can stand, match in hand, at the loaded guns, and defer the order to fire hour after hour, in the hope that it may not be necessary. Here is an example of it clipped from one of the daily journals, which amidst much that is saddening in these times are not without cheering items: —

"Captain Doubleday, who is with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, writes, under date of January 6th, to General Segoine, of Auburn, N. Y.: 'There is no such word as surrender in Major Anderson. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men. We have about seventy; but should they attack us, I hope the country at large will have no reason to find fault with our defence. One of our boats and some of our men have been captured. All communication has been cut off with us, except such as the Governor chooses to authorize,

and yet we hesitate to fire upon them. Major Anderson still hopes that wise counsels may prevail among them, and that something will occur to prevent the impending strife.'"

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

It would be very difficult to define exactly what a fool is, or to fix the line between fools and wise men. The reputed *compotes* sometimes say and do more foolish things than the *non compotes;* and the latter are capable of saying some very bright things. Shakespeare's fools often show more sense than their masters. Sometimes a whole community shows itself so utterly bereft of common sense as to leave us in doubt whether there is any such thing as perfect *compos mentis* here on the earth. A person for some time will seem remarkably sensible; put him in another position and he will act like a fool. We readily believe all that is told about improving the condition of idiots, and we think the time will come when the distinction between them and the non-idiots will be purely arbitrary.

In Ramsay's "Reminiscences," noticed on another page, there is an interesting chapter illustrating this subject. The "parish idiots" say some of the brightest things in the book. The congregation of Lunan in Forfarshire were in the habit of sleeping under the sermon. Jamie Fraser, however, the parish idiot, always kept awake. The minister very naturally was annoyed by this habit, and one Sunday undertook to reprove it: "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing."

Jamie did not relish this personality. Few people like to be singled out and talked to in meeting, and this direct allusion roused Jamie's latent wit, and he replied: "An' I hadna been an idiot, I wad ha' been sleeping too."

Another of these parish idiots lived in Peebles, and was known as Daft Yedie. Daft Yedie once met a gentleman with a club-foot and fell to philosophizing on so strange a phenomenon. He went up and surveyed it attentively, and said, compassionately, "It 's a great pity, — it spoils the boot."

Daft Yedie had got hold of one end of a great truth, for it is a fair question whether fops in general are worth the leather and cloth which must be accommodated to their persons.

Daft Yedie's remark may be fairly paralleled to one which a distinguished lawyer is said to have made, looking out from his office window into the street, seeing a man and a monkey with a crowd of boys about them.

"What do you see that interests you, Mr. B.?"

"O, quite a curiosity. Here's a *monkey leading a man with a chain.*"

It may humble our pride to be told that all the essential difference between the *compotes* and the *non compotes* lies in physical organization, but such is probably the case. The latter are in some bondage to the body; some organ or some fibre will not do its office, and when the physical body falls off and sets the mind free, the mind will have its full development and progress. The minds of the wisest men sometimes disappear under a cloud, because some congeries of fibres has been wrongly played upon or refuses to do its office, and not only a second childhood, but idiocy supervenes. Sometimes a small matter will knock some screw out of a man's mind, and *pro tanto* he is *non compos.* An old soldier, after an operation on the brain, was found to have forgotten the numbers five and seven; and a schoolmaster, after a brain-fever, was found to have lost all knowledge of the letter F. So says the Edinburgh Review. The old practice of hammering knowledge into the brains of dunces is not to be recommended, though it would seem from a recent writer it had some chances of success. Dr. Pritchard is reported as saying that a case came to his knowledge of an idiot boy who received an injury on the head, and from that time his faculties brightened, and he became a man of good talents and practised as a barrister. He had two brothers who were also idiots, and always remained so, their heads never having received any concussion. As a general rule, however, teachers who cudgel the heads of their pupils are those who have the fewest and dullest brains in their own.

Idiots manifest a religious nature sometimes very strongly. John McLymont was for preaching, and one Sunday he got into the pulpit in advance of the minister.

"Come down, sir, immediately!" said the minister, on arriving.

"Na, na," was the reply, "juist ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith."

Mr. Ramsay cites another case among the parish idiots, showing an activity of the religious nature so intense as to shatter the physi-

cal organism, and set the mind free on its endless progress. The poor boy asked permission to come to the Lord's table. The clergyman at first refused, thinking no doubt the rite would be desecrated, and that the petitioner did not know what he said. At length the clergyman yielded, however, to the earnestness of the poor boy, who was deeply and even violently affected with the ceremony. All the way home he was heard to exclaim, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" referring to the Lord Jesus, whom he approached in the sacrament. When he went to rest at night he kept repeating the words, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" He did not come down in the morning, and on going to his bed they found the body had given way, — the soul had left it and risen among the glories it thirsted for. Thus the soul, if kept pure and single, tends to slough off the covering that holds it in bondage, and rise into clear heavenly wisdom; while knowledge abused goes out and becomes extinct. The great law of retribution holds here, and the first become last, and the last first. The fools become wise, and the wise for a bad end become fools. S.

THE TIMES.

THOUGH we plunge not into the troubled waters, we are painfully alive to the agitations of the sea all about us and the dangers that threaten us. We have just received a pamphlet by William H. Holcombe, M. D., of New Orleans, author of a beautiful volume of poems in the spirit of the New Church. It is difficult to conceive how a person can write at one time in so good a spirit, and at another in a spirit so thoroughly bad. The pamphlet bears the title, "The Alternative: A Separate Nationality, or the Africanization of the South," — and totally misconceives and misrepresents the aims and sentiments of Northern people. And here comes back a "Monthly Magazine" all the way from Nashville, Tenn., with this superscription written upon it, which we should smile over, except that it shows the fatal mistakes which sometimes become epidemic: —

"Your periodical is rejected. Until you cease to be covenant-breakers, and until you repudiate Nullification by a repeal of your Personal Liberty Bill, and learn to respect the rights of your Southern countrymen, the South will utterly and forever refuse to have friendly intercourse or interchange with you. W. W. S."

The Personal Liberty Bill is not a nullifying ordinance, but was designed to protect the free colored people of Massachusetts. Those who enacted it *thought* it constitutional; whether it is or not, the legal tribunals will decide impartially when it comes before them. It has never deprived the South of a single slave, and it never can. In 1856 an act to repeal it was introduced into the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and passed to a third reading, and would undoubtedly have passed finally, had not news come the next morning that a Senator of Massachusetts had been knocked down in his place and carried out covered with his gore.

There is another provision of the Constitution which they who talk of "covenant-breaking" would do well to read: "THE CITIZENS OF EACH STATE SHALL BE ENTITLED TO ALL PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS IN THE SEVERAL STATES." What would "W. W. S." say of it if the citizens of Tennessee, as soon as they touched the soil of the Bay State, were mobbed or gibbeted for their opinions, or for the hue of their complexion were imprisoned and sold at auction to pay their jail-fees? This is what Massachusetts has borne for years without secession, whereas we believe no slave was ever arrested on her soil without being "delivered up."

Two things become perfectly obvious. Notwithstanding the increased facilities of human intercourse, the different sections of the Union totally misunderstand each other. Mr. Holcombe opens with the declaration, "When Lincoln is in place, Garrison will be in power;" and he imagines that a whole army of John Browns are coming to free the negroes. Every man *here* of common candor and intelligence knows that, in the vast body of Northern citizens, the sentiment is all but unanimous against the least political interference with slavery in the States. So strong is this sentiment, that we have not a doubt that Mason and Dixon's line might be made to bristle with Northern bayonets if necessary to protect Southern homes from ruthless invasion. The demand of the North is, "Clear us of this horrible responsibility of extending slavery. Take the whole responsibility of slavery yourselves. Do not make *us* its propagandists over new soil, and we are content to leave it with you, who have inherited the institution, and to the benign influences of an advancing Christian civilization."

And it becomes obvious enough, in the second place, that this high ground is the only safe ground, and can never be compromised.

Yield that now, and more awful convulsions are sure to follow. Slavery must be withdrawn from the national politics, and be made strictly a local State institution, or we never shall have peace. Give up the territories to it now, and the next demand will surely be, "Give up the free States to it also. Let slaves be brought thither as property under the United States Constitution and kept there." The distinction between free and slave States will be merely nominal, and this becomes a great black republic, whose main object is to extend human bondage and protect it. No sane man will imagine that with this policy inaugurated we have anything in prospect but the throes of revolution. The question can be settled now better than at any other time. We hope it will be, peacefully if possible, and that with firmness for the right Northern men will unite kindness, conciliation, all possible forbearance, and a scrupulous regard for all the rights of their Southern countrymen. Above all we hope there is manhood enough in the country to save us from conceding a single hair's breadth to threats and gasconading, to maintain the righteous sovereignty of government, and make treason yield to the majesty of law. S.

ON A PICTURE.

WHAT would this world be without children? we have often heard people ask. What would heaven be without children, is a question quite as pertinent, and forces itself upon us as the little ones are translated from this world before any blight has fallen upon their purity. One third of those who are born upon the earth are drawn up into the heavens before sin has touched them, like drops of dew exhaled in the morning and reflecting the glorious rainbow on the evening sky. When we lose them, our loss seems irreparable, and we go forth weeping; but we look up, and ever up, and find they are not lost, but gone to be the living transparencies of the Divine light and love, and to shed down upon us the softened lustre of the heavens. Such are the children who, in the language of Burke, are "put in the place of ancestors."

Here is a picture hanging upon the study wall, which brings up a throng of images from the past. There is the clear dark eye which used to flash fire and sunshine, and which almost *glows* now from the wall; the countenance that used to light up with so much brilliancy

of thought and of love. The living face vanished away from sight, but the mind and soul have plastic power over form, feature, and expression; so we are very sure that the spiritual body wears the same countenance as that in the picture, only beautiful in the tints of immortality, and that we are to see it again, — another and yet the same. We do not know that we can hang anything under this picture to describe the memories and hopes which it ever brings afresh better than the verses of Aldrich. If the verses prompt the reader to read the whole poem, which we only quote from, unless he has done so already, he will agree with us that there are few things of the kind equal to it.

BABIE BELL.

Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
  With folded hands and dreamy eyes
  Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
  Bearing the holy dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels.
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours.

And now the orchards, which in June
  Were white and rosy in their bloom —
Filling the crystal veins of air
  With gentle pulses of perfume
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime,
The plums were globes of honeyed wine, —
The hivéd sweets of summer-time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell;
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell.
The grapes were purpling in the grange,

And time wrought just as rich a change
  In little Babie Bell!
Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now. . . .
  Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

It came upon us by degrees;
  We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
  His messenger for Babie Bell!
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
  And all our hopes were changed to fears,
  And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain!
  We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
  And perfect grow through grief."
Ah! how we loved her God can tell;
Her little heart was cased in ours!
  Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!
At last he came, the messenger,
  The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
  She only crossed her little hands,
  She only looked more meek and fair!
  We parted back her silken hair;
  We laid some buds upon her brow,
  White buds, like scented flakes of snow, —
  Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
  And thus went dainty Babie Bell
    Out of this world of ours!

ANOTHER PICTURE.

It is of one whose living features we never looked upon, but who touched this earth just long enough to give those that knew her a

higher ideal of angelic womanhood. There is the placid expanse of forehead, the eye dark, mild, and thoughtful, as if looking into the serene deeps and seeing things unveiled to faith alone; a blending about the lips of sweet affection and holy purpose, an expression over the whole countenance of almost unearthly purity, and withal of calm and modest surprise, such as we might suppose her to have had when she rose up among the shining ones, and saw for the first time the heavenly purities unveiled. It seems to say, "This I believed in; this I hoped for; but how high and blissful the reality!" Was there something in her life and spirit that foretokened the heavenly beatitudes, or mildly anticipated their dawn, and has the artist here caught it and preserved it to bless the eyes and hearts of parents and friends? Heaven must be brought nearer to them, and draw them with more attractive force; home must be more fragrant of the Christian graces, in the consciousness that such a life has been perfected there, and that there is such a "messenger of love" between that and the eternal abodes.

The following lines are already familiar to some of our readers. They will be glad to preserve them in permanent form:—

NAPLES, 1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, Helen Waterston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:—

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

[Eds. Independent.

I give thee joy! — I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea, —

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away,
And Capri melted in its sunny bay;

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought,
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchanged city sends its cheer,
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun again.

O, joy for all, who her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers, "Arisen again!"

Independent.

"SEATING THE MEETING-HOUSE."

THIS practice, alluded to in our last number, used to bring out some of the most amusing traits of human nature. Somebody of course was generally seated *too low*. One man was seated out of place as he thought, and was complaining bitterly about it.

"I pay seventy-five cents a year for the preaching," says Mr. Smith, "and I wont do it any longer. I 'll sign off."

"O," said a bland old gentleman whom they called Uncle Nicholas, "it makes very little difference where people sit. We go to meeting, Mr. Smith, to get good, to hear the prayers and sermons, not to quarrel about our seats. We can't all sit in one pew, Mr. Smith."

"That is true, Uncle Nicholas, and I don't want anything unreasonable."

"No, Mr. Smith. Let us hear the words, and that is all we want. I had as lief sit behind the door as anywhere, only let me hear the words."

"Why, Uncle Nicholas, you *are* seated behind the door."

"*I* am, did you say?"

"Why, yes, — did n't you know it?"

"No, — you must be mistaken, Mr. Smith."

"I certainly am not, for I was there and heard your name, and you are seated in the pew behind the north door."

"Well, I 'll be —— hanged if I ever sit there!"

BARKING IN CHURCH.

SWEDENBORG says that animals are copied out of men, wild, noxious, and unclean animals being simply impersonations of the worst things in an unregenerate human nature, whereas gentle, useful, and clean animals are impersonations of the kindly and benevolent affections. This being so, it is very well for men to look at the animal kingdom sometimes for purposes of self-revelation, to see themselves out of themselves, and how they appear. Let cunning men see themselves in foxes, gluttons in swine, cruel men in tigers, controversialists in dogs, fops and belles in peacocks, and so through the whole list.

Mr. Ramsay, whose book we have already quoted, gives a scene in a Scotch church illustrating very well a certain kind of preaching.

's not use it for this purpose, but it is too good not to be turned int. It shows pretty well, we think, how controversial preach- copied down upon a lower plane.

inister, getting warmed with his subject, raised his voice to a higher and higher pitch till he became very boisterous. A mischievous dog was in church. At first he kept very quiet, but as the minister's voice rose, he began to growl, and finally to bark outright. As the minister "kept whinging and whanging," the dog followed suit, and as the speaker's voice rose to a shout, the dog's became a perfect howl. At length the minister stops: "Beadle, put out that dog!"

The beadle obeys, but cannot resist turning his eye up to the pulpit, and saying very significantly, "Ay, ay, sir; but indeed it was yerself began it."

AN ORTHODOX CREED.

A MEMBER of one of the large metropolitan orthodox churches sends us their creed. It is an excellent creed, every article of which we could heartily subscribe. Tripersonalism, the resurrection of dead bodies, election and reprobation, and other dead traditions, have here sloughed off, bringing this church into nearer conformity with the one Catholic Church of the Lord. If this could be done in all the orthodox churches, Zion would indeed arise and shine and gather all the good into her fold. S.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

ART. 1. — We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

ART. 2. — We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration, and contain the revealed will of God to man, and are the only unerring or authoritative rule of faith and practice.

ART. 3. — We believe that mankind are fallen from their original rectitude, and are, until renewed by the Holy Spirit, destitute of the holiness required by the divine law; and that when they become capable of moral law, they fall into actual transgression.

ART. 4. — We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation, — that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ, — that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the way of life, and suffered upon the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

ART. 5. — We believe Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

ART. 6. — We believe in the resurrection of all the dead, and a general and final judgment, when God will judge the quick and the dead through Jesus Christ, and when the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.

WHY NOT BUY THEM? A NATIONAL DEBT BETTER THAN A NATIONAL ARMY.

"MONEY answereth all things," wrote the Wise Man, and in so writing he was a prophet as well as a preacher, a seer as well as a sage. It is the age of merchants and bankers, of economists and stock-brokers, and, spite of what is said in vilification of it, it has a right to a place amongst the ages, — as good a right as any. Give good security and the capital is forthcoming for State-houses, city halls, school-houses, hospitals, and, alas! for armies and navies. The property interest shapes and controls revolutions, and within suitable limits may well be accepted as a wise and efficient peacemaker. Why may not North and South avail themselves of it in this crisis? The evil of slavery is one for which we are all of us more or less accountable. Northern ships brought the slaves, a vast deal of Northern wealth was earned originally by the slave-trade, before it was declared to be piracy. This infamous traffic was tolerated for a time by our National Confederacy. We cannot be justified in casting the whole burden and reproach of the institution of slavery upon

the present slaveholding States. It is very easy for the abstractionist to say, Emancipate! Do it to-morrow! This thing is a sin and a shame, and you have no right to continue it a single day! But would it be wise to act with such haste? And when we go to others with a demand that they shall beggar themselves upon the instant, are we not asking more than we, from our moral stand-point and with our own small measure of heroism, have a right to ask? What shall we do then? Divide and go to war? We answer, No! please God, no! Is it credible that a Christian nation in the nineteenth century can devise no better solution than this of their practical problem? Must our three or four millions of slaves destroy a whole people? Does not war mean their extermination? Does not peace promise their elevation and emancipation! We ask again, then, What shall we do? And we answer, raise a great National Fund, even through the creation of a national debt, by the help of which the South may be enabled to pass gradually from their present social system into a better and higher. Can any one tell us what a year's war would cost the country, — we do not mean in heart's blood and human feeling, in morality and piety, in manhood and brotherhood, but in vulgar coin? Why not appropriate that much to this great philanthropic purpose, instead of spending it in powder and shot, and in men to be food for them? Some will say, perhaps, that this would be a recognition of the right of property in man. On the contrary, we say, it is a plan by means of which those who have no other property may be able to give up their all and cease to be owners of men. We are told that nothing binds a people together and makes them a nation like a national debt: let us in good earnest set about creating one, and keep united until it is paid, and meanwhile give our brethren at the South some tangible assurance that we mean them no harm, when we strive, so far as we are directly responsible, to be no promoters of slavery, and within the limits of our National Constitution to separate ourselves from it.

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Evenings with the Doctrines. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. Author of "Friends of Christ," "Christ a Friend," "Communion Sabbath," etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Adams is a preacher of genuine, unadulterated, orthodox Calvinism. He accepts it square and entire, and does not try to sweeten it or dilute it. Those who take the pill from his hands must swallow it without sauce or jelly. Moreover, his style is clear, simple, and direct. He accepts the Trinity, God in three *persons*, the vicarious atonement, election, the saints' perseverance, and the endless punishment of the wicked. We like to meet with such a book from such a writer, and know what old Calvinism is as held at the beginning of the year 1861. We have read several of these sermons, and perceive nothing of the bitter spirit which Dr. Adams formerly exhibited towards those who differ from his opinions. The temper of the sermons is good, with the exception that there is an assumption all along, expressed or implied, that those who believe "the doctrines" are more humble, godlike, and regenerate than others, and that only the carnal heart prevents others from believing them. Dr. Adams must wipe out a thousand years of the darkest ecclesiastical history to make that assumption good.

These sermons were delivered on Tuesday evenings in the regular course of pulpit ministrations. Consequently they are for the popular ear, and are not an elaborate logical treatise. At least we should hope Dr. Adams would reason a great deal more consecutively, even for what seem to us gross falsifications of Christian doctrine, if he were appealing to thinking men, and not to the unreasoning popular mind. S.

The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Written by himself. Edited and condensed by REV. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND, Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass. With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Who has not heard of the age of miracles revived in "the Lord's dealings with George Müller." A man without a dollar, and without asking help of any one, has for the last twenty-five years been doing the work which large associations, with agents, committees, and extensive begging appliances, are generally

considered alone competent to accomplish. He has bought land, built buildings, filled them with seven hundred orphan children, to be fed, clothed, and educated. He has opened a Bible-house for the distribution of Bibles, and supports now one hundred missionaries. In this benevolent work he has expended one million dollars. All this he does by a single agency, — prayer. He asks no one but God, and God sends the supplies. He has never been in debt, and his orphans have never wanted a meal. He prays for the means, and the means always come. This book is a practical illustration of the might of single-minded trust and faith in God over worldly expediences and calculations. The compiler has condensed the work from reports and bulky documents, and has thereby made one of the most useful books we could have. Faith is quickened and strengthened, the efficacy of prayer practically proved, and the reader, catching the spirit of George Müller as he reads on, is drawn to the Lord in a more perfect childlikeness, and with a new resolve to do the duties of to-day with confiding piety, in the assurance that the uncertain future will all be well. Dr. Wayland says in his Introduction, "If Mr. Müller is right, I think it is evident that we are all wrong. The means which are frequently employed to secure the approbation and pecuniary aid of worldly men in carrying forward the cause of Christ, are intensely humiliating. It seems as though God was the last being to be relied on in carrying forward the work which he has given us to do." S.

Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; for Families and Schools. By the Rev. DAVID GREENE HASKINS. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861. — We are sure that many, indeed most persons who have not abandoned the good Christian custom of a family reading of the Scriptures, must have felt the need of just such a book as Mr. Haskins has here supplied. It is not wise to take up the Bible in the household at the daily devotions, and read it through without break, chapter by chapter. The necessity for making selections *in such circumstances* is obvious even to those who have the highest reverence for the BOOK, and the inconvenience of passing from one chapter to another in joint reading is exceedingly great. Very much of the Old Testament is in the highest degree interesting and profitable to young persons, and yet, save through the help of such a work as this, the family readings are

likely to be confined to the New Covenant. We wish that the Psalms were more fully represented; but this is a want that is very easily supplied by a separate volume of Psalms, or by a copy of "The New Testament and Psalms." We earnestly advise every householder amongst our readers to possess himself of a copy of this book of selections. He will find it the most usable volume in his house, next to the Bible itself. E.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — We have given our readers some taste of this book in the Random Readings. It is a volume of 270 pages, which has had a wide circulation in the "land o' cakes," abounds in quaint anecdote, racy description, and current old proverbs, all illustrative of Scotch life and character, especially on the humorous side. The reader will find it very amusing, while it brings him into a more genial acquaintance with the people of bonnie Scotland. S.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Dr. Carlyle was born in 1722 and died in 1805. He was minister of Inveresk, Scotland, through a period of fifty-seven years. It will be seen that his life extended through a period in which lived and flourished the great men who have given form to the institutions of modern society, — through the rebellion of 1745, the French war, and the war of the American Revolution. Dr. Carlyle, though a parish minister, was brought into relations with the important characters of his times, was a man of much force of character, learned and eloquent. The Autobiography, therefore, is a picture of contemporaneous characters and events, of people distinguished in literature, science, religion, arts, and arms. The literary execution of the work is good, and it will be very interesting and valuable as one of the side-lights of history. S.

Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — For two hundred years the name of Lord Bacon has been used in poems, essays, and sermons to point a moral, and show how splendid gifts, learning, and eloquence are compatible with meanness and corruption.

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Hallam, Lingard, Macaulay, follow the satirist, and history and poetry seemed both to have fixed the place of one of England's greatest men and most eloquent writers as a fallen magistrate who sold justice. It will be gratifying indeed if, after all this, the great name of Bacon is to shine out pure, without a spot upon his fame. So Mr. Dixon tries to clear it in these admirable memoirs. His admiration for Lord Bacon is unbounded, and the charges of corruption and the supposed fall of the Chancellor he shows to be from the plots and wiles of ambitious and cunning men. This is the result after careful examination. "After the most rigorous and vindictive scrutiny into the official acts of his servants, not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can by any fair construction be called a bribe. Not one appears to have been given on a promise, not one appears to have been given in secret, not one appears to have corrupted justice." Mr. Dixon does not increase our confidence in the verity of what goes by the name of history, but he brings us into nearer and more loving acquaintance with one of the greatest men that have illustrated the annals of England. S.

Bonnie Scotland. Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Here is one of Grace Greenwood's most charming volumes, which we hear the children already pronouncing "real good." About Robert Burns, Sir William Wallace, Rob Roy, Robert Bruce, Mary Queen of Scots, The Pretenders, Sir Walter Scott and the scenes where he lived and which are covered with memories of his person and his works, — such is the bill of fare, and such the themes made fresh and living by the writer through personal observation and incident in her tour through Scotland. S.

Bruin: the Grand Bear-Hunt. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — One of the author's most attractive bear-books, copiously illustrated. Bears, leopards, wolves, and men, both black and white, appear in very uncomfortable relations, defining their positions in all kinds of odd places. The boys read the book for the sixth time, and get from it some ideas of wild animals and wild nature. S.

The Millennial Age: Twelve Discourses on the Spiritual and Social Aspect of the Times. Extemporaneously spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS, in the Marylebone Institute, London. New York: New Church Publishing Association. London: W. White. — *Spiritualism, Swedenborg, and the New Church. An Examination of Claims.* By EDWARD BROTHERTON. London: W. White. New York: New Church Publishing Association. — The twelve discourses are in Mr. Harris's most fervid style, and great truths are set forth and put home, though with redundancy of rhetoric, yet with remarkable power. We believe him perfectly sincere, though we do not believe in his special claims to a Divine mission. Under the guidance, however, of such great truths as he holds with evident honesty of aim, we think that whatever fantasies may mingle with them must at length clear away. His insight into the heart of the times, and the needs of the times, and especially the needs of Swedenborgianism, is deep and searching; and the New Jerusalem has risen on his vision with so much splendor as sometimes, we think, to dazzle and bewilder it. We would be slow, however, in judging a man of transcendent moral genius, as Mr. Harris certainly is.

Mr. Brotherton's book contains matter of exceeding interest. He refutes, pretty effectually, the claims of sectarian Swedenborgianism, and he quotes from newly discovered documents pertaining to the life of Swedenborg, very important, he thinks, to a full and right apprehension of his character and mission. We trust the new documents detailing Swedenborg's personal religious experience (he went through a regular Methodist conviction and conversion) will not be suppressed, but fairly published. S.

Art Studies: The "Old Masters" of Italy; Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of "Art Hints," "Parisian Sights," &c., &c. Copperplate Illustrations. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1861. — Mr. Jarves is a Bostonian by birth; but his love of art has made him for many years a resident in Italy, amidst the beautiful creations of faith and genius which make that land the home of the artist. During these years, as indeed before, his pen has not been idle, as many of our readers know, and yet he has found time to gather a very considerable collection of paintings, with a view to illustrate the progress of Christian art from its infancy onward, besides completing the arrangements for bringing his pictures favorably

to the notice of competent judges in his own country and elsewhere, in the hope that in his native city, if possible, or, failing this, in New York, they might constitute the foundation for a true Gallery of Art. Persons whose opinion in such a matter is of value have praised at once the pictures and Mr. Jarves's plan with regard to them; and they are now attracting much attention from the lovers of art in New York. The book and the pictures should go together. The enthusiastic and unwearied collector is at the same time an earnest, painstaking, graceful, catholic writer, discriminating in his judgments, and alive to the high function of art as a servant of humanity and a high-priest of true religion. We should have liked the book a little better if it had been somewhat more compressed, for our days upon the earth are few; but there is no censurable diffuseness, and from the hieroglyphs of the Catacombs to the pictures of Domenichino the way is long. Mr. Jarves's pages are covered with attestations to the power of the Father and the Son, who "work hitherto," to inspire the soul of the artist, and through him to fill the world with works of beauty, the creations of human hands, corresponding to the splendors that bear witness in nature for the Divine Workmaster; and he is quite right in regarding the Church as somewhat in abeyance in our day, — weak because of its divisions into many sects, including the two great ones, but soon to be revived and rebuilded, to be clothed with new and fairer garments, to have a new art which shall even surpass the old, glorious as that was. Then the warehouses shall no longer overtop the churches, and the churches shall no longer be such abortions that we shall be thankful to have them hidden away behind the noble structures which the merchants build. We sympathize entirely with Mr. Jarves in his pungent criticisms upon the meagreness of the popular religion, which relegates everything like open vision to the past, calling that alone sacred, and believe with him that heaven is ever flowing in upon earth, though we should be far, we are sure, from accepting some of the illustrations of this great fact that seem to have commended themselves to his mind. His book will be read with great interest and profit by many besides those who are consciously lovers and students of art; and they will derive much entertainment, as well as substantial and needed assistance, from the admirable illustrations, which, with the fair paper and beautifully clear type, remind us far more of the artist than of the artisan. E.

Poems, Sacred and Secular. By the Rev. Wm. Croswell, D. D. Edited, with a Memoir, by A. Cleveland Coxe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — All those to whom the remembrance of Dr. Croswell is blessed will be thankful to his biographer for the memorial and the accompanying poems. They will be valuable to the few rather than to the world at large, and yet they have a sweetness and grace which all may rejoice in. Moreover, the book is a small one, and we are generally as grateful to one who makes a small book, as our children are to every one who preaches a short sermon. E.

Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. By a Churchman. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company, Church Bookstore. 1861. — Episcopalians and others who wish to gain some general information about the Episcopal sect will find this little volume very useful. Confined within such humble limits, the writer of course gives us only results, the results which he has individually reached, and the reader who would thoroughly understand the subject must look further and deeper. So looking he will find that the Epistles of Ignatius are by no means the most trustworthy authorities to which the Church antiquarian can appeal. Their genuineness is more than doubtful, and that they have been largely interpolated is admitted on all hands. It is not easy to close questions which have been open for centuries; but happily these questions do not relate to any essential matters. It need not greatly concern us whether the Gospel is preached by three orders of ministers or by one only, so long as it is preached by those who are filled with the spirit of Christ, and the same God who works effectually to the apostleship of the circumcision is mighty also towards the Gentiles. But it would be foolish to expect to find all sides presented in a little volume of less than three hundred small pages, and, many who are not what are technically called Churchmen will find here a great deal of interesting and valuable information about a Christian Communion to which our world owes a large debt, and whose offices, could they only be freed from a little unscriptural dogmatism, would be to us exceedingly welcome. E.

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A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

JOHN HUNT was the son of a Lincolnshire laborer, who was at one time so sorely beset by poverty that he barely escaped taking refuge with his family in the parish workhouse. The wolf, however, was driven from the door, and, affairs taking a more favorable turn, the father obtained work, and thenceforward was able to support his domestic charge. Neither of the parents could read, but they gave their children the example of a sturdy, honest industry, which is by no means the poorest patrimony in the world. John, however, had some meagre advantages of instruction under the parish pedagogue, though his education was "finished" at ten years of age, and he applied himself to the occupation of farm-work. To this business he was ill adapted, and his clumsiness and inferiority procured him the contempt of other boys who labored with him. He was not of robust health, but he bore the taunts of the rude lads of his age as well as he could, and determined that he *would* be a farmer at any rate.

The father and mother made no profession of religion; but their children received a strict moral training, and acquired a great reverence for religious things. John in his early life practised prayer very constantly, and used to make all his lit-

tle difficulties and fears matter of supplication to the Father in heaven. Associating with other boys as he grew up, he became somewhat rude and thoughtless, but not openly vicious. When about sixteen years old, he was more deeply interested about the concerns of his soul, and became a constant attendant upon the Methodist meetings. His progress at first was a little irregular; but he was finally delivered from his doubts, and entered upon a free, happy, and healthy Christian experience. About this time he found a situation with a pious master, who gave his servants access to his library, which, though small, was respectable and useful. Previous to this, John had read little beyond the Bible. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, part of a volume of the Methodist Magazine, and a few tracts, formed his whole literary resources. Entering into this larger field of letters, he was delighted at the prospect. During the scanty leisure left by his farm-work, he read diligently. New thoughts filled his mind, and the beginnings of a new life were in him as he strode beside the team or followed the plough.

Being a faithful and efficient servant, his master was much interested in him. His piety growing deeper, and his wise zeal rendering him quite influential in the society, he was soon looked upon as promising much usefulness. One evening when there was to be no preacher at the chapel, his master asked John to give a short address to the congregation. Frightened at the thought, he nevertheless yielded to the added solicitations of other friends, and stood up before them. His thoughts, quickened by warm young love, found free expression, and greatly profited the hearts of the rude villagers. His friends, encouraged by the success of this first timid effort, afterwards pressed him to speak in other places. Disturbed at the proposal, he told his fears and troubles to his master, who answered, "If the Lord calls thee to the work, he 'll give thee tools to work with." It was not long after this that he became convinced, though with many distressing doubts, which only gave way to earnest

prayer, of his call to the ministry. His name was put on the "Local Preacher's Plan," and the ploughboy, though not yet out of his teens, was frequent in his ministrations to the scattered congregations in his neighborhood. He had a rough, ungainly aspect, and spoke with a rustic brogue; but as he talked on, among all his blunders there was a something that won attention. His piety meantime increased; a noble vigor and earnestness were manifest, and under the diligent self-culture to which he subjected himself his intellectual powers began to assert themselves, and he became a great favorite at the country chapels in Lincolnshire.

As yet he was only a farm-boy, exercising his gift on Sundays and evenings, though never to the neglect of his daily toil. But his superiors in the Church had observed him, and began to question him respecting an exclusive devotion of himself to the work of the ministry. The proposition startled him; for, whatever might have vaguely suggested itself to his own mind, he would have thought it the height of presumption to avow such a project to others. However, he confessed that he had "an ambition to go to the Cape (Good Hope) as a servant to Laidman Hodgson," a missionary, who had formerly labored in Lincolnshire; there he thought he might do farm-work and gardening, and perhaps "a little in teaching children in the Sunday school and in preaching to the English settlers." Such were the modest early perceptions of a call to the missionary life, in one destined to be a most laborious and efficient worker in bringing "the abundance of the seas" unto God.

The solicitations of good and sensible men, joined with his own growing convictions of duty, finally decided him, and he was received on trial as a conference preacher. His inclination being still to the missionary work, it was decided by the officials of the Church that he should be sent abroad; and the missionary committee, after examination, admitted him among their beneficiaries at the Theological Institution in Hoxton. There were about twenty young men there at

the time, and among them the Lincolnshire ploughboy was kindly welcomed, though his ungainly carriage, his provincial brogue, and his blunders in reading, at first rendered him something of an oddity. But the rustic exuviæ soon fell off, and the deep piety, the earnest, honest ambition, and strong good-sense of the young man, not only made him highly respected by his fellow-students, but enabled him to make rapid strides in the path of learning. So great had been his success, that, at the close of the first period granted him by the committee, they determined to continue him at the school still longer. It would be interesting to dwell upon the incidents of this young man's student life, and the history of a soul whose powers, intellectual and spiritual, were so rapidly developing, — for such a study is always pleasant and profitable. But we took our pen with another object in view, which must not be lost sight of.

All this time the young man's inclinations and anticipations were towards Africa as his field of labor. But a great cry had reached England from the far Pacific. Among the numerous Wesleyan missionaries in the Tonga and Friendly Islands, two had been adventurous enough to attempt an opening in Fiji. They soon found that what had been told of the dreadful condition of this group fell far short of the truth. The most revolting cruelties and systematic cannibalism were nearly universal. An appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," was sent to England, and issued from the mission-rooms. It awoke the deepest feeling in the Methodist societies throughout the kingdom. It was soon resolved to send out a band of missionaries. John Hunt was summoned before the committee and asked if he would go. Startled at the unexpected question, he was not instantly prepared to answer it. Hastening to the room of a fellow-student, with intense emotion he announced the proposition. His friend expressed his sympathy, and spoke of the perils and hardships of a mission to the cannibals.

"O, it 's not that," said John.

"What is it, then?" asked the other, as he saw the strong frame of his friend almost convulsed by some powerful feeling.

"I'll tell you what it is; that poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji. Her mother will never consent."

It was with no craven fear for himself that the young man trembled, but for her whom he had faithfully loved for six years, and who had nobly consented to share the missionary's life anywhere. He forthwith wrote her a brief letter, in which he says: "I have been fixed upon by the missionary committee to go to the South Seas. You must therefore immediately return home, and make preparations for becoming a missionary's wife to a most remote station for twenty years." He just alludes to his difficulties and his affectionate anxiety on her account, and invokes the blessing of God on the solemn affair. The days in which he awaited the reply were days of agonizing suspense. But the reply came, and with a free, cheery voice he announced to his confidants, "It 's all right, — she 'll go with me anywhere!"

The arrangements were soon determined on by the missionary officials; and John Hunt, with two other missionaries and their wives, were designated for this most forbidding yet needy field of Christian labor. Little more than two months was allowed for preparation for the voyage, and for taking leave of friends; and the party embarked in a vessel bound for Sidney, in Australia. Nothing of particular note occurred on their voyage. They were warmly welcomed by their brethren in the Australian mission churches, and spent some time with them. Hunt was urged to remain there. Inducements as tempting as possible were presented. There was a large field for usefulness. Every comfort should be secured to him in the colony. But at Fiji, among those disgusting savages, he would have to lead a most miserably uncomfortable life. His young wife, not very strong, would be exposed to suffering and insult; and the people yonder were by no means particular whom they clubbed and cooked.

But John had counted the cost, and no argument could turn him aside from what he regarded as a divinely appointed work.

Having stayed a few weeks at Sidney, they embarked again, in a schooner with miserable accommodations, and after the experience of many discomforts arrived at the Tonga Islands. Visiting their mission brethren there and in the Friendly group, they shortly after anchored off Lakemba, one of the Fiji Islands. Here they were met by Mr. Cargill, one of the two pioneer missionaries. Soon after their arrival, a meeting was held, and the work divided. It was the design to occupy as many different points as possible; and the missionaries did not give themselves the privilege of dwelling together. Mr. Hunt's station was Rewa on Viti Levu, a long way off on the other side of the group. It had been previously occupied by Mr. Cross, who had leave of absence on account of failing health. He however consented to remain for a while and assist his successor in the beginning of his work.

Of his arrival at his place of labor Mr. Hunt says: "This morning we came in sight of Rewa, and in the afternoon anchored safely in our desired haven. We have long and anxiously looked for it; and for apparent wretchedness it comes up to all our preconceived notions. Our anchorage was five or six miles from the mission station, our way to which was up a most beautiful river, said to be more than one hundred miles long. The island looked exceedingly lovely as we sailed along the winding stream. Nature all appeared charming till we saw the masterpiece, man; and a sight — especially the first sight — of a Fijian is very appalling. The people were much surprised to see us come, and stood nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment, as we passed. Mrs. Hunt, especially, was an object of wonder, as many of the natives had never seen but one white woman before."

The new missionary set himself diligently to learn the language, and otherwise to prepare for his work. Every day

he received fresh proofs of the degradation and cruelty of those among whom he had come to dwell, and every discovery made his desire more intense to be able to communicate the treasures of purity and love of which his own heart was so full. He was very soon able to address the natives in their own tongue; in no great time after, to conduct three or four services a week. When he had been at Rewa less than six months he commenced translating the New Testament into Fijian, a work which occupied him most of his remaining life, but which was nearly finished by him and will continue a lasting memorial of his name among the Fiji Christians.

The people, from the first, entertained great respect for the missionaries, and especially for Mr. Hunt. He soon became quite a favorite with many of the chiefs. The preaching of the Gospel greatly impressed the masses, and there seemed a general expectation that it would displace the old religion. Influential persons from time to time gave in their adhesion; but many of these were only nominal converts, who still retained some of their pagan customs. There were, however, almost from the first, sincere and genuine conversions, and a little church was soon gathered. The chiefs were slow to join the Christians, unless they could have the example of their kings or superior chiefs. One of the first of these converted chiefs by his conversion gave offence to a higher chief, who after some annoyance gathered a band of men, and one night robbed nearly every *Lotu*, or Christian family in Rewa. Mr. Hunt, though pained at the sufferings of the new converts, was gratified at the noble cheerfulness with which they bore "the spoiling of their goods."

When he had been about six months at Rewa, it was decided to open a mission in Somosomo, and Mr. Hunt was fixed upon as the man to commence it. The place had a horrible reputation, even among the Fijians, and no Christian agent had ever visited it, and no one belonging to the place had joined the *Lotu*. No white man resided there, and a Scotchman who had touched there in his passage be-

tween two neighboring islands a short time previously had been barbarously murdered for the sake of the little property he possessed. The inhabitants were the worst of cannibals; but the missionaries said, "The greater the evil, the more need of cure." It was, moreover, an important position, for the chiefs of Somosomo ruled over many islands, and the establishment of the missionaries there would give them great influence in the dependencies of the tribe. The king, too, had invited them to come, as it was hoped they would bring great store of European merchandise, whereby his people would be enriched. After a sickly voyage of nearly a week, they anchored in the harbor of the new station. The next morning they prepare to land. "Canoes, filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch, with all the boarding-nets up, over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe is brought close alongside to receive the mission party; and, as the ladies are lifted into it, men stand on deck at either side with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people among whom these ladies and their husbands are to live!"

Great were the trials of the missionaries in this fearful community. Scarcely had they become settled in their temporary abode, when report came of the loss at sea of one of the king's sons, and immediate preparation was made for the strangling of all his wives, that they might accompany him to the land of the spirits. The missionaries at once interceded for the wretched women. The king was angry at their intervention, and they only succeeded in deferring the cruel deed till the accuracy of the reported death could be ascertained. As it turned out to be true, the fiendish tragedy took place, the missionaries and their families being compelled to hear the cries and wailings of the doomed victims. Sickness, too, invaded the household. Mrs. Hunt came near the gates of the grave, and the poor husband had some fear-

ful forebodings; but he threw himself on the Infinite Mercy and was spared the threatening blow. A babe gladdened the home, — a strange flower blooming among moral wastes. But even this tarries but for a time. With much sorrow the parents are compelled to give it up, and bury its body among the pagan dead. In these sore trials there were aggravations from the treatment received from their heathen neighbors. They were not allowed to build a house for themselves nor to make suitable enclosures to the one granted them. Privacy was impossible; and often, while the mother bent over her dying babe, she was mocked by the jeers and grimaces of natives at the windows and doors. Sometimes they were not permitted to buy food; and sometimes, when they had with difficulty prepared a scanty meal, uninvited visitors would devour the principal part of it, or would sicken them by their hideous conduct while attempting to eat. They were often threatened by the king and chiefs, and once or twice destruction seemed inevitable. The labors of the Christians appeared to be of little effect. Ferocious wars raged between the tribes, and frequent cannibal feasts were the concomitants. The sickening stench from the ovens, which were in the neighborhood of the mission premises, was almost intolerable, and after these horrid banquets, and the orgies accompanying them, the demonism of the people seemed fiercer than ever.

All this time Mr. Hunt was working with intense zeal. Studying the language, translating the Scriptures, — and this alone implied almost incredible labor, — preaching constantly, ministering to the sick, helping the unfortunate, spending hours daily in private devotion, — ever seeking a deeper baptism of the spirit, and better qualification for his calling. In addition to these he attended to the secular affairs of the mission, visited new out-stations, had a large correspondence with friends at home, as well as with his fellow-missionaries, and found much else to occupy his time. It draws strongly on our credulity when we read his account

of his duties, written, too, in the spirit of one who seemed to think himself doing only a small part of what he desired.

But he was permitted to be only a sower of seed in Somosomo. Others entered in and gathered the subsequent harvest. After about three years, according to a method pursued in the Wesleyan missions, Mr. Hunt changed his station to Viwa. It had been occupied for some time previously, and he found about a hundred and twenty persons who were under religious instruction, many of them giving evidence of genuine Christian conversion. He was able to employ eight native teachers in the out-stations, and the work went on encouragingly, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles. The training of these native teachers became a matter of additional anxiety and labor for Mr. Hunt. But we find him soon in the midst of a large class, instructing them in religious things, directing their studies, preparing a thorough course of lectures on theological topics, and at the same time relaxing none of his efforts in other directions.

But we may not follow him through all his experience in these islands. Trials similar to those already narrated, and even greater, awaited him. Great perils from the often outbreaking cruelty of the savage chiefs, which could have been averted only by providential interposition, were many times to environ him. Death came again and again to the little family; sickness prostrated both husband and wife; but still they joyfully and courageously pursued their way. Great revivals took place; whole tribes gave up their horrid pagan rites, and large numbers became real disciples of the Lord.

The career of this devoted servant of Christ was a short one. In about ten years from the time of his first arrival in the islands disease invaded his overworked system, and death soon looked him in the face. But John Hunt, whose brave, manly heart, warmed by the love of Christ, had never quailed before any danger in the way of duty to his Master, shrunk not before the last foe. A sense of his own unworthiness at first filled him with sad reflections. The thought

of giving up his work among the benighted savages occasioned a conflict. Once, after prayer by a brother missionary, he was observed to be greatly moved, and wept freely. His pent-up feelings at last found utterance, and he cried, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest how my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" This conflict too terminated triumphantly for the suffering soul, and thenceforward he had great joy. He died October 4, 1848, aged thirty-six years.

He was much esteemed even by the hostile chiefs, while the love of the native converts for him was almost unbounded. Said one of these latter, in a prayer for him, "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me!* Take *ten* of us; but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

"The workmen die, but the work goes on." From the feeble and almost hopeless beginnings made a little previous to the appointment of John Hunt and his associates to the Fiji mission, the work of God has spread through those habitations of cruelty, till now there are nearly sixty thousand attendants on the religious services of the Wesleyan missionaries. There are some two hundred native preachers; the New Testament was translated into their language by Mr. Hunt himself, and the whole Bible has since been completed; there are churches and schools, the press, industrial arts, commerce, and many other elements of a rapidly developing civilization; while cannibalism and other barbarous customs have become nearly obsolete.

G. M. S.

"BELIEVEST thou? then thou wilt speak boldly. Speakest thou boldly? then thou must suffer. Sufferest thou? then thou shalt be comforted. For faith, the confession thereof, and the cross, do follow one after another."

THE GOSPEL A WORD TO THE STRONG.

THE Gospel is a guide and comforter of the weak, but it is also a word for the strong. It is a manly religion. It is more than milk for babes. It comes to us in the noontide of life, and whilst we are in the maturity of our powers, — when we are bearing the burden and heat of the day, as well as in those last moments, when, leaning upon the staff of age, our eyes are turned towards the western sky, and our speech is of other and fairer worlds. It does not hide itself away in deserts, or betake itself to closets, or confine its appeals to those who are called upon to endure rather than to labor; it is not deprecatory and apologetic, but confident, vigorous, and aggressive; it does not dream and sentimentalize under every green tree and in every quiet rural spot, — it has rather chosen, from the beginning, for its fields of effort, the great cities, where the evil and the good of life are arrayed one against the other in most unqualified and clearly recognized antagonisms, and many doors are open, and there are many adversaries. If we have any strength, and would exercise or increase it, any wealth of thought or affection, and any force of will, which demands objects and instrumentalities, the Gospel points us to its kingdom; the Christ saith to us, If thou wilt be perfect, come, follow me! The Apostle Paul bids us be as manly in understanding as we are childlike in malice; and John, the burden of whose preaching was love, writes "because you are strong"! The Gospel, which strengthens what is weak, thankfully accepts and consecrates energy; it will not consent to be patronized as an amiable weakness, — as a toy for childhood or for age, — as the entertainment of the contemplative or the sanctuary of the fearful. It is the nurse of heroes. It has tasks for giants. It can bind to its high service all the elements of our wondrous being. It has had its own art and literature, — to a large extent its own social order. It has won and kept the loyalty

of millions of souls. Its singular purity and grandeur have made the world strangely patient of manifold enormities that have been maintained in its holy name. Its story, as written by the earliest disciples, is as thoroughly as it is simply heroic; and from the first day onward, though under ever-changing names, the army of martyrs extends unbroken, and will reach out into the future, until the offence of the cross shall have ceased.

It is a very common impression that Christianity is a feeble thing and suited mainly to the feeble, — a matter for the strong-minded and strong-hearted and strong-handed to be ashamed of, — a subject about which we may converse when we are confined to our rooms, and have lost through sickness the tone whether of mind or of body, but which we must drop when we are on the street and in the warehouse again, — a topic to be dismissed with a few brief formalities, wearisome to speak and to hear, — a possession which, in the judgment of many, seems almost to suppose a corresponding poverty in every other respect, a tame intellect, a feeble imagination, a limited culture, an unenterprising spirit, even a nerveless, bloodless, unmuscular body. Many are disinclined or unable to associate manliness and piety, greatness and goodness, wisdom and faith, cleverness and conscientiousness, the genial and the devout soul. There are not a few persons who express surprise when they find a nature of pith and vigor, rich in all noble and gracious humanities, the strong tower and the beautiful pillar of earth radiant with the light of heaven, and as abundantly endowed in things divine as in things human.

A little study of this very common impression discloses the weak things, not of the Gospel, but of the popular apprehension and employment of the Gospel. Too often it is seen of men, not in its power but in its feebleness, presented to the world in feeble thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, — the things of the child, without any of the spontaneity and grace of childhood. And although it is a sin to be ashamed of

Christ, it is no sin to be ashamed of much which passes current for Christianity. A vast deal of popular religious literature is fitted to confirm this impression. Poor in ideas as they are commonplace in expression, a large proportion of what are called good books would not secure a moment's attention if it were not deemed somehow an acceptable sacrifice to read them: they display neither learning nor spiritual experience; they are dull to a proverb, scriptures which are *not* by inspiration of God, heavy when they are not trifling, joyfully given away, cheerfully bound after the most approved styles of elegance, provided only the clasp which shall hold the covers firmly and forever together be not omitted. It is hard, and it may seem ungracious, to say it, but very often one cannot look for any vigorous and manly treatment of his theme from the popular theologian. He is too often only an advocate, and not very ingenious at that. The old straw is sedulously thrashed out again for the thousandth time, in the hope that some stray grain or two may have escaped the persistent flail. It has been said of Butler's Hudibras, that, although it is so full of wit, the allusions soon became so obscure that no one ever suffered his dinner to spoil from an unwillingness to break away from its pages. The same might be said of a vast deal of religious literature. And the feebleness of religion is painfully exhibited in the abundance of cant, — the superfluity of words, which, if they are not consciously meaningless and insincere, come up from no deep places in the soul, are manifestly formal and conventional, and in no practical relation to the world we live in. The young man hears that such a one has become interested in religion. He asks himself, How will this interest be displayed? and if the fruits are seen chiefly in a new way of talking upon stated occasions, in the adoption of a set of phrases, in greater ceremonial punctiliousness, the new life will not be accounted a great and beneficent power. Plainly there has been no upheaval of the whole being from its depths, no reconstruction of the whole plan of life according

to heavenly patterns. You would expect no marked changes in a world full of such converts, — a world where such persons ought to make themselves felt, and do perhaps make themselves felt, in every-day matters. The strong and beautiful thing in them, if there is anything strong and beautiful, is not their religion. It cannot be denied, that in quiet and prosperous days there is a vast deal of this religious feebleness, and of this feeble religiousness. It gives religion a bad name with vigorous natures. So presented, it is not so real or so attractive as a stout and unscrupulous worldliness. If religion is not more than this, we would none of it: it is better, we think, to serve Mammon heartily than, by trying to serve God and Mammon, to get no reward from either, and spoil our earthly life by a half-conscious hypocrisy and a dreary sanctimoniousness. The world cannot but contrast the genuine enthusiasm of the scientific, the inexhaustible energy of the inventor, the patient research of the student and writer of history, the enterprise of the merchant, with the dull routine of many a religionist. And the world needs to be told — or, better, to see, — the lesson illustrated in life, — that all this sad feebleness indicates not the presence, but the absence, of a vital Christianity. The fact is, that the Gospel, which was given to be an ever-renewed life amongst men, may be, and is very commonly, received as a tradition; it is not reproduced again in the new minds and hearts and deeds of the new generation; it is caught up and repeated parrot-wise by those who neither understand nor feel what they are saying, — as it comes from their lips it is not spirit and life, it has neither authority nor beauty, it becomes the jest of the scorner and the song of the reckless. And it is very necessary that all who have the Gospel at heart, and would bring the young to a recognition of its power, should hold it in a manly way, according to its intrinsic life and its high purpose, and commend it to the strong as at once the food which may nourish and the work which may satisfy them. Let me try to show in a few particulars why it is offered to men of

strength, — why they as well as those who are ready to perish should exercise themselves in it, and stand forth as its confessed adherents.

1. Christianity is given to the strong because it is truth, and truth is for vigorous and intelligent minds. It will employ and reward manly thinking. Christianity is the truth about our life to all who will receive it. If you can think about other things, you may well think about this. If you are not given to much thought, or drawn into much curious speculation, — if the world offers to your mind no perplexing problems, — you will find in the Gospel the few simple lessons which are necessary for action and for peace, and these will suffice. But if you are tempted to scale the heights and explore the depths, — if you are tried by the conflicts of opinion, — if the world turns towards you the face of the Sphynx, and you must solve its enigma or perish, — if sin and sorrow make large demands upon your trust and patience, — if you cannot in a day or in a year find the truth which you so crave, — the Gospel will abundantly exercise and perfectly guide and hallow your intellectual strength. It offers you nothing but truth; it asks you to believe nothing but truth; it is not content that you should rest until your thoughts are completely in accordance with Him who is truth. If you are strong, use your strength in learning the truth as it is in Jesus. It is no easy task; if you have any intellectual vigor, you will need it all. It is not merely listening; it is not to be merely passive. If you are strong, let us have proof of your strength in your earnest and truly catholic faith, — in your intelligent reception of Christianity. The world is full of those who weakly believe, and of those who weakly doubt or deny, — on the one hand, of the superstitious, who make an idol of the letter of the Bible, and are afraid to so much as correct the translation of a single line lest they should weaken its authority, of the formal, the sectarian, and the dogmatical, who will not enlarge their conceptions lest they should lose them; and, on the

other hand, of those who, because there are difficulties in the reception and the reading of the Scriptures, and bitter controversies amongst Christians, turn their backs on the Gospel altogether. They are said to be strong in faith who, in a most cowardly temper, close their ears against all opinions save their own; and they are thought by some to be men of vigorous intellect who reject Christianity as an antiquated and incredible superstition. But are not they only really strong who can see in Jesus the truth, — the truth which practically resolves all problems and harmonizes all contradictions? Are not they only really strong who can read the Scriptures reverently and believingly, yet in the light of modern science, and with due regard to all fair criticism? Are not they only really strong, who, without becoming indifferent or lax, can rise above the level and the speech of any sect into the broad plane and the eloquent language of the Church truly catholic? A very weak man may be a dogmatist, or a bigot, — a very weak man may be an infidel, — but truth shall reward the strong. It is greatly to be desired that our young persons would engage reverently, and yet with courage and energy, in the search after the truth, resolved to follow whithersoever it should lead them. The subject which occupied Bacon and Milton need not be deemed beneath the study even of this illumined age. Let us try to understand and cure what we call bigotry; let us make an earnest effort for a hearty Christian union; let each one, emancipating his mind and heart from party limitations, endeavor to reproduce the Gospel for himself! It is a glorious work. Many strong men have been laboring in it these many years, but especially these last years, trying to find a Christianity large enough to hold all Christians, — trying to find the truth which shall make all forms of truth comparatively insignificant. Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, Jowett, Maurice, and the lamented Frederic W. Robertson, in England; and, in our own country, Channing, Bushnell, Park, have labored, or are laboring, to establish the truth, on the

one hand against Romanism, and on the other hand against Rationalism, — and every private Christian who is moved to exercise his mind upon the subject of religion may work with them, and he will find that he is engaged in trains of thought infinitely removed from the dry technicalities and rattling bones of scholastic and sectarian divinity. Read the old divines of the English Church, Taylor, South, Barrow, and the rest; read, amongst the moderns, Robertson's sermons; read Kingsley's books; — and you will no longer say, as so many are ready to do, that religion supplies no food for the intellect. That is true of many religious books, — it is not true of the Gospels and Epistles; it is not true of those who have written upon them out of fresh and living minds. It is, indeed, emphatically true that the wisdom of the intellect will not save us, or fuse into beautiful unity the numberless and distracted sects of modern Christendom. That is a work which is reserved for the loving spirit of the Christ; and yet, as instrumental to this great end, there must be strong religious thinking, a resolute purpose on the part of all Christians to penetrate beneath the technics of sectarian theology, to brace the spirit for direct communion with the Master, to labor with ready hands in the reconstruction of the Church, the Home for all souls, upon that foundation which God himself hath laid in the life of his Son.

Our age boasts of its schools of popular education and literary culture and scientific attainment; but as yet religion has gained comparatively little from all this real or apparent intellectual progress: the strong thoughts of men have not been turned enough this way; they have too often only learned enough to be flippantly critical, and to jump at sceptical conclusions; they have yet to learn that it is a large part of wisdom to recognize the inevitable limitations of religious speculation, and to distinguish the realm of faith from the realm of knowledge. The great conflict in our day is not between one and another of the different sections of the Christian world: it is a contest between those who believe in the Gos-

pel, and those who do not believe in it. The questioning of our times reaches down to the very roots of things; it does not stop short of the rock foundations upon which human society is builded; it relates to the essential being and everlasting destiny of the human soul. Shallowness will not suffice for such a crisis; it is but poor conceit to turn away from religious discussions as trifling, to glory rather in letters, science, and the arts; here is work for the strong; because you are strong, give yourselves to a fresh study of the words of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, and John, and above all of the Christ; in making up your libraries, place upon your shelves the works of the dead and of the living who have sought for the wisdom of God, and of your own selves judge ye what is true.

2. And now let us turn for a moment from the mind to the heart and the conscience. Strong thinking is often contrasted with strong feeling, as if the two were incompatible. But a large and vigorous nature will not be so limited. That is the noblest thinking which kindles emotion; and no richly endowed soul can fail to recognize the real tragedy of human life, as it is brought home to us in the fact of sin, in the terrible conflict of passion with duty, in the selfishness that turns its back upon God, in the vain effort to harmonize the ideal with the actual, to satisfy aspiration, to change the earthly into the heavenly, to be at peace with the Judge above us and within us. If you are really strong, rich in divine humanities, something more than shallow and respectable worldlings, bent upon your routines of business or of enjoyment, — if you have any sense of what men ought to be in the sight of Heaven, — you will not be able to escape that mighty sorrow, and that fear, not of pain but of sin, not of bodily torture but of spiritual death, which are constant Christian experiences, — experiences to which many a giant intellect has borne its testimony, and which the Gospel alone adequately provides for. Not because they were weak and childish and superstitious, but because they were strong,

because they could discern the heavens above and the abysses beneath them, such men as St. Augustine, Martin Luther, George Fox, Bunyan, Baxter, Oliver Cromwell in his best days, Wesley, Samuel Johnson, Edwards, mourned over sin and abhorred themselves in the bitterness of their remorse, and asked eagerly for a way of reconciliation. Read the story of one whose name stands amongst the highest in English literature, the life of the sturdy scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The faults of the great moralist are well known, — his uncouth and overbearing manners are familiar almost to a proverb; but no sort of justice has been done to his many and great virtues. Much of his roughness was superficial, and the measure of it has been greatly exaggerated; but the half has not been told of his incorruptible honesty amidst the sorest straits, of his sturdy independence, or of the benevolence which was liberal out of the extremest poverty and to great personal discomfort. It is related of him, that in the days when his store was reckoned not in pounds and shillings, but in pence, he was accustomed, as he returned to his lodgings at night, to put pennies into the hands of the poor little boys who, for want of a better shelter, were sleeping on the edges of the booths, that when they waked in the morning they might have the means of buying a morsel for breakfast. Judged by the standard of his time, and with due regard to his opportunities, he was certainly a man of average morality; and yet no fact is more noticeable in his biography than the remorse and anxiety of his soul, the intensity of his sense of sinfulness, the earnestness with which for himself and for his friends he magnified the forgiveness that is granted by God through his dying Son. His own feeling of want was deep according to the strength of his nature, — not a shallow passing emotion, but a manly grief, to be met only by a love as high and deep, as mysterious and unfathomable, as the justice which commands and convicts us, — a love which is not of works, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, of the worst, —

a love which can remit the debt because we have nothing wherewith to pay it, — a love which will not listen for a moment to the perpetual elder brother, but silences his angry complainings with this conclusive word: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, my son, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." He may not be able to forgive himself, but I can forgive him. Reproaches and blows enough shall fall upon him, for what a man soweth that shall he also reap; but from me and mine there shall be only words of mercy and acts of love, — on earth, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee! and in the hearts of the angels of God, joy unutterable. If you are really strong, you will have a manly sorrow for all ingratitude and meanness in the sight of God, for every pitiful performance, and especially for that sin of sins which postpones God and God's kingdom to a fearful selfishness, and saith, Not Thy will, — though thou art the Infinite Perfection, the First Good and the First Fair, and my Heavenly Father, — not Thy will, but mine, be done! Because ye are strong, prize and accept the specialty of the Gospel, and with a multitude of the greatest of the earth fall on your knees before God, and let the fountains of tears be opened, — yes, go out with the King of men, the guide of heroes and of sages, and battle in the wilderness your forty days with the tempter that unto you also angels may come and minister.

3. And because ye are strong, let us have proof of strength in a life of Christian completeness. Strong thinking and strong feeling should issue in strong acting. The Gospel often declines into a fine theory and a strong emotion, the inspiration of the preacher and the psalmist; it spends itself in mystic contemplation, and pours out its heart in most touching litanies, and longs and prays that the kingdom of God may come; or perhaps it moves men to a little asceticism, a larger measure of that conventional morality which emphasizes abstinence from questionable amusement, straining out gnats and swallowing camels, keeping symbolical fasts and

bestowing a modicum of alms. They who are strong in faith are not so easily contented. First amongst the enterprises of this enterprising age, they recognize this of living a life which shall each day be more and more Christian. When they speak of success they mean this, — they mean to live in such simplicity and integrity that they will not fear to look any man full in the face, and be just before men, even though in the sight of Infinite Purity they cannot be justified. It is easy to say all this, — easy for one whose position secures him against the temptation and soil of life to exhort others to an obedience which, in the present state of our world, amidst all the complications and combinations of our artificial social state, is next to impossible, — easy to ask men and women to be heroes and martyrs, to be simple and abstinent in an age of luxury and amidst extravagant associates, to be scrupulous amongst the unscrupulous, to serve God where the most are serving Mammon, to be called fanatical, to be set aside as unpractical, — easy to ask, but hard to comply! I admit it. I am not sure that the application of Christianity to life by those who are involved in its various relations is not as hard and perilous a task for the Christian of this age, as the establishment of Christianity was for the Christian of the first age. It is not easy even to count the cost in such an enterprise. And yet they who are strong, they who would do some great thing, they who would be perfect, will not shrink even from so great an undertaking. They will seek the kingdom as well as pray for it. True manhood is braced by opposition and difficulty; true manhood is willing to go alone; true manhood lays its life-plan deliberately and with prayer, and, whether men bless or curse, proceeds to execute it. I will not understate the difficulties in the way of a practical Christianity, — a Christianity for the home, the exchange, the warehouse, the office, — a Christianity for the week-day, when the stir of life shall begin anew, as well as for Sunday. It might not be so very hard to turn one's back upon the world; but to stay just where

Providence seems to have placed us, and do our duty and realize our ideals, this cannot be without tears and blood, — tears, too, which must be shed in secret, and blood that will not win for us the fame of the martyr. It is not easy, yet only let the soul be raised to this pitch, only let the spirit of Christ get possession of the heart, and it is easier to live in loyalty than to content one's self with revolving great theories of virtue in the mind whilst we are ourselves conformed to the world. "*Because ye are strong.*" How we admire and prize strength, — the force of intellect, of eloquent action and speech, — the force which carries men into Arctic seas, which makes them great discoverers and artists, which unlocks the world of nature and reveals to the eye of science the thoughts of the Creator, the force which conquers and civilizes, — it is a reality, and we recognize and admire it; but we more than admire, we canonize and encompass with a halo of glory, the force of the spirit, the strength of faith; and yet the praises of the world, the crown which, however tardily, is sure to follow after the cross, cannot be compared with the oil of joy which the Lord pours upon the heart that has dared to love him supremely. That we may be even so strong as this, Jesus hath come to be the Lord of glory, that through him we may be able to do all things. To this end he binds men into a loving and helpful brotherhood, a great Christian family, rich and poor, wise and simple, the lofty and the lowly meeting before the Lord, to aid each other in the spirit common to them all in living a life of truth and beauty, in reconciling the strifes and dispelling the jealousies which alienate man from man. Christian union has been appointed that we may have Christian strength, that those who cherish the same faith and purpose may understand each other and secure it together, and that now, as of old, the kingdom of heaven may be a reality on earth, and become more and more real every day. Let us try to keep the commandments, also, because we are strong in the Lord.

E.

SONG OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

We see the gallant streamer yet
  Float from the bastioned walls, —
One hearty song for fatherland,
  Before its banner falls!
Last on our gaze when outward bound
  We plough the ocean's foam, —
First on our longing eyes again
  To waft our welcome home!

Beneath thy shade we 've toiled in peace,
  The golden corn we reap;
We 've taken home our bonny brides,
  We 've rocked our babes to sleep;
We marched to front the battle-storms
  That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
  Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the stars and stripes we 'll keep,
  Come years of weal or woe:
Close up, close up the broken line,
  And let the traitors go!
Ho, brothers of the "Border States"!
  We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now,
  As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We 'll keep the memories bright and green
  Of all our old renown,
We 'll strike the traitor hand that 's raised
  To pluck the eagle down;
Still shall it guard your Southern homes
  From all the foes that come, —
We 'll move with you to harp and flute,
  Or march to fife and drum!

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
Still shall our nation's sign
Roll out again its streaming stars
On all the border line,
And with the same old rallying-cry
Beneath its folds we 'll meet,
And they shall be our conquering sign,
Or be our winding-sheet!

'T is said that when Jerusalem
Sank in her last despair,
A spectre sword hung gory red
Just o'er her in the air:
Ye that tear down your country's flag,
Look when God's gathering ire
Hangs in its place, just o'er your heads,
A sword of bloody fire!

S.

FIDELITY.

In one of the narratives of awful disaster which occurred on one of our lakes, when the steamer was on fire and they were making haste for the nearest land, everything depended on the man who stood at the wheel. And yet the fire came nearer, and gathered about him, and its tongues were licking his garments. He might save his life, perhaps, by letting go and taking his chance in a scramble with the rest. But he said, "No, I will not let go till the fire burns off my hold. Here is my post, and here, if God wills it, to save these passengers, will I stay." And he did stay. God give us more such men, faithful at their posts, and society would be safe. Put them at responsible places of the ship of state, and she will sail on gloriously, and escape fatal disaster. S.

SALVATION BY FAITH.*

A SERMON BY REV. T. COLANI.

Luke vii. 36-50.

AFTER the reading of a text like ours, the Christian preacher feels more than ever conscious of his insufficiency. What can be said to you which approaches, even at a great distance, the words which you have just heard? The Apostle who has most deeply sounded the mystery of Christianity nowhere expounds the dogma of justification by faith with the clearness, the energy, the heart which we find in this simple recital. With St. Paul the human reason struggles with the divine thought in order to seize and express it; with the Master all is peace and harmony, for he lives in his Father, and the words which he speaks he speaks not of himself. The four Gospels are an infinite, unfathomable ocean, which reflects the azure of the heavens in calm, clear waves. The same waters flow through the Epistles, but contracted, limited, having obstacles to break their course. With the Apostle, reasonings and discussions are necessary to make his readers, already Christian, understand the nature and the effects of faith, whilst with the Lord but one word is enough to explain it to a poor sinner. All that I can do is to repeat that word, to seek to engrave it in your hearts, to study it with you, not as a problem of theology, but in its most evident bearing; it is to follow with you the various acts of that history which, I boldly assert, contains the whole Gospel, as a sweet flower encloses in its calyx the seed from which will spring the whole majestic tree.

In a city of Galilee, a sinful woman one day enters the house of Simon the Pharisee, seats herself at the feet of a guest, and bathes them with her tears. Who is she, and for

* A friend has kindly translated for our Magazine a Sermon by a famous preacher of Strasbourg, which, we are confident, will be read with pleasure and profit.

what does she come? She is a child of God, who, plunged in evil, cannot escape from it, notwithstanding all her efforts. For evil is a power. There was a moment when you were free to choose between virtue and vice, between purity and corruption, between the spirit and the senses. You were equally solicited on one side and on the other. If the satisfying of the senses or of pride has a mysterious attraction, the joy that self-denial and humility procure exercises a charm no less certain. But you have chosen, and woe to you if, like the sinful woman, you have chosen the evil part. You are no longer free. You have sold yourself. At the next temptation conscience will speak in a lower tone, and you will not hear it. Since you have soiled your lips at the cup of this world's pleasures, an inextinguishable thirst devours you. You will do evil because you have done so once. Each one of your falls renders the next more probable, I should say more inevitable, and you will thus descend step by step, even to the depths of the abyss. Sin will become your habit, your nature. You will end by doing evil spontaneously, without deliberating, without reflecting, without even knowing it. Your mind, being perverted, will no longer conceive it possible to struggle against bad inclinations, and it will represent them to you as really innocent. Your imagination will have no colors to paint to you any other than material joys, or those of vanity and of avarice. Your body will fashion itself according to your desires, and will imperiously demand satisfaction.

Ask those wretched creatures in whom one hardly recognizes the stamp of humanity, so much has debauchery besotted them. Do you believe that they have never tried to escape from its tyranny? But their body no longer endures temperance; having become slaves, it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that they should obey, should it cost them their life. Ask also the slave of ambition, who, after having sacrificed his convictions, his honor, his affections, has reached the end of his desires. Do you think he is not weary of

always intriguing, of always lying? But he will intrigue, he will lie, even to the hour of his death. Finally, address yourself to that unfortunate sinner. Do you imagine that she has never cursed her first step in the career of vice? But her whole being is become vicious.

No, not entirely! Whatever may be the power of sin, it cannot utterly efface the divine impression that each man bears upon his entrance into the world. Conscience persists, revealing itself by a continual uneasiness, and, whether we will or no, makes us lift up our eyes unto the heavens. Be sure that it was the case with the woman of whom the Gospel speaks; it is the case with all sinners. But what would meet her gaze into the heavens? God; that is to say, the Holy of holies, with whom no impurity can dwell. How should she invoke him? What should she offer to him with her impure hands? The most terrible name which can sound in her ear is that of the Heavenly Father, for that name signifies judgment and condemnation. If you speak to her of the commandments, she thinks of her transgressions; if you exhort her to holiness, she pictures to herself condemnation; if you speak of heaven, she understands hell. Unfortunate one! Sin holds her so tightly in its grasp, that she cannot fly from it; and even when she thinks of it, desires it, virtue drives her back. For is it not driving her back to wear that terrible aspect? Say, could you decide upon the good, if it were not lovely in your eyes? Could you obey God, if he should appear to you with a threat in his mouth, — not for sins to come, which you would be free to shun, but for sins already committed and ineffaceable? Thus the feeble light which still glimmers in her conscience will serve only to make her see the better the chains of sin. The more she struggles, the more closely do they hold her. In short, in order that virtue may be possible for us, it is first necessary that we should love it, and we love it only if we are virtuous; then he who is not virtuous would not know how to become so, at least by himself. You experience this

every day, my brethren. When you have performed, at one time or another, an act of devotion, is it not true that you were well-disposed? You have been capable of a good action because you were at peace, and were happy. Goodness, inward serenity, calm of the conscience, alone render virtue easy. At least, is it not true that in moments of trouble and discontent, such as you pass through after each sin, however small, you were more accessible to a new temptation? When you have recognized yourself to be bad, you will become worse.

The sinful woman had certainly a horror of herself; that horror, nevertheless, could not bring her back into the right path. Poor woman! who shall tell the sufferings she must have experienced, feeling herself condemned to do evil eternally! She may perhaps have had a light, careless nature, which permitted her to slumber; but be sure that at times she was nevertheless thoroughly aroused, and that then her guilty joys were transforming themselves into tortures. What can man conceive more frightful than despair under the mask of pleasure? Will she nowhere find consolation? What consolation would guilty men offer her? And she sees no others. Shall she seek peace in joining in public worship? She would find there the God whom she has outraged. Ought she not throw herself at the feet of some wise Pharisee, and, confessing her sins, demand of him protection against herself? If among the scribes many are truly austere, there is not one compassionate. The law of Moses in their hands, they will condemn her without pity. Irreparable! Such is the answer which she would everywhere receive. And the world, giving thus the echo to her conscience, throws her back again into vice.

Suddenly she finds herself in the presence of Jesus. Before the scene related in the Gospel, had she been present at one of those teachings of the Lord, when his wise and loving words were captivating the attention of an immense crowd? Or, indeed, has she seen him for the first time as he passed

through the little town, and entered the house of Simon the Pharisee? Our text tells nothing of this, but it shows clearly that Jesus did not know her. It will be enough for her to see him, to be drawn towards him. She is ignorant. All Jewish women were then, and she is more so than others. And do not suppose her familiar with the prophecies, so that she could apply them to Jesus by a wise interpretation. Perhaps she does not even know that a Messiah is to come to deliver Israel. But she does know that she has need of a Saviour, and from the moment she meets Jesus, something tells her that he is that Saviour. In the first place, this man is holy, — not like the Pharisees, who strut about in their austerity, advertise their prayers and their fasts, think that they have made proof of virtue, when they have insulted vice, and who are inwardly devoured with covetousness. He is really holy, pure, like God himself. Does the sinner believe this? She will give you a proof of it without any words. In the presence of that man her bad passions are stilled, her slumbering conscience is suddenly awakened, in order that it may speak to her with the voice and accent of Jesus. All that is good — law, virtue, religion — presents itself now to her imagination only in the person of the carpenter of Nazareth; but even now, while the words law, virtue, religion, were resounding in her heart like a threat which she was hastening to forget, she cannot detach her thoughts from the person of the Christ. He is not only holiness, he is love also. Even before climbing Calvary he bears the griefs of the poor and miserable. He who lives in constant communion with his Father must enjoy perfect felicity, even though the woes of humanity were drawing over his divine beauty the veil of an ineffable sadness. With that intuition which suffering and isolation give, the woman of the Gospel has seen the compassion of Jesus for sinners. Ah, may he be blessed, that compassionate Just One! And while this cry arises in her soul, she experiences an unknown feeling. She loves the Lord. How should she not love him! Now the Lord is vir-

tue made flesh, she loves then virtue also. It is needless to say that, in order to show her gratitude, she would wish to give the most precious thing that she possesses. She is then capable of sacrifice. What, that unfortunate one! who but now seemed condemned to despair, to do evil eternally, behold her burning with a holy passion for divine things! Without doubt she always has a horror of herself; but that horror makes her so much the better estimate the great compassion of Jesus, and increases her love. And she must show it to him, — not that she hopes to draw the attention of the Saviour upon herself (she is unworthy of that), but her heart is too full not to overflow. Without fear either of jest or of abuse, that woman, at whom they point with the finger, enters the house of the worthy Simon, and, taking the most humble position, crouching upon the floor, near the Lord, behind him, she kisses his dusty feet, she anoints them with a precious ointment, bought for a very different purpose; she bathes them with her tears, and wipes them with her hair. Do not pity her. Her tears are gentle. If she weeps over her lost innocence, her regret has nothing despairing in it. Her whole being has melted into gratitude, affection, tenderness. She has no time to be occupied with herself; her Master claims all her thoughts. He is there. She sees him. She touches him. He is so good that he suffers it, he the Holy One. He accepts the kisses of a defiled creature. With what timidity must she place her impure lips upon the Master's feet. If he should indignantly repulse her! But he seems to take no notice. Is this from sternness? No, — from an exquisite delicacy, he does not wish to disturb these sobs and sighs, the mute confession which the soul is making. And, besides, indifference would be more than she was daring to hope. Should he overwhelm her with reproaches, should he crush her, she will accept it all with joy, for she has deserved it; in the most bitter condemnation she will recognize the compassion of Jesus; does she not know that he has pity on her, and that surely he desires to save her?

Provided he permits her to love him, she will be happy, she will be virtuous.

Nevertheless, Jesus addresses himself to his host, the Pharisee. He speaks of debtors whose debts have been forgiven, and the sinner does not imagine, any more than does Simon, that he speaks of her. Suddenly she sees Jesus turn towards her, and she hears him pronounce strange words: comparing her with the Pharisees, he places the lost woman above the official defenders of morality. "Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Then Jesus assures the sinner that her sins are forgiven, because she has loved much. He finally dismisses her: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Let us pause a moment upon the conduct of the Saviour. Do you find nothing extraordinary in it, or, rather let me say, offensive? If you had not happily been nourished in the most absolute respect for his divine person, would you not be scandalized as the Pharisees were? It is not enough to be convinced that the Saviour could not have been mistaken; to be disposed to submit our judgment to his Christianity never encourages intellectual indolence; but its deeds and its words are so many problems which it is necessary to solve, — problems which it is necessary to study until we have recognized in every part the profound wisdom which has dictated them.

Ah well! would it not seem in comparing Simon and the sinner, that the Lord may not be perfectly just? It is true that, in that particular case, the woman has testified more affection than the Pharisee; but at first Simon has also clearly shown good-will in asking Jesus to sit at his table; and then a whole life passed in an honorable manner, does it not

weigh as much as one moment of feminine emotion coming at the end of a shameful life? Were not those words too stern, — He to whom little is forgiven, loveth little?

My brethren, the things of this world can be considered from two points of view distinct and often opposite, — man's point of view and God's point of view. From man's point it is incontestable that the Pharisee merits our respect, for he has always fulfilled his duties, both political and religious, while the past life of the sinful woman inspires us with extreme repugnance, and makes us doubt the sincerity of her tears. Surely from the divine point of view that woman's sins are not less than in the eyes of man; nevertheless, her actual repentance constitutes an action absolutely good, holy, perfect, — such an action cannot be found in the long career of Simon. And, even as a heap of dirt containing one diamond would have more value than a mass of objects, pure, but common, the morality of the sinner is superior to that of the Pharisee. The virtue of the latter strikes its roots in the bitter soil of pride. He never humbles himself. He reckons with the Creator. If God has given him life, he has rendered to God all due honor, and has paid the tithe exactly, therefore they are quit. Or rather, after each sacrifice he hastens to record his devotion among the advances which he has already made to heaven, and which heaven must repay to him with usury, for Simon does nothing for nothing. Now the Eternal requires only one virtue, humility, — only one sacrifice, the gift of ourselves. He has drawn us from nothing; but he requires that we should recognize our nothingness. He has made us to will and to act; but he desires that we should will and act as existing only by him. If in the depths of your consciousness you do not find this feeling of dependence, of abandonment, of free and joyous submission; if you think that you are something by yourself; if you imagine that your strength, your talents, your virtue, are your own, and proceed from yourself, — in that case, my brethren, your morality, should it be cited everywhere as

an example, does not approach the morality of that sinner kneeling at the Lord's feet. When the Pharisee refuses to give himself, and keeps back his heart, is he not guilty of revolt? He sets himself up for a god, as if he were his own creator. The sinner, on the contrary, what does she wish if it be not to submit herself to the action of the Divine spirit? She would be unable to say exactly what she is going to do, but she will do whatever God wills. Her will is entirely at one with that of the Heavenly Father, and is not this the very highest degree of holiness? Can you conceive a condition more perfect? Happy sinner; she is in that moment, without knowing it, holy, — holy in intention and in desire.

Since she loved much, said the Lord, her sins are forgiven, — she is saved by faith. This passage, the most explicit of all those in which Jesus speaks of salvation, shows clearly that we are not in accordance with the Gospel when we confound faith with belief in this or that doctrine. I ask you with what dogma can you suppose the sinner acquainted? Does she know that Jesus is born of the Holy Spirit, that he is the second person of the Trinity, that his blood will flow as an expiatory sacrifice, that he will come to judge the quick and the dead? She only knows one solitary thing; that is, that in Jesus she finds compassion and holiness without limit, and that she loves him, that she wishes to live for him, because in serving him she shall be delivered from evil. Faith, in the language of the Gospel, never means belief; but confidence, the giving our soul to God and to his Son; it is Love, as the Lord himself says.

How can the love which keeps the sinner at the feet of Christ procure for her the most precious gifts salvation and pardon? Nothing will appear more simple, my brethren, if you know in what these gifts consist. Jesus saves her from the consequences of sin. These consequences are, first, the pain and suffering which she would have merited in this life and in the other. He who has created mind and matter has organized the world in such a way that moral transgres-

sion is always followed by pain as a chastisement, as a warning to prevent us from becoming dead in sin. As soon as the guilty one reforms, that suffering has no longer a right to remain. But it would not be enough for the sinner to know that her punishment has been remitted; there is another consequence of sin from which she suffers more cruelly. The calm of a good conscience, peace, serenity, must be restored to her; she must be able to respect herself. Go, said the Lord to her, thy sins are forgiven; that is to say, I, the holy, I consider thee as washed from all stain; and, since thou hast renounced evil, thou art as pure in my eyes as the angels of my Father. Go; thou art a sinner no longer. I deliver thee from thyself. I take possession of thy soul. I put my holiness in the place of thy sins, and it is I whom I love in thee. Go; thy whole being belongs to me; thou must respect thyself, love thyself as thou lovest me. Thou art henceforth the vase into which I pour my spirit, like a celestial perfume. Go, my daughter; go in peace. Do you think that the sinner will not really go in peace? That would be to lose her faith in the Saviour's holiness. To doubt herself would be to doubt her Master. That would be saying that her conscience is more serene, more divine than his. Or rather, could the sinner think, that Jesus, it is true, pardons her because he is good; but that God, being a jealous God, probably requires another expiation than a broken heart? That would be pretending that God loves less, that he is less perfect than his Son. No; as soon as she refuses to believe in pardon, she accuses her Master of remissness, or she blasphemes the Creator. Despair is now a crime.

But if anguish has disappeared, has not sin remained? Who assures us that she has definitely broken the yoke? When she is with the Lord, is it not so? We should have taken great care how we dismissed her, to send her back into the world in the midst of temptations. We should have surrounded her and borne her off, watched over her night and

day, shut her up in a cell, that she might there do penance. Ah! my brethren, that proves how little we understand salvation by faith. If the sinner is not sincere, your pharisaical precautions will teach her mechanically the practice of honesty; but you will not transform her. If, on the contrary, she really loves the Saviour, fear nothing; no temptation would be able to conquer her love. Are you not aware that even a human affection, when it is sincere, produces marvellous changes in the most corrupted beings; and the tender confidence of that woman in the Holy of holies, would it not communicate to her a strength entirely new? Has not Christ taken possession of her soul? Has he not committed it to her as a precious charge? And do you imagine that she would be able to become again the plaything of vice and of the vicious? In declaring her pure, the Lord has really purified her. In accepting her love, he has now taken the command of her which sin but lately held. In declaring forgiveness to her, he has regenerated her. And verily I say to you that she will persevere in the right path. According to the tradition of the Church, the sinner is that Mary Magdalene who remained standing at the foot of the cross wishing to serve the Saviour when the whole world was abandoning him. And whilst the apostles, stupefied with having seen him by whom they were expecting the political restoration of Israel die upon the gallows, anxiously ask of each other whether they can still believe in their Master, she who had been the sinner does not hesitate. It matters not to her whether Jesus is or is not the Jewish Messiah. She is not going to search the books of the prophets in order to compel from them predictions applicable to his bloody death. She knows that that death is an act of love, like the whole life of Jesus. Her mind sees no difficulty there. Hardly is he taken from the cross, when she prepares a second time spices and ointments to testify to the cherished dead her unshaken affection, notwithstanding the ignominy of the punishment. Very early in the morning she is al-

ready at the sepulchre. But finding it empty, she weeps, for they have taken away her Lord, and she knows not where they have laid him. She speaks to the passers-by: "If you have taken him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away." Her tears prevent her from recognizing him to whom she speaks; when he, moved by so much affection, calls her by name, "Mary," and she answers, with a cry of love, "Rabboni, my Master!"

You have just seen how a soul, incapable in itself of escaping from the abyss, has been justified and regenerated by simple contact with the person of the Lord. Now, the repentance of the sinner, which would have driven her to despair had she been left to herself alone, has been changed into joy and strength as soon as Jesus has comforted her. Above all, peace was necessary to her; and she could find it only in trustingly laying hold of the Lord's hand.

Ah, my brethren, permit me to ask, Are you at peace with yourselves? No question could be presented of more importance (for I repeat it and you repeat it with me) that virtue is possible only to him whose conscience is at rest. To be strong, it is necessary to know one's self strong. Are you at peace with yourself? Some among you, I fear, put that question but little; and it might be concluded from this that their peace was profound, since those are generally well indeed who are ignorant in what their health consists. Yet the dead are equally ignorant. If your conscience leaves you in peace, is it, perchance, that you have stifled your conscience? Then I should have nothing to say to you; it is not to you that the Gospel would address itself; you would be perfectly able to do without it. But no, your conscience is not dead; it only sleeps; let it be aroused, and you will feel uneasiness. For many years you have found in gain an eager pleasure, which at the same time has soothed and excited you. For many years you have thought of God only because God has a Church here below, and because that Church is a rich neighbor, with whom it is important to live harmoniously.

For many years you have not once balanced your soul's account, to be aware of all the good instincts that you have lost, — frugality, liberality, gentleness, benevolence; and, like a merchant who, fearing to prove the imminent danger of a failure, never casts his accounts, you persuade yourself that your moral condition leaves nothing to desire. But your security will suddenly vanish. Perhaps you will lose in one moment all your riches, however wise may be your precautions and well established your credit. Perhaps the children for whom you amass will perish before your eyes, one after the other. And, at all events, the hour of your death will soon sound. Then you will be conscious of a horrible void. The waters of bitterness will surround you on all sides, mounting higher and higher to ingulf you; for it is an overwhelming weight, a life like yours. Are you very sure that in that crowning moment you will perceive the Saviour, that you will be able to throw yourself at his feet, and give yourself to him without reserve? Are you very sure that he will yet find time to make those words of consolation resound even through your death-struggle, "Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee"? Are you very sure of this?

And you, my brethren, who are not absorbed to the same degree by the cares of the world, — you who silence from time to time the voice of your conscience, and do not pretend to be what you ought to be, — you who know what dissatisfaction, bitterness, and remorse are, — do not wait until the last moment to be at peace with yourself and with your God. Is it not true that you pass your whole life in vainly seeking an equipoise; now presumptuous, now discouraged, now frivolous, then morose, but always powerless and always deprived of that joy which is like health to the soul? Is it not true that at times you detest yourself? It is because you are in reality detestable. Do not cry out as if I were doing you wrong. Tell me, rather, would you consent to show yourself to a friend just as you are at each moment of your existence, — to let him see your inmost thoughts, your most hidden inclina-

tions? Would you not be afraid of his affection becoming strangely cold, and of inspiring him with a sort of disgust? Would you desire that your son, your daughter, should resemble you in everything? No, I tell you that you hope your child will be more worthy, and it is in that hope that you cherish him; for you would love but little another like yourself. You are ashamed of your "*Me*." And yet you make it the centre of your activity; you bind everything to it; you have no other occupation than to satisfy its contemptible vanities, or its brutal instincts. Believe me, renounce this absurd game of serving a master whom you despise. Place your affections out of yourself, in a perfect Being whom you can adore without fear of debasing yourself in your own eyes. I tell you, place your affections in God; but God! — no one has ever known him, and we should no more be able to love God intensely than to love virtue, or infinity, or eternity, or any other abstract idea. Now, to deliver us from ourselves a passion is necessary for us. Love then Jesus! Do not disturb yourself with any theological difficulty; do not allow yourself to dwell upon dogmas and formulas; go directly to the Saviour himself, to his history, to his words. Do not imagine that your affection for him must contain something supernatural, mysterious, factitious. Love him simply with all your heart; give him the first place in your thoughts; make him your intimate friend, — as intimate as your conscience, — and you will find peace and happiness, and virtue will become easy, for you will be able to say, with the Apostle, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

MY ANTIPATHY.

VICE from my heart I abhor, yet feel I a double abhorrence,
Doomed as I am now to hear virtue on every one's lips.
"How! hate virtue!" say you. — I would we practised it all, and
So, God willing, might hear nobody talk of it more.

SCHILLER.

A VERY COMMON STORY.

THE snow falls thick and fast. Every crevice and cranny is filled up with it; and still it comes down, softly and constantly, like all every-day bounties from the watchful Giver.

Mrs. Leslie looks out of the window with the pleasurable emotion that contrast gives, and anon at the warm ruddy lights shimmering and shifting about the room. The sparkling Cannel is joyfully reflected from the red worsted drapery and the Turkey carpet. The pier-glass renews the picture of comfort, plenty, and the luxury of warmth and protection. Over her mantel stands a photograph of Palmer's Faith, the gift of a loving friend; and the artist's Morning and Evening Star beam from conscious faces of immortal infancy on either side. Tea has long been over, and the girls have both gone to the Sewing-Circle. A thought, never long absent, of husband and son comes with pleasant pain to her; they will both be home soon. Indeed, it is time now for the train.

It is Mrs. Leslie's habit to recall at twilight — not the day's doings particularly, "nor the morrow's next design." But she has a habit of recalling, with some energy, as if she were dealing with a perverse child, her own manifold blessings and comforts.

So now, after several turns up and down the room, saying to herself, "Heart, why are you not happy? why are you not thankful? why, above all, must I, Conscience, forever be taking you to task for forgetfulness and indifference?" She stopped short in dismay. "It must be that I do not love God at all, — at least nothing that deserves the name of love! Here I am running off constantly on Pet and Lily, and wondering why *he* and Ralph don't come! There is no need to direct my thoughts to them! There is no need to tell a wife to love her husband, or a mother her child. But — God be merciful to me! — I must be honest with myself, and with Him at least; do I love Him at all?" The thought being put into shape, she recoiled from it.

Her heart would not allow its truth, whatever her intellect might accuse her of.

Mrs. Leslie was only a woman, and not a bit of a philosopher. She walked up and down, more and more rapidly, and said, as if she were repeating something from the Catechism, "With all the heart and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"They say, trying to do rightly helps us to believe rightly; — maybe the religious affections will grow more if I try to enlarge my social ones. I dare say I am too much of a home-body. And then there is the Sewing-Circle. I might go to it with the girls; but I do hate sewing! And besides, it seems to me so much more to the purpose to give directly to poor people, instead of this roundabout way of sewing for a box, and having a committee of investigation, and a ministry at large. Why, the salary alone of the last would relieve — how many?"

The door opened, and Biddy appeared.

"Mam!" in a most unmusical bass tone.

"What is it, Biddy?"

"A poor man to see the misthress, Mam!"

"Very well. I will come out directly."

She was relieved to be taken out of speculation into active and practical life. When she reached the kitchen, a poor-looking man sat shivering over the fire, as well he might, being clad so shabbily that the cold had nothing to do but to enter in. It was also going out in the shape of a hoarse cough. Altogether the man was a pitiable spectacle. Mrs. Leslie looked first sharply at the ragged clothes; as for the cough, she heard that for herself. But she never did things by halves. She was not the person to say, "Be ye warmed and comforted," without suiting the action to the word. So, first going to war with Biddy, she directed the remains of the dinner to be placed before the poor wretch, and some potatoes to be heated for him; all which proceedings had the natural result of disarranging Biddy's preconcerted break-

fast plan, and adding to her day's fatigue. Biddy, of course, took it out in burning the potatoes, and suspecting the rags and cold of the famished intruder.

While the man ate and drank, and rubbed his hands cheerily over the blazing coals, Mrs. Leslie went up stairs to the great chest, and selected a warm gone-by garment which she had herself wadded and lined for such an emergency. A pair of thick, warm stockings, also knitted by her own nimble fingers between daylights and darks, and a knitted woollen comforter, one of a dozen. These comforts she carried down stairs with a beating heart, — beating partly with compassion and partly with pleasure. It was a very great pleasure for Mrs. Leslie to bestow. So it is to most people. Even Becky Sharp said, "If I had ten thousand a year, would n't I give flannels to poor folks!"

Mrs. Leslie did not go without an extra head-dress, or dress of any sort, to obtain the means of relief for distressed fellow-creatures. She got all the dresses she wanted, and all the ribbons and head-gear that her fancy suggested. She made no sacrifices. Her impulses were to give, and to give pleasure to others and herself. To others, by relieving suffering; to herself by the enjoyment of feeling herself to be the source of that relief, and in reading grateful delight in the sufferer's eyes. Very much of the last. In fact, that was one reason she would not subscribe to the Provident Association. It removed from her what she considered and felt was her rightful reward. Only yesterday a cleanly, well-dressed woman had come to see her, and to thank her for the timely relief of three months back, which had been the means of giving her employment, and subsequent comfort.

"And I am to thank you for it all," she had said; and Mrs. Leslie had felt a little foolish, and as if it were like a scene in a novel; but nevertheless it had been very pleasant, and confirmed her in what she had often said and thought, that we could not and ought not to shift our duties to any association. It was our duty to examine personally into

cases of distress, and relieve them with our own hands. It brought the different classes together, and cemented the bonds of sympathy and humanity. She did not always know what she meant by all that she said, but it seemed to her wrong in the same way as to have one's praying done up by somebody else. "We might go to church," she said, "and support religious institutions; but unless we made religion a personal experience, it did us no good. And so of charity: poor people who are relieved by machinery lose a vast deal which would be felt on both sides, if there were personal applications and interest."

Long before Mrs. Leslie had reached the kitchen-door, these thoughts struck her with their usual force and clearness. She had forgotten that most of the cases which she alluded to had presented *themselves*. That she rarely, almost never, went herself to look up cases of destitution. In fact, one of the very disagreeable concomitants of poverty, namely, ill-smells, had prevented her, after one or two trials, from personally investigating cases of suffering. After she had once been nearly stifled in a cellar where the sick family could not afford to open the little casements for fresh air, because with the air came the cold, and when the cold came, they had so little wood to defend themselves against it, — after that, Mrs. Leslie shrunk from personal investigations, especially since poor people enough came to her. Of course, she meant to go, and did go occasionally, to look after results. But sometimes the people went away, and sometimes they came back, like the woman of yesterday, with thanks and blessings.

"Here are some things for you, to make you a little warmer," said she, with a cordial and smiling face, that was warmth in itself. The poor man took them with profuse thanks, and then told his little story.

His wife was feeble, and near her confinement. He could scarcely get enough for his labor to keep her and the children in the barest necessaries of life. In the spring he hoped it

would be better. His wife was delicate and ailing, and though she did her best to keep up, he knew she needed a great many things which he could not procure for her. If Mrs. Leslie would give him a little camphor, that was a great relief to his wife in her faint turns.

Mrs. Leslie's woman's heart was all alive with sympathy. She liked the man's face too. It had an honest clearness in it, and he was so modest about asking when he needed so much. She told him cheerfully to come in the morning, and she would perhaps be able to find something for his wife and the new-comer. The new-comer, she determined, should not find this world full of bitterness and harshness. If Mrs. Leslie could have had her will, all should lie on rose-leaves. She forgot that the few who do, fret now that "they get doubled under them."

With the last blessings of the beggar sounding in her ears, and shutting them to Biddy's fretful and unreasonable remark, of "Arrah then! the *tonguey* villain can get more out of the misthress in two minutes than me honest wages comes to for a moonth!" Mrs. Leslie went back to her quiet parlor, her bright fire, and the shadows on the wall.

She walked up and down once more, but the old speculations had been shaken off the wonted track. In the morning she would pack a champagne-basket full of comforts for the poor woman, — clothes and changes of clothes. How much poor sick women must suffer for the want of abundant changes of garments! Yes, bed linen, and body linen, — and, above all, comfortable and numerous articles for the baby! And they should n't be old baby-clothes, such as poor people could do nothing with, — tarnished and half-worn embroidery and nonsensical old wrappers! The woman should have a good wrapper of her own, of proper cloth; and the baby, — she would herself make a dozen calico slips for it, of the right shape!

In the midst of her cogitations there came loud thumps on the piazza, kicks, and a boisterous ring at the bell. In a

minute more, Mr. Leslie and Ralph, with a great amount of snowy air and a general breeze of freshness and worldliness came into the still and dreamy parlor. The train had run off the track in the heavy snow, — they had been detained an hour, — everything had been done that could be done, — they had eaten heartily at Framingham, and were full of good humor and fatigue.

Scarcely had they got themselves settled and in readiness to hear the home experiences of the last two days, when a feminine ring, unlike as possible to the last, ushered in the two daughters, covered two inches deep with the snow. Bridget took storm-cloaks and snow-boots with an amiable readiness and hearty good-will that showed she was not all vinegar, and the two girls came in as comfortable and nice as two nuts that have had their shells removed.

"Well, Pet, — and Lily! pretty bad storm for you to be out in! Where did you meet to-night?" said Mr. Leslie.

He was one of those men who have "no nonsense about them," — not a bit afraid of snow for himself or his daughters, as their glowing cheeks and beaming eyes testified. So when they said the meeting was at Mr. Safford's, and that one of the sons came home with them, Mr. Leslie only said 't was a long walk, — as it was, being over a mile.

"But, as you say, girls, you are neither sugar nor salt. And this air, — why, it 's like champagne! How glad I was to get out of the cars into the open air, if it was full of snow!"

"Did you get on well with your work?" said Mrs. Leslie, cursorily, for she did n't care much about it, and was thinking about the baby-clothes.

"Pretty well, mother, — very well. The chest is nearly full, and the things that were lent to the sick people, you know, are returned. They have been very carefully used, too, and it gives them such an idea of what is really comfortable and necessary, that two or three have laid by, as they call it, for sickness."

"That is, you know, mother," said Lily, "they put by

their under-clothes, before they are entirely worn out, so that, if any one of the family should be sick, there would be changes for them!"

"O yes, — I see," answered Mrs. Leslie; "but poor people can't be expected to do that! its absurd to look for forethought in the lower classes."

"But," Pet said, "two or three have, and every little helps. What do you think Mrs. Safford said she did, mother, the other day?"

"O, something good; what was it?"

"Well, it was something I don't think I could do; that is, I should n't want to. And she did n't want to, I suppose," said Lily.

"But she did it," said Pet, with great animation, "for an example to them!"

"Yes, — and partly because she had no servant," said Lily, reflectively; "but I don't suppose Biddy would do it any way —"

"Why, what was it, Pet?" said Mr. Leslie.

"It was this, father. But first, you know how refined and lady-like Mrs. Safford is! and she was never brought up to coarse labor of any sort; and even now, though they are in reduced circumstances, they have the habits of gentlewomen, and are able to afford to hire all their hard work done."

"Keep a little more to the point, witness!" said Mr. Leslie, laughing; "what is it that these refined people have done? put their own hands into the dish-water, or what wonderful descent have they made into unrefined regions?"

"Let me tell, Pet," said the more comprehensive Lily. "Mrs. Safford was telling us of her visits among some poor Irishwomen in Pleasant Street, and she said, among others, she went into a room where she had been told there was great destitution. She had five dollars of 'the fund,' to expend wherever she should see fit; and at first, it did seem, she said, as if the family needed everything. However, she said, she talked on *with* the woman, not *down* upon her; and

sympathized with her, and trotted the children. Mrs. Safford was made to go about visiting the poor, — she is a real comfort and encouragement to them! Well, by and by, she saw in a crevice which shut out the wind (for the room was shabbily built and full of great cracks) some sort of garment doubled up, and found, on disinterring it, that it was a stocking. Then, with her umbrella-stick, she walked round the room and dug out the material with which the various crevices and hiding-places under the beds and in the closet-corners, were filled. They made a pile a foot and a half high!. Now I come to the good of my story!"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Leslie; "but what else could they do, to fill up the cracks? I suppose they never thought of calking them!"

"No, mother! but the good of it is, that Mrs. Safford did n't spend her breath in preaching or reproaches. She rolled the old rags all up together in a bundle, — not a very savory one, as you may think, — and said cheerfully to the poor woman, 'I shall come again to-morrow, and bring you something!' Then she went home, and, like two good angels, she and Lucy washed every rag nicely, ironed and darned them neatly, and returned to the house with a large basketful of good, wearable clothing! Mrs. Safford said, we should have seen the woman, as she took out one pair of children's stockings and aprons after another, and the little calico gowns she had sewed up the rips in, and the rags she had made into decent holders! No sermon, no talking, could ever be half so eloquent as the facts, — the basketful of neat, well-mended facts before her. She said, the woman was perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration. And when Mrs. Safford said to her, 'I cannot consider you an object of charity, but, on the contrary, that you are very well off for clothes,' the woman cried out, 'O, if I could sew and mend so like the angels as that!' and Mrs. Safford told her she would teach her and the children, if they would come to the sewing-school, and that she must always bring her own clothes to work on, only they must be clean!"

"Mrs. Safford is head committee-woman, is n't she?" said Mr. Leslie, when they had all admired the genuine philanthropy which had dictated Mrs. Safford's actions.

"She is general adviser, too. Yes, sir, she is one of the visiting committee. She has so much hearty sympathy with the poor, and says the best way we can help them is to teach them how to help themselves, and that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that there is more morality in fresh air and good water than we think. Sometimes it does seem to me, that everybody would be good and happy, if they were only forbidden by law to live in cellars! finally, I would have a law against cellars at all!" exclaimed the excited Lily.

"Better make a law against all evil and sin and sorrow, Lily," said her father.

"But that would be impossible. There must be sorrow, and I suppose there must be sin. But there is sorrow enough for everybody without rich people's adding to it, by letting these dreadful cellars to tenants! Everybody ought to be allowed fresh air!"

"Law follows public opinion, — it does n't make it," said Mr. Leslie. "When the public is sufficiently wakened to the close connection between purity of body and mind, and the contrary, then 'model lodging-houses' will be the rule instead of the exception, and the avaricious man who now lets wretched lodgings at extravagant rates, without any of the comforts or decencies of life, will be ashamed to face the public scorn of his actions."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Leslie, "the tenants themselves injure and ruin the houses. I knew of one house where the pig was really kept in the family room!"

"Of course," answered her husband; "but what ought we to expect from foreigners, who are in the habit of living in houses or cabins with earthen floors, like the Irish, or as the German peasants do, with the house divided in two, and the cattle in one half, — where the one door of the house lets in pig and chicken, and where the stable odors mingle with the

sour-krout and onions! They bring their national customs with them; but our place should not be to despise, but inform them. And it is really very easy to raise their standard. At Syracuse, Mr. W. showed me a row of neat cottages, owned by himself, and built as an experiment. He let these houses, all — mark me — built with every necessary convenience and comfort, with neat door-yards to each, at a small rent; with the understanding that, at the year's end, such of the tenants as had fulfilled the conditions of care and cleanliness should be allowed to renew the lease, at, I think, double the first price, if they chose. If the conditions had not been fulfilled, of course, they were not to have another opportunity. He said that the second year, and every year, (it had been three or four,) the leases had been renewed, and the houses were as neatly kept as American or English houses were, — even more nicely than those of the Scotch or Germans of a higher grade. They were ambitious to keep everything as neat as they found it, and readily appreciated their superiority to the old fashion of dirt and confusion."

"Yes, Mr. Ware says every woman has her mission in this country now, — that she need not go to Burmah or Batavia. The work is nigh us, even to our doors." Pet was sixteen and very meditative, as girls often are at sixteen. Also very enthusiastically charitable, and enchanted with the recent organization of merciful endeavor, in the shape of the Provident Association. So was Lily, whose real name was Mary-Anne, as Pet's was Martha. So was Ralph, who rarely spoke about that or anything, and so was Mr. Leslie, who was an active mover and upholder of all healthy reforms. All but Mrs. Leslie, and she had her own views, as we have seen, very sincerely held, and with that tenacity often seen in the gentlest natures.

"Was Mr. Safford with you all the evening?"

"Yes, mother. He is the most entertaining man! Give me a minister at large, for all that is interesting as a talker! I have only to say, 'Now, Mr. Safford! what about the poor?'

and off he sets, with the greatest amount of anecdote, of real life-sketches, so much better than any made-up thing, and so well colored with real flesh-and-blood humanity! And then he is so patient withal, and so humorous, and takes such large views of things! and don't blame the poor for deception and vice, as if all the virtues could be expected to flourish in attics and cellars, and everybody was going to be a martyr to principle! When he tells some abominable story, or, I should say, some story of abominable or ridiculous ingratitude and folly, and we all make long, shocked faces, he only says, 'Let the comfortable and rich, who are without sin, cast the first stone'!"

"I heard a good story to-day," said Ralph, breaking silence for the first time.

"O, tell it!" said all.

"It was one of Mr. W.'s experiences at L. He had been led to suppose there was a case of extreme destitution in his neighborhood, and as he is, you know, the minister at large, it became his duty to investigate it, and — to relieve it. He had been told of the distressingly sickly, pale family, disabled and wretched, and without the smallest of common comforts. It seemed that they had moved into L. with the hope of getting employment; and, failing to do so, had parted with everything comfortable for food, and were now reduced to the lowest distress. He said no one could hear the particulars without compassion and hastening to relieve them, and that several persons had already sent them food. But still they needed fire, light, clothes, and materials for living decently. He saw that at a glance, as he looked about the dismantled room, and at the almost empty and cold chimney; where two or three ragged and pale children were huddled together, while two men and three women stood and lay about, and all looked sickly and wretched. The impulse to put his hand in his pocket, however strong, he undoubtedly resisted; indeed, I believe he never gives money, but sends such articles of food or clothing as are suitable. If it had

been me, visiting, I should have considered my investigations ended. The case spoke for itself of want and misery. Not so, however, with our intelligent and not-to-be-taken-in missionary. He looked about the room; remarked that the house was small; — were there any other tenants? was there another room? how about the cellar, — was it a dry, comfortable one? Thus he pleasantly chatted, inducing one of the men to show him the cellar. Which was bare. The closets, which were ditto. The chamber overhead, very ditto. Anybody but Mr. W. would have gone away with a blush on his cheek and tears in his eyes. Not so Mr. W.

Perceiving that a ladder in the chamber was placed against a trap-door in the upper loft, he began to ascend it. The man endeavored to dissuade him. There was nothing there, he said.

"But I wish to see the size and capacity of the house," persisted Mr. W., steadily walking up the ladder, without noticing the man further. He raised the trap-door! and there, Lily! there, Pet! what saw he?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Leslie.

"A little coffin, with a dead baby in it!" said Pet, sorrowfully.

"One little, two little, three little Indians," said Mr. Leslie, who had seen the corner of Ralph's mouth.

"Don't, father! — it must have been — was it anything very dreadful, Ralph?" said Lily, with white cheeks, and eager blue eyes full of tears.

"Not very. It was wood, nicely cut and split."

"Wood, Ralph!"

"Yes, half a cord. And — and other goodies. Food and drink — and cards. They turned night into day. They were sinners all. Now you see. Was n't it a funny discovery? Mr. W. found out all about them, and had them sent off out of L."

"Why!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Good!" said Mr. Leslie; "another proof, if we needed

any, of the propriety of intrusting relief to a man experienced both in distress and craft. Shrewd common-sense, that is constantly increased by experience in a certain way, is worth a great deal. That Mr. W. is as sharp as a detective policeman, and beneficent and patient as an apostle."

"Well, I confess," said Mrs. Leslie; "I could not have got up the face to explore the house as he did! it seems so like suspecting them. I should have been afraid of hurting their feelings."

"How came he to suspect them?" said Mr. Leslie.

"I fancy," replied Ralph, "that long habit and experience have given him a sort of second-sight in these matters. There was probably a want of harmony in the destitution. An inconsistency, which he could not define or account for, but which struck him, as it does us, where people don't really feel what they say. They overdo the matter somehow. W. has an instinct at discovering imposture, — a sixth sense."

"And a very important sense in his position," said Mr. Leslie, "since every dollar that goes into the knave's pocket is so much out of the really poor man's; these were just vicious people, were they? how did Mr. W. find out about these?"

"O, where he set out, he easily discovered. A woman near by had seen lights in the night, and told him. Then the police were put on the scent, and it was easy enough detecting them. But many persons had already sent abundant relief to their supposed destitution, and Mr. W. said their faces expressed their real health and condition, which was bad enough."

"There is no reclaiming such people," said Mr. Leslie.

"O no! The only way was to get them out of town, or into prison, and the officers gave them a chance to pack off, for the sake of getting rid of them."

(*To be concluded in the next Number.*)

THE QUESTION AND THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

We are furnishing largely and rapidly the materials of history. Every sober Christian man will see to it that he is lifted above the passions of the crisis, and will be awake to the dimensions of the great questions on which he may be called to vote and to act.

The Union *as it was* is dissolved. Perhaps the dissolution is final, — perhaps not. It were vain to discuss the probabilities; but we know that schisms in church and state, where once actually ultimated, are seldom if ever healed. If the Gulf States come back into the Union, it will be one of the anomalies of history, — unless, indeed, their whole course has been a trick and a stratagem. We are not going to speculate about what will happen, but we look over the country which we ought to honor and love, to see what are the elements of its future, and what are its claims upon the loyalty of its children.

The London Times, the great oracle of British periodical wisdom, speculates in this way about our condition and prospects. It thinks that, if secession takes place, the Border States will inevitably follow the Gulf States, thus making the line of cleavage identical with that which separates slavery and freedom. And what would follow?

"It would, in fact, make the Southern Federation the real United States, as far as territory present and prospective is concerned, and reduce the North to what our ancestors would have called a 'Rump.' The people of Boston or Philadelphia might be distinguished for their ability and enterprise, but they would belong to a country with hardly a greater future than Canada. Every natural advantage would be on the side of the Slave States. Look at the map, and you will see what a narrow slip of country composes the free soil of the American federation. Only the sea-coast from the British frontier to the Delaware — a few hundred miles — belongs to it; all the rest, stretching far away down the Atlantic and along the Gulf of Mexico, is in the hands of the slave-owners. The mouth of the Mississippi is theirs; the Missouri and Arkansas, the great arteries of the extreme West, are theirs. Virginia pushes a spur of territory to within less than a hundred miles of Lake Erie, and thus divides the Atlantic Free States

from the West in a manner highly dangerous to their future union. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the connection between New York and New England on the one hand, and Illinois and the neighboring States on the other, could long survive the total separation of the South. The North would have a territory as straggling as that of Prussia, and the Western region would soon find it advantageous to dissolve its union with the Eastern. In the mean time, all the riches of the New World would be in the grasp of the Southerners. Instead of exploring the inhospitable regions in the neighborhood of the British frontier, which would be all that remained to the North, the slave-owners would carry their 'undeniable property' into lands blessed with every advantage of climate, soil, and mineral wealth. Texas has territory enough to make three or four great States. New Mexico is about to be admitted with slave institutions. Arizona will follow. Mexico must in a few years be conquered; and the Southerners, lords of the most magnificent domain in the world, would control the passage between the two oceans."

Foreigners generally exhibit an astonishing capacity for ignorance of American geography, but seldom so great as the London Times has here indicated. How is the fact, and what are the real elements of our future?

The United States, viewed according to the controlling features of physical geography and homogeneous population, fall into four grand divisions of empire.

First, we have the Southern, or Slave States. Leaving out Missouri, which has essential elements of freedom, — which is hemmed in on three sides by Free States already, and in the event of a general breaking up would find slave-property the most winged of all earthly riches, — there are fourteen Slave States lying compact, with a territory of 860,000 square miles. These form three tiers of States, whose interests are by no means identical. The lowest tier comprises "the Cotton States," all lying on the Gulf with the exception of South Carolina. They are seven in number. All the seven have seceded except Texas, and we have not a doubt she will join the others. Their interests are radically different from those of the other Slave States. Cotton is king, and controls everything. Their plan is obvious. The slave-trade to be reopened, annexation of Cuba by purchase or by piracy, more territory from Mexico, free trade, the

ambition of politicians to be gratified, — in short, a great black republic around the Gulf of Mexico, from which the advancing civilization of the century shall be barred out, — this is the programme of the Cotton States. It was concocted long ago, and only waited for occasion. They care little about Mr. Lincoln's election, about the Fugitive Slave Law, or about our Personal Liberty Bills, which affect them no more than the eclipse of Jupiter's moons.

The Gulf States have a territory of 600,000 square miles. It is a mistake to suppose that this is uniformly fertile. Florida is a poor State. South Carolina abounds in marshes and sand-barrens. But the bottom lands of the Mississippi and vast regions of Texas are of unbounded fertility, and especially adapted to cotton cultivation.

Then there is a middle tier of Slave States, in which cotton is cultivated, but where it is by no means king. Dr. Robert Breckenridge of Kentucky, in his great speech on the national Fast-Day, calls them the "Mixed States." To these belong North Carolina and Tennessee.

But more important in this great crisis are the non-cotton, or "Border States," — the northern tier that fronts the line of freedom. Their statesmen see clearly enough that it is not for their interest to be drawn into the secession vortex and be "dragged at the tail of the Cotton States." The foreign slave-trade is against their interests; they would be inferiors and dependencies upon the Cotton Republic, and their whole frontier line would lie open to all the invasions which might occur in the whirl of revolutions. If they come north, as it would seem they must, — provided reason rules instead of passion, — the line of cleavage, if we must have one, would be that which separates us from the Cotton States, following the southern line of North Carolina and Tennessee.

The "Mixed" and Border States have a territory of over 260,000 square miles, and a population of nearly five millions.* This section includes the best portion of the "sunny

* We have not included Missouri, which would make 65,000 more.

South." It holds the honored dust of some of the greatest statesmen that have adorned the annals of the country. It has over one million slaves; but it has vast regions which are not slave soil, and wonderful resources for commerce, for agriculture, and for manufactures, not yet developed. Moreover, it contains some of the truest friends of the Union, and men of as large, generous, and humane culture as are anywhere to be found. There is a state of society which, if it lacks some of the New England virtues, is also free from some of the New England vices. Probably nowhere in the world have the kindly and magnanimous virtues a more liberal growth than in the "Mixed" and Border States. If the Union party in this section should be successful, and the "Mixed" and Border States should still adhere, we cannot see how the loss of the Cotton tier would in any way imperil the national prosperity.

The *second* grand division of empire is the Northeast, comprising New England and the Free States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. It has a territory of 164,000 square miles. Its area is considerably larger than that of Great Britain, and nearly equal to that of France. The wealth, the science, the learning, the resources of skill, invention, art, and productive industry, lie here with immense preponderance, and must for a long time to come. Its "future," which the London Times deprecates, will not depend upon its extent of territory, but upon that industry which, under the clearer and more efficient direction of the brain-power, has produced results in commerce, in art, and in agriculture beyond those of any other section of the Union. The exports of New York and Massachusetts alone are a good deal more than half as much as those of all the other States combined; and their imports are equal more than three times over to those of all the rest. This section has all kinds of soil, from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the splendid wheat-fields of Genesee; and notwithstanding the comparatively dense population, not one fourth of

its agricultural resources is yet developed. The laboring classes, which South Carolina thinks are starving to death, have enough money in the savings banks of Massachusetts alone to buy off one fourth of all her slave population. If the line of cleavage should be Mason and Dixon's, — which God forbid, — thus nearly cutting the Northern States in two, still the country must turn for a long time towards the North-east, as the region of science, industrial art, and productive skill.

The *third* grand division of empire is the great Northwest, comprising the immense region between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and between the British possessions on the north, and the Ohio River and the southern line of Kansas on the south. Commencing with the table-land that separates the waters that set towards the pole from the waters that set towards the Gulf, it slopes southward, through twelve degrees of latitude, over beds of coal and along noble rivers. It has an area of more than a million square miles. It would take in England twenty times over, and have considerable margin to spare. It is five times as large as France. Leaving out Russia, it is nearly as large as the whole of Europe beside. Never shone the sun on a fairer region. It is destined to become the garden of the world. With the exception of a northern strip, and other localities of comparatively small extent, it is a vast rolling prairie or spreading forest, in which the subsiding waters left the richest deposits, and where the growing and decaying vegetation of unknown centuries has formed its accumulating mould. The traveller journeys day after day, and still the fertile plains spread round him like an ocean, with their deep, dark alluvium, which no culture can exhaust; or perhaps the forests, which have kept and enriched the virgin soil for the coming man. The northern portion has a climate cold in the winter, but equable and serene, and an air so pure that Eastern consumptives go there to breathe it and take healing into their lungs. The southern portion is mild and semi-tropical. All of it

will be a region in whose climate the human physique, instead of wilting down as in the slave countries, will develop its most manly vigor. This vast realm is as safe for freedom as human foresight and power can make it. Already eight Free States have been formed here, and their aggregate population cannot be much less than seven millions. And it is increasing with unparalleled rapidity.

This is to be the grain country both of Old England and New. Already Iowa, Illinois, and the southern half of Wisconsin, are turning their great prairies into wheat-fields. Does anybody imagine that this vast empire is to be hemmed in and cooped up from the rest of the world? Chicago, its main port, has sprung up almost in a day, and is destined to be the London of the Northwest. On the line of the Lakes, the Northwest will find its way to the ocean.* On the great trunks of railway it finds its way now to our Eastern ports; on the Mississippi it will find its way to the Gulf, spite of any batteries which Secession Governors may please to plant on the banks of the stream. Moreover, the men who are filling up this great region are equal to the destiny which they are to accomplish. No one who has ever been among them will imagine that they are to fall into such imbecile strifes as distract the Mexican and South American States. They illustrate signally the influence of climate and surroundings in developing and shaping the proportions of manhood; the plastic power, not only of man over the earth, but of the earth over man. They have the Saxon instinct, not only of conquering, but of organizing and conserving. They are loyal to the Constitution and the laws. The writer of this witnessed the trial of a man charged with the forcible rescue of a fugitive slave. It was in their chief city and during a hot political contest, and before a jury most of whom were in full sym-

* A ship-canal is already projected for the purpose of connecting the upper lakes and Lake Michigan with Lake Ontario, avoiding the great falls. Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario bend to within a hundred miles of each other, and this neck being crossed, the great object would be accomplished.

pathy with the prisoner. While the waves of excitement were surging around the court-house, the jury sat grave and impassive as so many stone coffins, and gave in their verdict "according to the law and the evidence," prompt and square against the prisoner.

Such is the great Northwest, and such the men who will occupy it.

The *fourth* division of empire is the Pacific slope. It comprises 900,000 square miles, and would be in itself an empire. The whole of this region is already consecrated to freedom, or is very likely to be. California, the southern sea-board State, is not more rich in its gold than its immense agricultural resources. Oregon has every description of soil and surface as the slope descends, terrace below terrace, to the western coast. Its natural resources are vast and indefinable. Its rough mountain spurs open down into glades of great fertility and picturesque beauty, fanned by the Pacific breezes and with a climate wonderfully healthful and serene. Not long since we heard an intelligent old gentleman describe it, who left his rich prairie farm in Iowa for the luxury of breathing in the glades of Oregon. If this Union is to be broken up, the Pacific slope will naturally form a government of its own, and slavery will not be likely to scale the Rocky Mountains to get possession of this empire of the setting sun.

And this is what we call "our country." Did any people ever have committed to them an inheritance like this? Was there ever madness and folly like that which would dismember it or cast it miserably away?

No one can fail to see that these four great sections are essential to each other, not merely for the ends of trade and commerce, but for the ends of art, culture, manners, religion, — for all that tends to humanize and to bless mankind. With the increasing means of intercommunication which have already brought the East and West close together, and presently would bring the Pacific and Atlantic slopes within a few days' distance of each other, these sections would as-

similate more and more rapidly, and act each upon the other with growing beneficence. United under one government, the inter-diffusion of the influences of art, science, industry, civilization, and religion would go on with rapid increase. But if they become foreign nations to each other, even though at peace, it is plain that these influences must suffer grievous interruption and isolation.

But they would not be at peace. If the line of cleavage should be the line between freedom and slavery, it would cut the Free States nearly in two, and break the Union into as many as four nationalities. It is not to be denied, that the slave interest would be the greatest sufferer. The line of freedom being brought close to slavery, with all obligation to "deliver up" fugitives taken away, the Border States would be subject to insurrections and loss of self-locomotive property along the whole frontier. The occasions of border strifes and feuds and a thousand vexing questions of diplomacy, and consequently for fratricidal bloodshed and hate, would be tempting enough. The Border States would gravitate inevitably towards the Cotton Republic, to consolidate the slave power and get protection in its despotism.

Not only so: the United States, instead of being a first-class power to protect commerce upon the seas, to diffuse the arts of peace, to make American citizenship a prerogative to be respected at the ends of the earth, would sink into fragments of empire, and for a time lose its prestige among the nations.

Better so, however, we say, than degrading compromise. Better four nationalities — three of them free and flanking slavery along two thousand miles of its frontier — than one great oligarchy held together to extend property in man. The free republics would have each an ample domain, and a glorious future within its grasp, — would have all the vigor of youth and the elastic strength which freedom gives; they would hold the destinies of the continent in their power. The free communities would have no cause for collision, but every reason for amicable relations, and they

would have with them the moral sentiment of the civilized world. It would be strange if they did not emerge from the revolution more successfully than the slave section, and recover again, with a purer fame, their prestige among the nations of the earth. Better cleave to Divine principles, then, and trust to God, than barter them for a hollow and ignominious peace.

There is still a question which any humane mind will ask itself: What, on the whole, would be the effect of breaking up the Union on the condition of the African race, with Mason and Dixon's line as the line of cleavage? Two results would seem to be sure. The States, no longer one nation, would have surrendered all control over the slave trade. The new Cotton confederacy could bring its proposed "three millions of cannibals" from Africa, and spread them around the Gulf. Then again, a new sense of insecurity in the Border States would beget new measures of internal police, and the slave system would there press down with greater harshness upon its victims. Or if, in the crumbling of empire, or in sectional collisions, there should also be servile war, no reasonable mind will doubt that its worst miseries would ultimately fall upon the negro, and fall with terrible severity. For these reasons, we are satisfied that the African race has nothing to gain by breaking up the Union, but worse calamities to fear.

These are the views from which we would vote and act. Come what will, we could not vote to nationalize slavery, or send it into territories now free. But unless we "filibuster" anew, the territorial question is shrinking into small dimensions, and will very soon disappear from our politics. To the Border States it must be of very inferior consequence, and it is difficult to see what they can gain by its agitation. This question disposed of, and the Fugitive Slave Act divested of its insulting and revolting features, — matters which we hope there is statesmanship enough in the country to settle wisely and well, — what is to hinder the four great sections

from helping and blessing each other, and forming an organism whose railways, electric wires, and majestic water-courses shall be the veins and arteries of one national life? Nothing but the madness of the hour. The loss of the Gulf States, whose ends were different from those of all the rest, would be of no permanent disadvantage, but would withdraw one element of corruption from our politics, and an element of distraction and weakness from our national Union. With "internal tranquillity" under the stars and stripes, we shall emerge rapidly out of our remaining barbarism.

It appears from our survey, that, while 900,000 square miles of our national area are given up to slavery, over 2,000,000 are safe for freedom. It appears, moreover, that while slavery has large spaces of immense fertility to expand in, the best and fairest and most healthful regions belong to freedom. We cannot take the impression too deeply into our minds, that the question of freedom and slavery is not an issue which a few Abolitionists have forced upon us, and which politicians can keep down. It is the question of the new age coming on by steady steps, — the emergence of the toiling masses into light and privilege. It has been coming on for more than a century, and political arrangements will not stay it, though they may turn it for a while out of its peaceful course. It reaches the serfs of Russia, the subjects of Austria, the working classes of England, the slaves of the West Indies, and it undermines the rotten throne of the Pope. Union or no Union, we shall not shut out this question, or very greatly accelerate or retard it. If the friends of freedom here are wise and faithful too, the law of population and the laws of Providence will work with them. Slavery will be modified, or retire towards the Gulf, — as it is doing now in two of the Border States, — much more surely under the peaceful banner of the Union than in the chances of strife and blood; and the day of light and privilege will come to the bondman, not in the wreck of empire, but will come like the spring-time that "melts the winter's gyves with gentle might."

RANDOM READINGS.

CANADA.

LET us not forget, in these times, our neighbor who lies up farther towards the north star, and whom we are apt to leave out of the account when we speak of the Free North as the controlling power of the American continent. The last London Quarterly has an exceedingly valuable article upon Canada, and, if all its statements are to be received, those persons must modify their views considerably who have regarded it as a poor country and without any future. The writer makes it one of the first countries in the western hemisphere, and even thinks it compares favorably with the best of the American States,— particularly Canada West. The increase of population in the United States, for the ten years previous to 1850, was thirty-five per cent. In Canada West it was one hundred and four per cent! "It is most striking to one who has never witnessed such prodigality of nature, to see whole districts of many miles square composed of alluvial deposits from thirty to eighty feet deep of soil so rich in some places as to bear good crops of wheat for several successive years without manure." Near Toronto one hundred bushels of wheat have been raised on a single acre! Even the London Quarterly must not expect us to swallow that without considerable hesitation. We will readily believe, however, that the average produce is sixteen bushels to the acre, and in some townships, where good farming prevails, thirty and forty. Moreover, there is no malaria or fever and ague in Canada; and it has now a free government, its lower house being the chosen representatives of the people. The West province has nearly a million inhabitants, the lower province nearly as many more. They are increasing, not only in numbers, but in thrift and enterprise; they are coming into close alliance with the great Northwest, and must become one of the important powers of North America. God speed them as one of the forces of freedom and of a benign Christian civilization! What if they should drop off some day from Great Britain as ripe fruit? or what if, spite of our efforts, the earth should open some day along Mason and Dixon's line, and there should be a Northern federation, including

Canada, with a thousand miles of Atlantic coast, and magnificent navigable lakes along its whole interior, with the noble St. Lawrence bearing their waters to the sea! Nature never laid out a more splendid plan for flourishing commercial empire, not even in the Mediterranean, and the states that clustered around its waters in the day of their palmiest prosperity and glory.

S.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

THE children have just had their holiday on this, one of our most appropriate national anniversaries. Did they remember what made Washington great, and what was the organific of his wonderful character? It was not learning and scholarship, for any pupil of the schools of New England has within his reach as finished an education as his. It was not quickness of intellect, for his mind moved slowly to its conclusions, and a thousand small politicians of to-day could reason more rapidly and more subtilely than he. It was not intuition, for of this he had very little. It was not eloquence, for his words were few, and when called upon unexpectedly his speech was halting and slow. But one virtue he had in ampler measure than almost any man that ever lived, and that was PERFECT FIDELITY TO TRUST AND PERFECT SINGLENESS OF AIM. Men saw and felt that he could no more be moved from this than the earth could be shaken from its sphere, and therefore all hearts turned thither with perfect confidence and repose. Such was his simplicity of aim, that he saw readily the same virtue in others, and drew it into his service, and dishonesty was so rebuked in the serenity of his perfect virtue, that it grew ashamed of its arts and gave them over. He had the clear, practical judgment, and when we add to this perfect fidelity to trust, we have named the prime formative elements of a character that stands pre-eminent in the modern ages, and which has ever been one of the richest legacies to the youth of America. We have had men of larger culture, more massive intellect, and more commanding eloquence; but because their aim was double, and not single, they sank immeasurably below him. Irving's Life of Washington is charming, but his best eulogy in words, and the most perfect mirror of his character, will be found in the twelve volumes of his letters; and never was there a correspondence that showed an integrity so adamantine, and a simplicity so majestic.

S.

VERSATILITY.

THE changeableness of things below has been strikingly manifest in two things, — stocks and the thermometer, — the latter more especially. In a place we know of, not more than thirty miles from Boston, it stood, on the 7th of February at sunrise, 34° *above* zero. The next morning at sunrise, it stood 23° *below* zero. A range through *fifty-seven degrees* in twenty-four hours is without precedent, we think, unless we look for it in the political world. Perhaps the state of our politics had got ultimated in nature some way, indicating the changes that perplex monarchs and presidents. S.

"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR IS THEIR POVERTY."

ONE of the measures most needed in this city at this moment is an efficient license law for restraining the sale of spirituous liquors. And yet we need a great deal besides law. Evil can be supplanted when it cannot be directly vanquished. We must put good in the place of it. When a man has nothing but his whiskey, it will be hard to persuade him to give up his all, wretched and the source of wretchedness though it may be. We commend to the reader's attention the following extract from an admirable "Plea for Ragged Schools," by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated Edinburgh preacher. It may be of some service to some who are almost ready to say that there is nothing any more to be done for a poor man or woman, when it is settled that poverty is likely to be aggravated by intemperance.

E.

I may be permitted to express my thorough conviction, that the uncared for and desperate circumstances of the poor often prove strong temptations to the waste that leads to want. They are helpless because they are hopeless. It is after they get desperate, that they get dissipated. Man thirsts for happiness; and when everything in his neglected and unpitied and unhelped sorrows is calculated to make him miserable, he seeks visions of bliss in the day-dreams of intoxication; and from the horrors that follow on excess, he flies again to the arms of the enchanter. The intoxicating cup brings, — what he never has without it, — though a passing, still a present feeling of joy and comfort. . . . . It is easy for those who walk through the world rolled in flannels and cased in good broadcloth, who sit down every day to a sumptuous, at least a comfortable dinner, who have never had to sing a hungry child to sleep, nor to pawn their Bible to buy bread,

— it is very easy for such to wonder why the poor, who should be so careful, are often so wasteful. "What have they to do with drink?" it is said; "What temptation have they to drink?" I pray them — not that I defend the thing, but detest it — but I pray them to hear the testimony of one who knew human nature well. The laird and Maggie are haggling about a fish bargain.

"'I'll gi'e them,' says Maggie, 'and — and — and half a dozen o' partans to mak' the sauce, for three shillings and a dram.'

"'Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram,' replies the Laird.

"'Aweel, your honor maun ha'e 't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram 's worth siller now, — the distilleries is no working.'

"'And I hope they 'll never work again in my time,' says Oldbuck.

"'Ay, ay, it 's easy for your honor and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, — whilk is warst ava', — wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi' 't to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?'" — *The Antiquary*.

There is a world of melancholy truth in this description.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

EDITED BY REV. DRS. RANDALL AND HUNTINGTON.

Our predecessor in the editorship of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" has resumed his editorial labors in his new field of Christian service. We do not admire the *shape* of the periodical, — it is one of the most unmanageable collection of sheets that we ever took into our hands; nevertheless, we have read all that it contains, and have been interested in much of the contents, especially, we may add, in the articles entitled "A Living Church," and "The Limits of Religious Thought," and are only tempted to ask the author of the former paper what he means by distinguishing "between the mythological drapery of doctrine and the essentials of truth"? This sounds a little like the "Essays and Reviews" which, with their American reviewers, are noticed in a paper, the spirit of which, we think, leaves very much to be desired. Does the writer of that article imagine that the hypothesis by which a day is understood to mean an indefinitely long cycle of years or ages, was purposely left out of sight by the reviewer of the "Recent Inquiries"? And is it not true that the

strict Scripturalist would treat this hypothesis as at once a dangerous and a needless concession to science?

It is a good sign that the two extremes of the Episcopal sect look with suspicion upon this new journal. It is the best possible testimony for the catholic spirit of the editors. We hope that they will maintain their independent position between the two wings of their denomination. Can there be anything plainer than that all things are working in the Church of Christ towards reconstruction under the guidance of the Spirit that leads into all truth, — a Spirit promised to our age as much as to any age? E.

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

We know of no more beautiful and striking illustration of what St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, calls "filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church," than the following poem. Our readers will be glad to have it in their own magazine. It appeared originally in Blackwood.

E.

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

[Probably most of our readers have heard of the little church of "Domine, Quo Vadis?" near Rome, and the legend connected with the spot upon which it is built. After the burning of the Imperial City, so runs the story, Nero sought to fasten upon the Christians the accusation of having caused the conflagration. Hence arose the first of those terrible persecutions, which destroyed the lives of so many of the early confessors of our holy faith. The Christian converts at Rome besought Peter not to expose his life, which appeared to them to be necessary to the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the then infant Church. After much persuasion, the Apostle consented to flee from the scene of persecution. But while hurrying along the Appian Way, and before he had gone more than a mile or two from the city gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour, crowned with thorns, and bearing his cross towards the place from which he himself had just fled. Filled with wonder at this unexpected sight, Peter exclaimed: "Domine, quo vadis?" "*Lord, whither goest thou?*" To which the Lord, directing towards him a look of mingled grief and pity, replied: "I go to Rome, to be crucified a second time." The vision then vanished; but Peter returned to the city, to suffer and die in the cause of the Master whom he had almost denied a second time. — EDS. EP. REC.]

THERE stands in the old Appian Way,
  Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and gray;
  Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name,
One reverential thought may claim.

advantage of them. We do not think his argument exhaustive. There are other views of the destiny of bad men not embraced either in restoration or endless punishment; but the works of this writer, as a treasury of learning, argument, and interpretation, let no one neglect or pass by who has an interest in these momentous themes.

S.

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: Published for the Author. — Let those persons read this who think slavery "a good thing for the colored race," and ordained to be the normal state of society. It shows the system even more effectually than Uncle Tom's Cabin, for it is a simple narrative of facts, told with a truthfulness and pathos that go straight to the heart. Especially as it bears upon woman, and in ways concealed from superficial "South-side views," this story of the slave-girl exhibits the system, we have no doubt, faithfully and truly.

Mrs. Child says in her Introduction, that, with trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are those of the narrator. It would be incredible that an uneducated slave-woman could attain to a style of narrative that flows on so direct, and sometimes beautiful, except from the well-known fact that, when the heart burns with a sense of wrong, it will find by instinct its own words, and make them alive.

S.

What we Eat: an Account of the most common Adulterations of Food and Drink. With simple Tests by which many of them may be detected. By THOMAS H. HOSKINS, M. D. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — The public generally are not probably aware of the extent of the villany by which they are imposed upon when they purchase their bread, sugar, coffee, tea, milk, spices, wines, and confectionery, and how much of poison they take in their food and drink in the shape of salts of copper, arsenic, carbonate of lead, bi-sulphuret of mercury, gamboge, chromate of potash, Prussian blue, Brunswick green, catechu, alum, indigo, sulphuric acid, Venetian red, yellow ochre, and bronze powders, to say nothing of the less poisonous additions of plaster of Paris, chalk, starch, burnt peas, beans, rye, and chicory. Nor do they know how much dyspepsia, paralysis, and death result from this slow poisoning. We hope every family will get Doctor Hoskins's book and apply his tests, and thus defeat the

knaves of their dishonest gains and save themselves. It is a small volume of 218 pages. S.

Correspondence of Fräulein Günderode and Bettine von Arnim. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This book is a translation from the German. It is the correspondence of two girls, full of dreamy inspiration and subtile genius, one of them afterwards the correspondent of Goethe. The letters abound in poetical fantasy, absurdity, dreamy aspiration, and beautiful sentiment. S.

Struggle for Life. By the Author of "Seven Stormy Sundays," "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — A thoroughly natural and healthy book we have found this simple story to be. There is no attempt at a plot; the incidents are extremely few; there are no very striking contrasts of character brought out; neither passion nor sentiment plays any strong part here. Yet we have read it through with unflagging interest to the end. The only criticism we are disposed to make is that the title might disappoint some readers; for very little either of outward or inward "struggle" is here depicted. To all who are in danger of underrating the power of a pure example in every-day life; to all who are prone to forget that the poor — and especially the Irish poor — have human sympathies and aspirations; to all who need to be reminded how much they may do for those employed in domestic service; to all, moreover, who love children and their ways, — we can heartily recommend this book as one likely to instruct or to refresh them. It is neither a religious novel, nor a moral story; and yet morals and religion are both there.

The Giants, and how to fight them. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life," &c., &c. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1861. — *The King's Highway; or, Illustrations of the Commandments.* By the same Author. — Dr. Newton is the pastor of a very large and very efficient Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, and surrounded by a strong company of Christian workers, male and female; he is preaching the Gospel of his Master, not only to adults, but also to the little children upon whom the Saviour pronounced his benediction as he folded them to his loving arms. We could give an account of his Sunday School,

which many of our readers would regard as a fiction, so marvellous would it be. Any one who will read these books will allow that Dr. Newton knows how to interest the young, and it is certainly as true of them as of their elders, that if we fail to interest them we fail altogether. Where the stories all came from, is to us a profound mystery. These volumes are a perfect *thesaurus*, a California mine in this way; and the writer's aim all the while is eminently and practically Christian. Those who are trying to interest the young in holy things will be very grateful to him for these little books. E.

Lyra Domestica. Translated from the "Psaltery and Harp" of C. J. P. SPELTA. By RICHARD MASSIE. With additional Selections by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. — Dr. Huntington has rendered a good service to all who would be truly wise and loving in commending to American readers this volume of sacred poetry, and in the additions which he has made to pages which were so rich before. His own words of introduction are animated by a very earnest and tender Christian spirit. They are neither too many nor too few, and are fitly chosen. The *Lyra Domestica* will be gladly welcomed and fondly cherished in a multitude of Christian households; it will help, under the blessing of God, to sustain many a sinking heart; it will find a place by the bed of the sufferer; and it will be a fresh illustration of the truth, that when, in the hour of our departure, the two worlds meet, the voices of men and angels blend in sweet songs which seem to belong alike to heaven and earth. E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1861, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — If any one wishes to know what our men of science and our skilful mechanics are doing, from the exploration of the heavens and the numbering of the stars to the making of ruffles with a sewing-machine, he should read this book. It will open a new world to some of us, and, if we have learned to see God in all things, it will help us to read the thoughts of God in his universe. We are glad to see that the much ridiculed Ericsson's Caloric Engine has justified itself, and gone to work successfully along with other machines, and, as Carlyle would say, "gets itself made" in machine-shops. E.

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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FAITH LIKE A GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED.

AMIDST the free and conflicting speculations of the hour, it is not uncommon to find men whose minds are filled with perplexity and doubt. So many apparently established theories have been questioned or set aside, so many things once held sacred have been assailed, that they feel as if the solid ground were shaken beneath their feet. Even if they have no positive scepticism, everything appears like confusion, instead of order. In their bewilderment, a secret misgiving chills their assent to the plainest truths. Sometimes, perhaps, they are left in a deeper darkness still, and thick clouds seem to veil all the sky, hiding sun, moon, and stars, every heavenly light, from view. The inquiries are often made, in all the varying tones of bewildered thought, or of actual doubt, — What doctrines can be accepted in unquestioning faith? What is to be believed? Where are the settled religious truths which are like the fixed laws of Nature? Where is the polar star by which the soul can safely guide its course over this ocean of mystery towards the eternal shore!

There are two methods of meeting such a mental condition. One is, to attempt to convince the mind by logical and careful arguments. The other is, to make a direct appeal to

the moral nature. One marshals the external evidences in order, to show why man should accept the truths which claim sovereignty over his whole being. The other attempts to reveal their foundation within the soul itself, and thus aims directly to unseal the springs of spiritual life. The first process is not to be undervalued; but the last, whenever it can be successful, is the most effective and complete. Does the question come from bewildered or sceptical minds, "What are we to believe amidst this confusion of theological speculation?" We might answer, Affirm anything, however simple, which seems to you to be true. Begin with the most elementary convictions of the moral nature; those convictions which must remain until reason itself shall be dethroned. Even there may be discovered a foundation sufficiently deep and broad to sustain a structure of faith which may reach to the very heavens. Jesus told his disciples that, if they had faith like a grain of mustard-seed, they could cast the mountains into the sea. As a single spark of electricity sends its fire throughout the frame, as a little column of water may be made by science to balance the greatest weight, so one grain of true and living faith may *electrify* the spiritual nature, and overbalance the whole world in its power upon the soul.

This general position finds confirmation, in the first place, in the method of Jesus himself in his teaching. There is an entire absence of all systematic statements, in the ordinary sense of those words, in his instructions. Great principles are presented miscellaneously in his conversations. His instructions are as varied as the character of the men to whom he spoke. Whenever the questions of those who sought his guidance seemed to involve the inquiry, What shall we believe? instead of answering by a comprehensive statement of faith, he enforced some great moral duty which was clear as the day, or awakened some profound moral conviction which instantly flashed like the lightning through the listener's soul. Was not this the secret reason, — that it

was his first aim to awaken some positive spiritual conviction? The indispensable necessity was to establish some firm foundation for faith; and therefore he touched any chord which, by his divine insight into character, he perceived to be ready to respond to his words. If the conscience and the heart could be awakened to a true moral sensibility, — no matter by what special appeal, — if the mind could be thoroughly aroused to spiritual inquiries, — no matter by what particular truth the result might be accomplished, — the redeeming influence would go on until every element of character should feel its power. One grain of positive faith might shoot up into a tree which would cover the whole being with its protecting and refreshing shade.

If a man ask, therefore, "What shall I believe?" we may answer, first, by the question, Do you believe anything? Begin with what you do accept. Cultivate that germ of positive faith. As there can scarcely be a moral nature which is too depraved to retain some element of generous and noble feeling, some relic of moral beauty, in the ruin of its fall, so there can scarcely be a mind which is too bewildered or too sceptical to possess some element of positive faith. It is wonderful to see how all spiritual truths are indissolubly linked together. If the mind begins with one, it can only logically end with all. It was claimed for the system of faith which once controlled the mind of New England, and which still holds so wide a sway, that, if one of its fundamental doctrines should be admitted, all the rest must follow by an irresistible demonstration. That claim is certainly true in the circle of strictly spiritual, religious truths. Any fundamental moral principle may be selected as an illustration. Every man believes in a principle of justice, certainly, if he continues to be a man. His conception of its requirements may be miserably imperfect and low, but the fundamental idea still remains. Any conviction of gross injustice, unappeased or unalleviated, will burn like a smouldering and sometimes raging flame. Take that grand

and ineradicable idea, not to cramp it, not to ask what it does not require, in that spirit of negation in respect to great moral principles which characterizes many who are shocked at other men's questionings of speculative opinions; but to give it a full development in lowly, positive faith. First, let all outward deeds be tried by that glorious law. Make them absolutely just in every dealing; too just, when men buy, to depreciate another's claims; too just, when they sell, either to seek or to connive at any undue advantage. And when action can meet the keen eye of justice unabashed, let speech be purified by its strict discriminations. Let neither man nor woman be injured or depreciated any more by a reproachful, or even an ill-considered word. Let the eternal clamor or the insidious whispers of slanderous tongues be hushed. And when speech is just to the ear of man or God, make the unuttered judgments of the heart, the most secret and inward feelings towards every other living soul, also just, as they lie open to the All-seeing Eye. Is it not said, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged"? And the principle transcends even this vast sweep of application. It extends into domains of action which we generally designate by other names. What is all untruth, either in action or in speech, from the first shade of insincerity down to the blackness of open falsehood, but a violation of justice also? What is all truth in deed or word, but one manifestation of an omnipresent justice? The almost boundless domain of charity may be regarded as a province of the same vast empire. The law to "do unto others as we would that they should do to us," is equally an expression of justice and of love. It is the dictate of simple justice when it looks at another's claims as well as our own. There justice and love meet, and embrace each other. Justice is sometimes pictured as an inexorable and almost inhuman quality. The man whose griping hand grasps every particle of its legal dues from burdened poverty, or whose stern spirit demands an "eye for an eye," will speak of justice. Such applications of the

word are false. They slander one of the fundamental laws of the moral universe. Justice is not an iron hardness, which sternly crushes the gentler sympathies, and which might be an element in the character of a fiend rather than an attribute of God. It is unjust, as well as unmerciful, to deny any valid claim to sympathy. Precisely in accordance with man's appreciation of that claim, will the dread decisions of the tribunal of Infinite Justice finally be made. It is justice, looking from the position of suffering men, which sends abroad every angel of mercy on its errands of love. We cannot separate the two principles without impairing, if not destroying, both. We cannot truly begin with one without comprehending the other. What an unmeasured and immeasurable realm one great thought opens to the view! It was once the remark of a child, "that the law 'to do unto another as we would that he should do to us,' comprises every duty to God as well as to man." For it demands that we should yield every service to him which we might deem it right to require if we were seated on the eternal throne. It was an inspired thought to show how all great spiritual truths are linked together. The second grand commandment is like the first, and the first is like the second; for each really demands and comprehends the other. Does any man ask, What must I believe? Does he believe in Justice? Let him explore the realm of thought which it opens; extending into the most secret places of the heart, and reaching to the skies. We sometimes hear the expression, "The circle of spiritual truths." They are indeed bound together in a glorious circle. When we touch it at any point, we are led around its entire circumference. When we begin with one deep spiritual conviction, it is like beginning at the fountain-head of a stream which rolls on through unknown and yet unimagined regions, and pours at last into the boundless sea. One grain of living faith will produce infinitely precious fruits of glory and of heaven.

The same truth might be illustrated by other principles.

It is surely illustrated by the idea of love which is the "fulfilling of the law." It may be verified in religious doctrines in the stricter sense of that word. Amidst so many negations, does any man ask, "What shall I believe?" Notwithstanding doubts respecting other truths, he seldom fails to admit the idea of God. It may be a sadly poor conception in comparison with man's highest thought. Even that is but the faintest ray of that perfect light. Still, let man cling to that one bright point of faith, not to limit its application, but to unfold it, and grasp what it involves. When we study it in order to learn what it comprehends, we find at last, that, as there can be no point of space which is unvisited by the Divine presence, so there is no truth which this grand idea does not embrace. A distinguished English preacher once attempted to show that one attribute of God involved every other which is demanded to make up the perfect majesty of the Divine nature. The moral demonstration may be complete. Let man begin with his poor conception, and steadfastly gaze upon that excellent glory. Let him unfold that one all-commanding idea, and every thought which has cheered the heart of saints, or which shines upon the page of truth, would naturally follow in logical order. All thoughts of human duty are equally involved of course. When we simply admit the idea of God, the highest obedience and reverence are enjoined by an inevitable inference. Indeed, a man might as well hope to measure the ocean by his hands, as to exhaust the truths which will then gleam in radiant succession upon his mind. In all his doubts, he still believes in God. In what grander or more vital truth can he believe? It is as a golden and indissoluble chain to bind the soul to the heavens. The greatest triumph of the highest angel is, with his spiritual conceptions, to believe in God. Positively to believe in him, to commune with that thought until its glory overshadows us, is at once the eternal rest, and the inexhaustible inspiration of the soul. There are moments in the course of every deep experience, in which

that simple faith is felt to be infinitely more than if the soul could say, "All the glory of the earth and all the splendors of the sky are mine." Here, too, is the inspiration to moral heroism. The soul of the Puritan was made invincible by his faith in God. This faith has been as a coat of mail to the martyr in his hour of sacrifice; and when the flames kindled upon his flesh, it banished every fear from his heart. It has touched the failing sight, and, as the world receded and disappeared, opened heaven to the soul, and to the eye. It stayed the heart of Christ in his hour of agony, and called forth that triumphant cry of adoring trust, — "Thy will be done." When man develops that single grain of faith in God, it will give him a power to cast the mountain load of doubt into the sea. As the power of God moved over the world at first to create order and beauty everywhere, so this living idea of him will move over the soul, to fill the moral universe with the tokens of his presence.

Perhaps, if a man should descend into a more unsettled condition of thought, into a gloomier realm of positive scepticism than has thus far been described, we might find even there a grain of positive faith, which could be nurtured into a tree of life. If a bewildered soul should say, "Amidst such conflicting theories of the Divine nature, I do not feel that I really believe in God," it might be answered, "You still believe in the idea of truth, of justice, and of love. Develop these." Far more may be said. We not merely believe, but we know, that conscience exists within us. A solemn accuser, an undying judge, lives in every human breast. What does that fact imply, when we study it with philosophic thought? The idea of accountability is inseparably connected with the existence and the action of the conscience. Accountability to what? To nothing? Or to some unseen, yet sovereign and celestial power? When the conscience awakens from its frequent sleep, and arraigns the spirit's life, or when, in fearful peril, man instinctively cries out for help and pardon, to what does he cry? To an imper-

sonal abstraction? — an abstraction that has created the mother's heart to hear every wail of her child, but has left the cry of the anguished soul to echo on, unheeded and unheard, through the emptiness of space? Or does he cry to a prayer-hearing and a Father-God? The simple existence of conscience, and its natural action, involve the idea of a supreme, though unseen Judge, as surely as the existence of organs for the reception of food, and the sense of hunger, imply that Providence will open its hands to supply the wants of every living thing. If we start from that low point of faith, no man can properly venture to deny that this voice of conscience is not the present voice of the invisible God, speaking now in whispers when we pause to listen, but by and by to be heard in tones of infinite and awful majesty. When we begin with the lowest point of faith, the least of all seeds, we may still gather a glorious harvest of truth and light.

The great difficulty often is, that men fail to develop the moral convictions which already exist in the soul in positive faith. When men begin to apply the principles of science to their labors, new processes of work, improved inventions to shape the smallest thing, or to bridge the seas, will appear with bewildering rapidity. When they begin to unfold one great truth in its applications to society, projects of reform as numerous and as vast as this world's iniquities will be suggested in glorious succession. It is not strange that many are confused amidst these clashing religious theories. But one remedy is plain. Some one grain of truth, at least, will remain, which may be cherished. Perhaps that will finally remove the mountains. Does it seem as a night of bewildered thought, or of almost rayless scepticism? Some one conviction, some one star, still remains. Let the eye be fixed upon that to receive all its light. Let these elementary convictions be developed until the soul realizes the truths which they involve. That single unextinguished light, that one remaining star, may be the star to lead to the Redeemer.

For what is Christianity except the revelation of those truths which precisely meet the spiritual needs of man? And when those needs are really learned by attempting to fathom any grand spiritual principle in its full application to himself, he will accept those truths themselves, the living bread of the soul, as readily as he accepts the food to sustain his frame. If man begins anywhere in earnest search, the wide realm of truth may gradually open its gates of glory.

It is not strange that such value is attributed to this principle of faith. When we see a great cause really in action, we almost feel as if its inevitable results were already gained. The victory is won when the invincible power comes upon the field. It has been sometimes deemed mystical to say, that "Faith is imputed to man for righteousness." The expression involves no mysticism. Were we perfectly sure that a formerly sinning man would never falter in his resolution, should we not instantly receive him again into unquestioning favor? Should we not then welcome back all the prodigals in the fulness of love? And thus, in the possession of a living faith, man is received by the infinite mercy as if he had already attained the higher knowledge of truth, and the triumphs of an established holiness. Time is needful to work out that perfect victory, but the victory shall surely come. The single grain of positive faith may cast both the mountains of doubt and of iniquity into the sea.

G. W. B.

GIVE not only unto seven, but also unto eight; that is, unto more than many. Though to give unto every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies.

THE HOFRATH OF GRAEFRATH.

Books of travel in my youth began on this wise. First, solemn reflections on leaving the traveller's native land, and particulars of the exact method of departure, which altogether occupy a page or two. Next, sea-sickness is described more or less in detail, according to the good taste of the writer; then fellow-passengers are commented upon. Anon, "half-way-over" is reached; reflections thereupon. Now we approach land, and "hapless Erin and her woes," or "England, our noble mother-country," according to the proclivities of the writer, provoke pages of reflections. All this answers two good ends; the size of the book is greatly augmented thereby, and after the dreariness of the sea-chapter the reader finds any incident highly entertaining. But as I am not writing a book, I shall not tread in the footsteps of my predecessors, but begin at once with —

One evening early in December, 1860, we entered the hotel of the "Prinz von Preusse," at Dusseldorf, and ordered supper. "We" consisted of mother, sister, a friend, whom I shall designate, after the German fashion, Freundinn, and myself; four "unprotected females" who had it in their minds to winter in Germany. The next day we sallied forth to view the town. There are some fine modern paintings there, as everybody knows, and large public gardens, which must be beautiful in summer. Moreover, there are immense barracks, and fronting them a large parade-ground, where raw recruits are being drilled in all manner of preposterous gymnastic exercises the livelong day. In front of the "Prinz von Preusse" paraded a sentinel with a brass pot upon his head; whether there is a sacredness in the very name of royalty which requires a guard, or that there is such a superabundance of soldiers in the place that they are fain to devise all manner of useless occupations for them, I know not. In the afternoon we left Dusseldorf and travelled eastward on the railway to a station

named Vohwinkel. Here we alighted and groped our way, in rain and darkness, to a waiting-room, the fate of our baggage being unknown. Here we sat down and asked each other what was to be done next. I announced myself as trusting in Mr. Micawber's dictum, "something will turn up;" and, sure enough, soon a young gentleman of very pleasing address entered the room and mother immediately accosted him in English. He did not understand a word. I stammered out, as best I could, in poor German, that we were bound for Graefrath, and knew not how to get there. He immediately took the fate of the four "unprotected" into his kindly hands, spoke French to my great relief, and escorted me through the rain to an office to buy tickets in the Poste Wagen. Here the official refused French gold; I remonstrated that I had no other money; he only closed the window, and regarded me serenely through the glass. Another walk through the rain to a restaurant, where my gold was changed into Prussian thalers, and then the tickets were bought and the baggage brought up, and a ticket bought for it also, all of which was done with true German deliberation. We waited now a weary while till other trains came in, and the little room was crowded. Our kind German now reappeared, and whispered, "You must secure your places in the Poste, I fear there are more passengers than can be accommodated." I gave the alarm privately, we quickly collected our various shawls, hand-bags, &c., and under his guidance ensconced ourselves in the big, lumbering, omnibus-like affair which was to take us to our destination. Our friend bade us good-night, but soon came running back to tell me what the driver would say, and how I must reply.

Now this is a fair sample of what a traveller may expect in Germany. Without being so vivaciously polite as the French, the people are thoroughly friendly and obliging. They seem always ready to do a kindness to a stranger, and that in a simple, hearty way that is exceedingly agreeable. At last our Poste was filled to its utmost capacity, and the

horses set off at a snail's pace. After a while we judged from the slightly accelerated speed that we were descending a hill. The Wagen stopped; we alighted and entered a stone-paved hall, where there was a bar, which our driver patronized; our luggage was deposited there also, and we were in Graefrath. No one took the slightest notice of us; they seemed to regard it as the most natural thing in the world that four ladies and three trunks should land there at eight o'clock at night. However, at last a servant was found to conduct us to our hotel, and we soon established ourselves comfortably at the "Court of Holland."

If any one has followed my narrative thus far, I am sure he is ready to ask, "And what in the world brought you to Graefrath?" The answer to the question must begin some forty odd years ago. For then a regiment of soldiers were quartered at Graefrath, and with them a surgeon, who was known in all the country around as "the clever young doctor." He was a native of Wesel on the Rhine, and from boyhood had shown the most ardent desire to study anatomy. Especially he delighted in dissecting all the eyes of animals he could procure, and while yet young had acquired a remarkable knowledge of the structure of that organ. While a medical student at Dusseldorf, he was compelled by Napoleon's conscription to enter the army; was subsequently a surgeon in the Prussian service, and so came to Graefrath. As there was no physician in the place, he entered into practice there, and soon became noted for his kindness to the poor, and his especial skill in curing diseases of the eye. A disease having broken out extensively among the Prussian troops, similar to the Egyptian ophthalmia, Dr. De Leuw published, in 1823, a treatise upon the subject, which attracted general attention. The king of Prussia conferred upon him the title of Hofrath, i. e. Court Councillor, by which he was ever afterwards known. His fame now increased every year. Numbers came from foreign lands to consult him, and carried back to their homes reports of his

marvellous skill as a surgeon, his patience and faithfulness as a physician, his nobleness and kindness as a man. He was repeatedly urged to make some larger city his home, but preferred the quiet of Graefrath to the glitter of court favor. But though he would not seek wealth and fame, they sought him out in his retirement. The report of his wonderful cures, which sometimes seemed like giving sight to the blind, spread throughout Europe. The king of Hanover made him an "Ober Medicinal Rath," which is the highest title conferred upon a physician. Other European courts sent him various orders of knighthood. The wealthy and the titled from every country were glad to be admitted to his humble consulting-room, which he never left except to attend the king of Hanover. Often three hundred were in the village at one time. Although the Hofrath always gave his services to the poor, and his fees in all cases were exceedingly moderate, he could not fail to become wealthy. He bought real estate, and, after the professional toils of the day were over, refreshed himself with simple country pleasures, planting trees with his own hands, and superintending his large farms. His fame reached even across the Atlantic, and many Americans had come to be benefited by him.

Now, my mother had been suffering for several years from a nervous affection of the eyes, and had consulted many oculists in America without receiving much benefit. And as a sea-voyage was recommended, and we had heard much of this great oculist in Prussia, we resolved to seek the aid of his skill. And so we came to Graefrath. The next morning we looked out to see what manner of place it might be, and beheld a confused assemblage of houses, quaint in form and color, crowded up together in a little hollow, with about as much regularity as Georgia militia on training-day. We were on a hill on the edge of the village. Perched on another was a big church, of no particular order of architecture; the clumsy steeple of another rose from the centre of the village. Of course we soon set out to visit the Hof-

rath; being directed to go straight down through the village. If you will take a boxfull of children's toy-houses, and tumble them down on the floor, and then attempt to go "straight" through them, you will see what task was assigned us. We wound in and out among the queer houses, selecting the widest path, and at last emerged into an open space, with a fountain of running water in the centre, and a group of women there engaged in doing their private washing. Keeping straight on, by turning two or three corners, we reached the house of the Hofrath, at the very extremity of the village. We found the waiting-room filled with peasants, for this was one of the three days in the week he devoted to the poor. We had not been long seated, when a queer, jolly-looking, one-eyed man came up to us, whom we recognized at once as Schneider, the Hofrath's man Friday. Twenty years ago, he came, almost blind, to Graefrath. The Hofrath saved one eye, and took him into his service. Schneider, however, is far from being his servant in the English sense of the term; the New England word "help" gives a juster idea of the relationship. Schneider sits at his ease in his master's presence, plays with the dogs or parrots in the room, speaks to him familiarly, and sometimes contradicts him roundly. Indeed, I think the lower classes here are much like Yankees in their independent bearing and good-natured familiarity. That very morning I tried to talk a little with a peasant who had brought his daughter to the Hofrath. In a few moments he said, "How old are you?" I stared at him, thinking my ears must have deceived me. He repeated the question, adding, "I am forty, and my daughter is twenty." I gave the desired information, and he seemed to feel that all proper forms of civility had now been complied with, and we had a pleasant chat. Herr Schneider took our card to the Hofrath, and we waited in great anxiety, feeling that the Hofrath's skill was almost our last hope. At last, Schneider told us to wait no longer, but return the next day. At the *table d'hôte* we met some ladies,

who told us that the Hofrath very rarely saw patients the first day they apply. This seems somewhat arbitrary, but is founded on a knowledge of human nature. Patients are often at first nervous, agitated, excited, and quite unfit to give a rational account of themselves. After waiting some hours, conversing with other patients, hearing of the mildness of the Hofrath's remedies, of his wonderful cures, &c., their minds are calmed.

We heard much that day of the Hofrath's skill, of his kindness of heart, and especially of his humility and holy reliance on God's blessing. We learned more of his personal history too; how that his life, peaceful and happy as it seemed, had not been without its bitter trials. A fair young daughter had grown up by his side, his constant companion and darling, intelligent beyond her years, and loving him with an affection passing the ordinary love of woman. She was taken from him in the sweet dawn of womanhood. Of his four sons, only one chose his father's profession, and he seemed to inherit much of his genius. After a careful medical education abroad, he returned to practise as his father's assistant, and bade fair to shed fresh lustre on the name of De Leuw. But a few years since he too was taken away; and the old man was left alone. We heard too how the Hofrath was beloved by the people, how his birthday, August 1, was the great fête-day of the village, when the streets were decorated with garlands and flags, and the maidens of the vicinity waited on him, and sang a poem in his honor. His sixtieth birthday was the last in which he took any public part in the festival. Since then he has generally left the village to spend the day in quiet. We were told that his eyesight was still as keen as in youth, his hand as skilful. So the next day we waited upon him with increased confidence and esteem.

We found a higher class of patients in waiting, and made some pleasant acquaintances. We were much amused at Schneider's manners. He called the patients one by one

without any regularity; so, when the door opened, every one looked up eagerly. He would single out the lucky one, shout, "You!" and usher him into the consulting-room, in an irresistibly grotesque manner. Grumblers were answered with, "Ich verstehe nicht." The fact is, he understands just as much or as little English as suits him. And now we were ushered into the Hofrath's presence, and beheld a noble-looking old man, his lofty forehead crowned by silver curls, his eye wonderfully keen, yet the expression of his countenance gentle and winning. He received us with grave courtesy, and entered into a careful and thorough examination of mother's eyes and general state of health, often pausing and saying a few words to his assistant. In our first interview I saw nothing but the Hofrath. Afterwards I saw that his room was large and pleasant, carpetless, and plainly furnished. Engravings on the walls, two little dogs by the stove, parrots in cages, and finches who sometimes discoursed most melodious music. Here the good man passed the greater part of every day, using his best skill to alleviate suffering in all who came to him, rich and poor alike. Indeed, in regard to the latter, often supplying them with remedies and supporting them in the village. We knew him only a short time, yet learned to regard him with sincere affection. Alas! in a few weeks we mourned over his grave, for he was suddenly taken from the world in which he had been so useful. He had seemed in delicate health for some time; no one knew to what extent his strength was undermined by an insidious disease. One Friday, he saw patients as usual, although some remarked that he appeared languid. That afternoon he laid himself on the bed from which he never rose again. The next day, it was touching to see the poor weeping around his door, when told of his dangerous illness. There were a few days of sad anxiety, and then the mournful news, "The Hofrath is dead,"—just a week from the day he had received patients. All his life he had been an early riser, and accustomed to spend the first hours of the

day in religious reading and meditation. With characteristic humility, he bade his sons bury him in the early morning, and as quietly as possible. However, a large crowd followed his honored remains to the grave. According to the custom of the country, Schneider carried before the coffin a black velvet cushion, on which were arranged his master's orders of knighthood, nine in number. But the tears which bedewed many a manly cheek, were a far higher tribute to his worth. So this good old man went to his rest, in his sixty-eighth year; having spent most of this long life in the service of his fellow-creatures.

[*From the German of Benjamin Schmolke.*]

"HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!"

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Hold *on*, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient sees God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'T is they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out!* There comes an end to sorrow:
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

HEBRON.

THE mention of Hebron, in our last article, the place where David established himself during the years that he was king of Judah, suggests an inquiry into the facts of its history.

It was the earliest seat of civilized life in all Palestine, and long continued the abode of men prominent in the early history of the country. It was probably founded by Arva, the king of the giants, as its earliest name, Kirjeth Arva, signifies Arva's city, and is known to be a place of very remote antiquity. Lying in the valley of Mamre, 2,800 feet above the sea, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, with numberless wells, and groves of the terebinth and oak, the place had peculiar charms for tribes wont to wander wherever water and fodder were to be found. The mountains rising about and casting their shadows down upon it, give it an air of quiet repose, grateful to the traveller now, and in those old days offered refreshment and rest to families who must many times have been well weary of wandering, while the defiles among its mountains, the secret ways and caves along their sides, made it desirable as a stronghold, — safe as a retreat, and difficult of access to a foe.

After the separation of Lot and Abraham, which the quarrels of their husbandmen had rendered necessary, we find that Abraham came and dwelt at Hebron, and erected an altar there to the Lord, — thus taking possession of it in the name and consecrating it to the service of Him whom he now first began to know. Here his home continued to be, and here news was brought him of Lot's captivity, and hither again he returned after his rescue; here, under the oak-tree, he entertained the angels of God; and here, after some years of wandering, he returned again, a man tried and approved of God, with Sarah, and Isaac, his son.

All this time Abraham, though a man of wealth and high

in repute with his neighbors, the Hittites, the owners of the soil, does not seem to have become legally possessed of any part of the land. Nor was it necessary, since there was room and to spare, and vast fields in common where any might pasture and plant. But an occasion arises which makes him desire to have some place specially, sacredly his own. Sarah, so many years his wife and companion, the sharer of his adversities and successes, dies. It has long been a custom among the Bedouin tribes not to bury their dead where they die, but to have a burial-place to which they bring all their dead. Abraham now felt the want of a suitable burial-ground, to which should be brought the bodies of such of his family as should die within the limits of Canaan. Drawn together by the knowledge of his misfortune, the sons of Heth join in those noisy demonstrations of grief, — public demonstrations not at all consonant with our notions, — then and still customary, essential with the tribes of the East, without which the dead could not be justly honored. Abraham, as a man of substance and character, — a man superior to those dwelling about him, a prince even among strangers, — held a high place in their confidence, and so probably they had gathered in numbers to express their sorrow and sympathy. Then Abraham lifted himself up from his dead, standing before them in the attitude of respect etiquette still demands, and with touching, plaintive language enlists their attention: "I am a stranger, and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, and said, Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Again the venerable patriarch stands and bows to them. That was not a thing to be thought of. He could not accept a gift. It was contrary to custom, and should he accept it, he would be expected to make some magnificent return. His whole

proceeding in this case is exactly what is necessary at the present day. He had set his eye on the cave of Machpelah. He knew the owner, and the owner was then with him. But instead of proposing the bargain immediately to him, he turns to the company and begs them to intercede with the owner for him, saying: "If it be in your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying-place among you." Then Ephron, with great apparent friendliness and liberality answers, "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field *give* I thee, and the cave that is therein I *give* it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people *give* I it thee; bury thy dead." Now, to one ignorant of the customs of the people it seems strange and unreasonable that Abraham should reply to this in cold and stately courtesy, "But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me. I will give thee money for thy field: take it of me, and I will bury my dead there." Apparently yielding to Abraham's importunacy, Ephron now names four hundred shekels of silver as its price, — probably an enormously extortionate price, — adding, "What is that 'twixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead." But Abraham knew very well that it would prove something between them; and being in no humor for bargaining, he closed at once with the proposal, weighing out the four hundred pieces in the presence of the sons of Heth. They were the witnesses, and the thing was made sure. And the record goes on to say, that "the field of Ephron which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city;" — all this particularity of enumeration being necessary to secure to him his possession. Just

such specifications are found in modern deeds. If you are to buy a lot, the contract must mention all the fountains, wells, trees, &c. within it; not merely the house, but every room, closet, stable, hencoop; and all this must be in the audience of the people at the gate; — and then no parchment or recorded deed can be more secure. So was acquired the first possession of the Hebrew race in Canaan, and that possession a sepulchre; so was arranged the first bargain of which we have record in Scripture, the different steps of which are exactly those necessary at this day in Hebron.

Having purchased his cave, Abraham laid away the body of his wife, and in due time was himself gathered there. And there Isaac, who had remained at Hebron, was buried, and thither came up the long procession from Egypt, bearing the bones of Jacob, the last of the patriarchs. There is something very touching in the charge which the old man, dying there in Egypt, gave to his sons as they stood about his bed. It seems like the homesick yearning for the place of his boyhood, where he and Esau had played before ill grew between them, — where Rebecca, his mother, had loved him, and his peace-loving old father had blessed him. "I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah."

With filial solicitude, and much mourning, the bones of his father were laid as he had desired, and Joseph returned to his honors and duties and emoluments under Pharaoh, and in due time himself passed away. Then, under a king who knew not Joseph, began those bitter persecutions which ended in the departure from Egypt and the wanderings in the desert for forty years of the children of Israel. Just as those forty years are closing, and that weary host stand on

the borders of the promised land, Moses selects a leading man of each tribe, and bids them go into the land before them, and "see what it is, and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, many or few, and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad, and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds, and bring of the fruit of the land." For forty days these searched the land throughout, and returned, bringing as trophy a bunch of grapes so large that two men must carry it. But the fertility of the land and the wonderful trophy of it they had with them produced no effect. They had seen that which made the fertility and beauty of the country as naught. As they journeyed among the mountains they had come upon a city intrenched, in which was Anak, the king, and his three sons. This city was Hebron, and the king and his sons were giants, such as the Book tells us there were in those days. Affrighted they entered the camp, pouring their fears into the greedy ears of the people clustered to hear of the land toward which they had so long journeyed. Their words are piteous, craven words, — not words worthy the men whom Moses had sent on their embassage with the command, "Be ye of good courage." "We be," they say, "not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. The land through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people we saw in it were of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." At once that wild rabble caught the contagion of their fear, and murmured and rebelled. Cowards they had been all the way, as a people so long held in bondage must be. No slight task for Moses to lead such a rabble: and now, when so much is surmounted, and the end so near, piteously they cry, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt; would God we had died in the wilderness," — and they propose to choose them a captain who shall lead

them back. Moses and Aaron seem to have been for the moment, without resource, powerless before them, while Joshua son of Nun, and Caleb son of Jephunneh, — men of lion hearts, — who alone had no fears, declare to them that the land is "a good land, flowing with milk and honey, and the people were as naught, for the Lord was with *them*," proposing an immediate march. But the thought added fuel to their fear, and in mad wrath they took up stones to stone them. Then Jehovah interfered. A plague swept away those false spies. Joshua and Caleb alone were permitted to enter the land of promise, and to the latter was apportioned the very city of the giants, against whom he went, driving them from their stronghold, while he himself settled down and grew strong in the fields and the suburbs of the city, giving to the whole region about his own name.

We have seen already, that after his marriage with Abigail David reigned in Hebron seven years. During this period, while his children are growing around him and the children of Saul are waging a lingering war with him, when Abner, the great general of his opponents, had signified his purpose of deserting to David, and Joab had killed him for envy, and there stood but one thing between him and peace, and the throne, Ishbosheth, Saul's last living son, — during this period it was that two sons of Rimmon entered the house of Ishbosheth at noon, while he lay sleeping, and smote him, and cut off his head. Then, hasting to Hebron by night, they came to David, expecting thanks and great reward for their service, and saying to him, "Behold the head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, thine enemy, which sought thy life; and the Lord hath avenged my lord the king this day of Saul and of his seed."

But they had mistaken the temper of David. Capable of some crimes he was at some times, but too brave a man to take so mean advantage of one who was his foe, though his death removed the last obstacle to his desire; and he answered, "When one told me saying, Behold, Saul is dead,

thinking to have brought me good tidings, I took hold of him and slew him in Ziklag, who thought I would have given him a reward for his tidings; how much more, when wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed." And David commanded them to be slain, and hung their bodies over the pool in Hebron; and the head of Ishbosheth he buried in the tomb of Abner, in Hebron.

It was many years after this, when he was now an old man, that the city which had in early life befriended him became the centre of a most unnatural revolt. For a long time Absalom had shown signs of alienation from his father. He had slain his brother Amnon, the favorite and the heir of David, in cold blood, two years after the crime which he pretended to avenge. He had been banished by his father, but restored at the end of three years by the intercession of Joab, and remained in Jerusalem, though not permitted to see his father. Crafty and vain, — for he was the handsomest man in all Israel, — for two years he employed his great powers of pleasing in seducing the allegiance of his father's subjects, standing in the gate and complaining of the lax administration of justice to those who came for redress, saying, "O that I were made judge in the land, that every man who hath any suit or cause might come to me and I would do him justice." And when any man came to pay him respect, Absalom would embrace him and kiss him. "And on this manner," says the narrative, "did Absalom to all Israel, who came to the king for judgment. So Absalom stole the hearts of the people of Israel."

When he judged that he had made a sufficient impression to warrant the execution of his plan, — four years after his return, — he begged of his father permission to go to Hebron to pay a vow he had vowed during his exile. Unsuspecting, the king bade him depart, with his blessing. He had already appointed the chiefs of his party to meet him there, while others at the sound of the trumpet were to proclaim him king. Hebron was soon filled with numbers of

the most influential men of the land, and immediate measures were taken for seizing the crown.

The news struck terror into the heart of David. It was not that he feared man, but his enemy was his own son, and in his new distress he saw the hand of God laid heavily upon him because of his sin toward Uriah and Bathsheba. From his long residence in Hebron, and his intimacy with all the country about, he knew that it was almost impregnable, and that there could be little hope of standing out against one who had a fortified city but twenty-five miles from him. Beside, most of the councillors, and his own chief adviser, and most of the warriors, had left him. He fled hastily out of the city, refusing to have the ark and its priest follow his fortunes. There is scarcely a sadder picture than this of the royal old man fleeing with a few friends, barefoot, with his head covered and weeping, up the Mount of Olives, over the same ground which his greater descendant passed many years after.

The after atrocities of Absalom's brief rule, which ended in his defeat and death, do not belong to Hebron. It was afterward fortified by Rehoboam, and some of the Jews returning from the captivity settled there. It is spoken of in Maccabees and in Josephus as a place still important. It was by the Jews considered as the birthplace of the vine,— and Eschol, the torrent of the cluster, flowed by it. From it there is toward the northwest a view of Jerusalem between the hills. Before the morning sacrifice could be offered, a priest was daily to ascend the Temple, and with his eyes toward Hebron await the break of day. As soon as the dawn appeared, he cried, "Light, light." "Can you see Hebron?" was the reply of those waiting at the altar. If so, the sacrifice began. Though always a place of special interest to the Jew, we have no knowledge that Jesus ever visited it. To-day it is a fair town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, keeping still within its borders the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the most surely preserved of all places

of note. Traditions of other spots are unsatisfactory. Calvary cannot be recognized, the sacred places at Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nazareth are not known; but here, without doubt, the very cave is still shown which Abraham bought of the children of Heth for the burial of Sarah, his wife.

J. F. W. W.

It is good to be brought into close contact with those who differ somewhat from us in religious faith, that we may learn how hearts may entwine around each other, though heads differ; and learn also how often those differences lie in phrases and forms of speech, rather than in ideas. It is good for the Unitarian to kneel with the Episcopalian in prayer, to join in the words of that grand old liturgy which for centuries has borne so many souls to heaven, and by its quaint phraseology speaks of ages past. It is well to see the Gothic grandeur of its forms in contrast with the severe simplicity of his own. He can well conceive how dear is the thought that countless worshippers are at that very hour uniting in the same words of devotion, and that among them, peculiarly, friends,

> "Though sundered far, by faith may meet
> Around one common mercy-seat."

One may read, to the quickening of the holiest aspirations, the forms of entire self-consecration to be found in books of the Romish Church, so much abhorred by many; and may behold in the biographies of some of its votaries the very "beauty of holiness." There is something touching also even in the blind devotion of many of its most ignorant disciples. Would that the more enlightened were always as devout!

Is it well to mingle lovingly from day to day with those who are called Orthodox; to see how what is apparently stern in their faith is softened by the kind and genial heart that holds it; to have one's warm respect and love called forth by witnessing the holiness of a Christian life in one who professes to hold the faith of Christ under a form differing from our own. It seems a foretaste of that glorious time, when there shall no longer be sect nor party, but when all the sanctified shall be as the angels in heaven, one in Christ and in God.

†

A VERY COMMON STORY.

(Concluded from last Number.)

THE next morning, Mrs. Leslie's basket was ready, with clothing and provisions for the suffering family. She was pleased to see that the poor man looked clean, and well patched; and as if the wife had a notion of making the best of what she had. To the articles immediately necessary for comfort, Mrs. Leslie added some simple medicines, and a few, very few luxuries, — such as an orange, and two or three lemons, with some loaf-sugar. These last articles she had laid in rather shyly, without letting Pet see what her right hand was doing; for she was conscious that sentiment was running away with her, quite beyond the sympathy of any one who did not judge by expression. As to expression, she was more charmed than ever with the patient look in the man's eyes, and his determination now to try harder than ever to procure some steady employment. She would have hired him on the spot, only all the wood-sawing was done, and it was not quite the time to trim the grape-vines, or work in the garden of twelve feet square. Poor fellow! how was he to get through the long cold winter? All the better, surely for her kind and sympathetic voice and encouraging smile, and the direction to come every Monday for what should be ready for him. And it was ready for him. Broken food, baby-clothes, and, after a while, many little comforts that mothers want. It was a cold winter. And Mrs. Leslie took cold, and stayed in her own house a large part of the time. But besides her many calls for charity in other directions, she did not forget poor David, in word or deed. At last he came looking very sorrowful, and said his wife was sick. Then, there was an interval of a week, and his wife was dead. And they had had Dr. Smith, and he had been most kind, charging nothing for all he did. Then he did n't want "a wake," — but the neighbors had been very kind, &c., &c.

The end of it was, that Mrs. Leslie felt it was a case of ready money; — and this she supplied, together with what was immediately necessary in the way of grave-clothes.

She was busily stitching at a plain muslin cap to go with the shroud of white cambric, when her daughters came in from a morning walk, talking earnestly, but half laughing withal.

"I suppose I ought n't to be provoked," said Lily, "but when I saw the floor covered with new year's toys, and recollected that I had deprived myself of the luxury of making Christmas presents to the country cousins, only that I might give the money to this family, and then to find that they just spent it on dogs and horses for the children, — t' was too bad!"

"Was n't it!" said Pet, sympathizingly. "And did you hear that little Mary asking to have her 'dress,' as she called it, that the 'Society' is making, cut with a long point, and particularly anxious that it should trail behind!"

"Yes — I wanted to — well! it's no matter. Mrs. Safford would say that it is the very thing we should pity them for, that they are so silly. As to the toys, they were only four-penny ones. Both of them only cost ten cents, — Sally told me so; and she said it made the children so happy!"

"Well, I suppose it did, — and we are foolish to have it offend us. Do you remember Hood's story of the Christmas pudding? and how disgusted the mother was with the missionary who came with tracts and flannel? I am some like him, I think, — forgetting that everybody wants their Christmas pudding!"

"O what a good story that is, mother! do you remember it? and dirty Polly, and the soap? I have laughed till I cried over it!"

Mrs. Leslie laughed, too, at the recollection, and said they must all remember to scatter flowers. And that the thoughtful gift of something not immediately and instantly connected with the necessaries of life helped to raise the taste

of the uncultivated, and to make them feel that they were sympathized with. Pet remembered that her mother had carried a monthly rose to an old woman whom the "Society" were helping, though she would n't go and sew for her, nor give her any money.

David came and went, returning laden with comforts for the motherless baby, and with pretty pink prints which Mrs. Leslie loved to run together in a simple shape. He said he had procured a cousin of his to come and see to the child, and that he had got some employment. Altogether, it was encouraging. The cousin kept him neatly mended, and he looked ruddy and well, and not as if he very often got drunk. Biddy said he looked as if he did, but then Biddy was set against him from the first.

"It takes up most of your cousin's time, I suppose, to take care of the children, especially the baby; does it not, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, one day, while she held a bundle in her hand.

"Faith, and it does, mam! the baby do be crying all day and night with the belly-ache, saving yer presence," said David.

"She must feed him with sweetened warm water, David."

"Sure, and we 've no swatening at all, barring the sugar the misthress gev us for the tay, and we 'd not be throwing that away sure!"

"Yes, you must have some West India molasses. Give him some, Bridget, — a quart. And, David, here are two warm stuff gowns for your cousin, — Ellen Foley, is it?"

"It 's that same, mam; and the saints keep you warm for it!" said the grateful David, receiving the suitable and comfortable gift.

Again, as she had done twenty times before, in the course of the long hard winter, Mrs. Leslie drank the nectar of gratitude from tearful eye and quivering lip. She had deserved it for her thoughtful care and her generous labors. If, at the bottom of the cup, there was a distasteful draught,

(for conscience is always following us up,) she turned from it, or left it to be swallowed, like other inevitables, at some future time, by itself.

Other petitioners came and went, other chance beggars were supplied. A comfortable sense of "giving to these little ones a cup of cold water, and so giving it to Christ," soothed Mrs. Leslie when she walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight, by the ruddy sparkle of the fire, before the evening gas was lighted. Was there something in the uncertain flickering of the flames on the furniture, giving the chairs and tables a wavy outline, and anon passing from gloom to brightness, — was there something analogous to Mrs. Leslie's own mental condition, — with a duty kept studiously in shadow, while a sentiment flickered and flamed before it continually?

Perhaps so. And then all wrong thoughts come by and by to be adopted by good women, partly because they cannot bear to be at variance with their consciences. It is easier to change the rule of right. "And, after all, people differed so much about what was right."

In the course of the winter, Mrs. Leslie learned to dislike hearing about the Provident Association, and its excellent arrangements to prevent imposture, and to secure the expenditure of the charitable fund where it would do the utmost possible good. The method might be very well, perhaps, but where was the growth of love and charity, and the flow of gratitude in the heart of the individual? Pet and Lily seemed to enjoy their sewing and making, but by their own account they knew very little of the poor families to whom the clothing was lent, or among whom it was distributed. They chatted of other things at the meeting, and had a good time generally, they said; and Mrs. Leslie told them they must be careful not to "get into the tattling ways of sewing-circles."

"Is there any increased inducement for tattling in cutting and making clothes, do you think, mother?" said Pet.

"I don't see why there should be, to be candid," replied Mrs. Leslie, "but you know what is said."

* * * * *

When the early spring days wooed everybody out into the soft air, Mrs. Leslie walked farther than her usual wont one day, and found herself unexpectedly in the vicinity of the street in which David lived. It occurred to her, that it would be well for her to look after her *protegées* a little, especially as she could flatter herself in finding them, even in that locality, in a comfortable condition. She quite longed to see the baby, who must now be able to be "pullin' hisself about, the cratur," as David had said; and, besides, she wanted to see the good Ellen Foley, whose faithful attention to the kindred was so characteristic of the warm-hearted Irish!

She knocked at the door, which was opened by a stout, honest-faced woman, with a baby in her arms. In the doorway behind her was David himself, who, on seeing Mrs. Leslie, blushed and stammered, and handed a chair. Mrs. Leslie could not help noticing that the room was redolent of rum, and David said he had been bathing his head for a bad blow he had received the night before, hitting his head against a post in the dark.

Ellen Foley looked at him contemptuously, but did not speak. Something about Ellen puzzled Mrs. Leslie. Had she seen her before anywhere? No. She had a very honest, good-humored expression. Everything looked so nice and tidy about the room, it was a pleasure to see it. All the doorless cupboards and crannies were covered by clean white towels pinned against the wall, the floor was white, and evidently the best was made of everything. What was it that continually puzzled Mrs. Leslie when she looked at the woman?

"You find these children quite a charge, don't you?" said she.

"A charge, mam!" said the woman, shrilly, and with a bewildered look.

"Yes, I mean it is a good deal of trouble to you, — there are five in all, are there not?"

"Five! mam?" was the stupid inquiry.

"Did you not say five, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, looking at the man, who sat holding his head in his hands, but without replying.

"Spake up! ye spalpeen! Spake to the lady, will ye?" said the woman, roughly. She shook David by the shoulder.

"O, — no matter!" said Mrs. Leslie, hurriedly, for she felt something was wrong. It looked, really, as if David had been drinking.

She looked again at the woman. What was it?

"Are the children all at school?" said she.

"Childers, mam? Saints knows I 've no childers but this blessed babby, sure!"

She pressed the infant to her breast as she spoke, and gave him abundant food from the fountain, staring, meanwhile, steadily at Mrs. Leslie.

"O, I beg pardon! I did n't know you were a married woman! I thought — oh! — where is the baby, then, — David's baby?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"This is David's babby, mam! and my babby, mam!" answered the woman.

"David's!" stammered Mrs. Leslie; "why, where is your husband? — are you married to David?"

"I am, mam!" replied the unabashed Ellen.

This was hurrying matters, to be sure. Humph! And "the babby!" Mrs. Leslie colored, and looked down. When she raised her eyes, the woman regarded her with a clear, honest, but unspeakably surprised expression of her gray eyes.

"How long have you been married?" pursued Mrs. Leslie, in her embarrassment; saying what she thought, instead of what she meant to say.

"Four years, mam, coom a moonth!" answered Ellen, looking uneasily at David, "an this is the foorst babby, bless his heart!"

Mrs. Leslie's head swam.

David's head remained down. A mist settled over everything. Then Mrs. Leslie's eyes cleared. She glanced at the woman, — at the cap.

It was all clear then, — clear and cold as frost. The cap was the cap of her own handiwork, made for the dead face. For a moment she almost expected to see the shroud too.

"It 's none of *her* doing!" said he, gloomily, "she knows no more uv it than the babby there, — it was all me! But I thought, faith, ye 'd niver be the wiser, or I 'd niver done it sure! An I niver thought ye 'd be comin' to look me oop, sure. An' mam! plase — O Ellen, woman!" — he stopped in an agony of self-reproach, as he met the stare of grief and surprise in the honest face of his wife.

"I wanted to stop meself after I began, — but 't was too asy! Ye should n't tempt a poor fellow so. The Lord knows. I niver lied so before, and I 've tuk to the drink an' all to drown thoughts uv it!" David had no heart to go on in his reproachful self-vindication, for he met Mrs. Leslie's eyes, as grieved as his own.

She did not speak at all. She had too much sense not to see that the sin of the man lay at her own door. Nay, that but for indolence, and the self-indulgence that had insidiously mixed and hid itself in benevolence, she might long ago have stopped the wrong-doing, and saved a soul from death. How could she blame the poor wretch? No; it was not for her to blame him. She went thoughtfully home.

That evening, Mrs. Leslie walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight. When the gas was lighted and the family gathered together, she mingled silently with them, a sadder and a wiser woman.

C. A. H.

REST not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled, and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee.

CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

THE meaning of the appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, is to be learned from its use in the Holy Scriptures.

1. Our first point is, It denotes some manner of derivation from God. This appears both from the expression itself, and from the testimony which our Lord himself gives of his relation to the Father. A son is begotten of his father. Christ is the *only begotten* of the Father. Christ is *born*, not created, the first-born before every creature.

There are a few theologians who suppose the appellation Son of God, to be given to Christ because his human nature was begotten of the Holy Ghost, and miraculously conceived in the womb of the Virgin Mary, according to the word of the angel: "*Therefore*, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This, indeed, is a part of the truth, but not the whole truth. It is Scriptural so far as it goes, but does not take in the whole of Scripture teaching on the subject, does not exhaust the reason why this name is given to our Lord and Saviour. The Church generally have believed the name to refer to the Divine nature of Christ, have believed in the eternal generation of the Son, the eternal Sonship of Christ. Thus, in the Nicene Creed, Christ is declared to be God *of* God, light *of* light, very God *of* very God. The word *of* here denotes *derivation from.*

This, too, accords with the testimony which Christ himself gives us respecting his relation to the Father. He everywhere speaks of the Divine life, wisdom, love, and power, which were in himself, as the gift of the Father. "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he *given* to the Son to have life in himself." The glory of his pre-existent state he declares to be the gift of God. "The glory which I had with thee before the world was"; "for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." His present and future glory as

Judge or Lord of all, is the gift of the Father. "The Father hath *committed* all judgment unto the Son."

It is this truth of the eternal generation of the Son from the Father that is able to save the Church from the sense of any conflict between the full and proper divinity of Christ and the strictest monotheism, between the fullest and heartiest worship of Christ and the worship of the one only living and true God. In pouring out our hearts to Christ as our Lord and our God, we feel that we are worshipping the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person, that we worship the Father in the Son. If we compare the nature of God to light or to fire, the Son of God is light *of* this light, fire *of* this fire. Not only the expression *Son of God*, but also other appellations given to Christ in the Scriptures, imply some manner of derivation from the Father, such as the *Word*, the *Image of the Invisible God*, the *Brightness of the Father's glory*. *How* the Son is derived from the Father, we cannot tell, — we cannot, in this world at least, conceive. The Sonship of Christ is his relation to the Father, the nature of which is in a measure revealed, but the genesis of which is not for us to know. Let us imitate the moderation of Cyril of Jerusalem, who said: "It is enough for us that God has begotten a Son; let us check ourselves from wishing to know the inconceivable. Christ himself said, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' not, He that knoweth how the Son is begotten of the Father."*

In calling the Sonship of Christ *eternal*, we simply mean that it is a relation with which time, considered as limited duration, has nothing to do. We may, perhaps, illustrate the timeless relation of the Son to the Father by the relation of moral law to the Author of law. God did not create moral law any more than he created his own being, yet moral law is derived from God and resides in God. Moral

* Neander, Christian Dogmas, p. 299.

law is eternal as God himself, yet it does not and cannot exist separate from, or independent of, God. It has its source and seat in the bosom of God forever, from eternity to eternity. So God did not create the Son, but the Son is derived from the Father and is in the bosom of the Father. The Son is eternal as the Father, but he can do nothing of himself; his whole being and working is in and of the Father, and whatsoever things the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.

2. Our second point is, The appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes equality with God. "We must abstract," says Neander, speaking for Athanasius, "from the expressions *Son of God* and *begotten of God*, whatever belongs to sensuous relations, and then there remains to us the idea of Unity of Essence, and derivation of Nature."* There seems at first view an inconsistency between the derivation of the Son from God and his equality or consubstantiality with God; but the Nicene Council asserted both, and must therefore have understood one expression in a sense accordant with the other. And we would prove one as we do the other. As we have endeavored to show that the idea of derivation is found in the appellation itself, *Son of God*, and in the testimonies which Christ gave of himself, so in like manner do we find the idea of his equality with God.

Our Saviour defended his miracle of healing on the Sabbath day by saying: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Then the Jews sought to kill him, because he said "that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." (John v. 17, 18.) Again and again did they so understand his words. Our Saviour knew that they so understood them. He in whose mouth was no guile let them so understand them. Instead of saying one word to refute or correct their interpretation, he went on to repeat and develop it. He

* Christian Dogmas, p. 296.

declared such a union of the Father and the Son, such a dwelling of the Father in the Son and of the Son in the Father, such a doing by the Son of the works of the Father, as implies not only a oneness of will, but a oneness of essence with God. (John x. 28–39.)

The equality of the Son with the Father appears in the formula of baptism given by Christ to his disciples. "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) In these words Christ puts himself in a line with the Father and the Holy Spirit, and thus declares himself to be of one nature with them. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are the one God to whose service his disciples are to be dedicated. His language implies a union with God such as can belong to no created being.

There are many other passages which, perhaps, at first view, less clearly teach the Divinity of the Son, but on a little examination prove it none the less surely. Take but one. In Matt. xi. 27, 28, Jesus announces himself as the only medium or channel of grace and truth, life and peace to the soul of man. "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Only he who is of one nature with the Father could thus reveal the Father to us, or give abiding rest and peace to the soul.

The text, John xiv. 28, "My Father is greater than I," is often quoted to show the inferiority of the Son. Doubtless there is a sense in which the Father is greater than the Son, but not such as in the least to diminish aught of the reverence, honor, love, and trust which are due to the Son as to the Father. Besides, in the passage referred to, Jesus is not speaking of his intrinsic nature as compared with that of the Father, but of the humiliation in which he then was, and of

the glory into which he was about to enter. He gives the reason why his return to the Father would be for his own exaltation and the joy of his disciples.

3. A third point is, The name *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes that he is God's vicegerent in the government of the universe. It was as the vicegerents of God that in the Old Testament rulers and kings are called sons of God, or even gods. (Exodus xxii. 28; Psalms lxxxii. 6.) Magistrates bear this title, because in the authority of God they administer their office. Now if earthly kings are called *gods* in the Scriptures, and the Scripture expression has a meaning which cannot be explained away, much more is this title due to him to whom is committed all rule, authority, and power, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. This idea of sovereignty was in the mind of Nathanael when he confessed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the *King of Israel*."

The doctrine, then, of Christ as the Son of God, teaches us to acknowledge him as Lord of all, — to bow the knee to him in devoted love, obedience, prayer, and praise. The Father is the original fountain, source of all. The Son is the only Mediator between the Father and all created existence. No man cometh unto the Father but by him. He it is with whom we have to do. He is upon the throne. Earthly empires pass away, but his throne remains for ever and ever. The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father.

E. R.

Be charitable before wealth make thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed.

OUR GROSS INJUSTICE TO THE GREAT BODY OF UNITARIAN BELIEVERS.

THE "Christian Register" remembers no instance of "gross injustice to the great body of Unitarian believers so striking as the one recently given in the article 'Emerson' in the January number of this Magazine," and calls attention "to a just and merited criticism" of the article in an "Instruction" delivered to his congregation by one of our most gifted preachers. In the course of this "Instruction," we are virtually charged with discrediting the claims of Unitarianism to be "any progress or improvement at all," and with a sad attempt to depreciate "the religion and the churches of Buckminster, and Channing, and Thacher, and Henry Ware, and Greenwood." The offensive passage in our little book notice was as follows: "The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide to men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost." We recur to the criticism of the newspaper and of the discourse, partly because we do not wish to stand charged with a conceited and flippant judgment of elders for whom we entertain the sincerest respect, and partly because the obnoxious paragraph hints at a view of Christian evidence which, as it seems to us, deserves to be pondered by every one who loves the Gospel more than any interpretation of it, by Unitarians or others, which may be uppermost for the time.

We shall yield to none in reverence for the younger Ware, and hearty appreciation of his eminently Christian preaching. His sermons in the Chapel of Harvard College are still sounding in our ears, and we regard his early infirmity and prema-

ture death as amongst the greatest misfortunes that have befallen the cause of Liberal Christianity. Dr. Ware was an eminently serious preacher, and believed in the Gospel as a word of salvation for sinners. God forbid that we should ever seem to speak lightly of our master in Israel! The name of Channing needs no adjective. Personally we knew nothing of him; but we had no thought of underrating or understating his success in the ministry of the Gospel. It is, we hope, needless to add, that we hold in honor the other eminent ministers of the Word whose names are cited. And yet it is true that these wise and good and devoted Christian teachers lived in a transition age, when thoughtful minds in the New England Church were reviewing the accepted creed-statements, and trying to bring them more into harmony with the consciousness of the Church Universal, and with their own larger, and, as they believed, truer interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such a review is always attended with serious difficulties, and it would be unreasonable to look for anything like immediate and great success. The danger would be that criticism would be exaggerated, that tares and wheat would be plucked up together, and that an intellectual curiosity would be mistaken for a genuine spiritual desire. In such circumstances, the gain which is realized by the first generation of inquirers will be counterbalanced by a corresponding loss in the second generation, and we must wait for the third, with its seeming reactions and reproductions of old formulas, before we can fairly make up the account, and ascertain just how much or how little progress has been made. In the first generation the old experiences and feelings will often be found in connection with the new thoughts, whilst denial has only gone far enough to give a certain freshness and vigor to the positive statements that make up the larger part of the preacher's utterance. In the second generation we must look for some wastes and sadness.

Now our critic seems to have forgotten that Mr. Emerson belonged to a later generation than Channing, Thacher,

Buckminster, and Ware, and that the extreme left of Unitarianism dates its life historically from his relinquishment of the pastoral charge of the Second Church in Boston. When we were leaving college and about to enter the Divinity School, the graduating divinity students of that year invited Mr. Emerson to deliver the Farewell Sermon, — an Address, as it proved, without text. Since that time a portion, larger or smaller, of most of the graduating classes, has been found to be more or less in sympathy with his views. Dr. Ware, we remember, took occasion, in the course of his Chapel preaching, to protest against the Address, and his discourse was printed; but the tendency which he deplored was not sensibly checked. Many of our readers are familiar with the Sermon by Professor Norton on the New Infidelity, and with the controversy which grew out of it, and all who have watched the development of religious opinion in New England are well aware that the more conservative portion of the Unitarian clergy rested their defence of the Gospel as a Divine Revelation, properly and peculiarly so called, upon the historical argument. The questions moved and handled were chiefly these and the like: Is the evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the Four Gospels satisfactory? Are the miracles of the New Testament to be regarded as sufficiently attested? And we believe that we do not go too far when we affirm that the value of the internal evidence was sadly underrated in many quarters by those who seemed to make little or nothing of the capacity of the human soul, we do not say to find out God, but to recognize him when revealed, saving by outward signs. Moreover, the reaction against the extremes of Calvinism had by this time seriously diminished the contents of the Gospel, and obscured the facts and doctrines which distinguish it from all other religions, whilst amongst orthodox and heterodox there had long been a prevailing tendency, aggravated by the extravagances of "revivalists," to overlook the agency of the Divine Spirit by which the miracles of conversion are continually re-

peated in Christendom, and the conclusive evidence of the truth of the Gospel afforded to the individual soul. Of Buckminster and Channing we have no experience, — they were before our day; but of what was known somewhat vaguely and often incorrectly as "Transcendentalism," we have experience. Our lines were appointed in the very midst of it. Eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, at Cambridge and in Boston, and all the way from the one to the other, we had our conversation with it. Our first parish had had it very badly. The Divinity School in our time was characterized by the somewhat famous distribution into "Sceptics, Mystics, and Dyspeptics." They were sad days, — instructive, doubtless, but fearfully sad, — and the fact that any who passed through them still remained in the ministry may be taken for pretty good evidence that it was meant they should, and that they did not act "out of their own minds."

Now it is not easy for one who has had no experience of this sort to understand either Mr. Emerson, or those who are charged with reactionary tendencies and "outrageously" severe criticism of the Liberal Church. They who have outlived the negations of the last score of years, and still keep their places amongst the preachers of the Gospel, will testify not merely that they have found the outward evidence for Christianity abundant far beyond the assertions of the "Sceptics," but, what is far more to the purpose, that the contents of the Gospel are rich to a degree of which at first they had not dreamed, that it is a light which is recognized by its own brightness and beauty, and that to one who has realized his spiritual and moral necessities, and humbled himself as a little child, it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. We have long been satisfied that the restoration of belief is possible only upon two conditions; — the *one* that we shall have something offered to us to believe, — a religion which contains, not contradictions, indeed, but mysteries; the *other*, that we will bear in mind that truth is to be

learned through inward experience, and in the way of the commandments. Christ offers us the light of *life*. Men will believe in the Christ who wrought wonders eighteen hundred years ago in Palestine only so far as they believe in the Christ within them, yesterday, to-day, forever, in their cities, villages, and homes. The Wares and Channings received their faith before the word Transcendentalism was whispered on this side of the water. How were their successors to gain and keep a like persuasion? Not, we answer, by the method indicated by Mr. Andrews Norton, scholar and Christian though he was. He did not reach his faith in the way which he indicates. He had it, and then cast about for reasons to be urged in support of it. The evidences which he presents are abundant, and not to be spoken against; but they do not fasten upon the mind an unalterable and working conviction, and there is a scepticism which they will not reach. There is another way. Our Divinity School will be a glad and holy place when it is distinctly recognized. Our churches will live and grow as never before when it is clearly perceived. Those who are found in it will be neither Tritheists nor Calvinists, and yet will have an answer for all who would confound them with sceptics and naturalists, and all who preach self-development in opposition to Divine influx, and present Christianity as if it were an ascending of man to God, instead of a coming of God to man by his only-begotten Son. We can indicate this way in no words so good as these by Jonathan Edwards, who knew what he affirmed: "The Gospel was not given only for learned men. There are at least nineteen in twenty, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, of those for whom the Scriptures were written, that are not capable of any certain or effectual conviction of their Divine authority by such arguments as learned men make use of." "We cannot rationally doubt but that things that are divine have a godlike, high, and glorious excellency in them, that does so distinguish them from the things that are of men, that the difference is ineffable, and therefore such

as, if seen, will have a most convincing, satisfying influence upon one, that they are what they are, namely, divine." And we must add this from the Larger Catechism of the Westminster Assembly: "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the Word of God by their majesty and purity; by the consent of all the parts, and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God; by their light and power to convince and convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation. *But the Spirit of God, bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man, is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God.*" When these sentences have been faithfully pondered, we shall be in a condition to get the *truth* out of Parkerism and Emersonianism, and cast the rest away.

E.

"Fear not; for they that are with us are more than they that are with them." — 2 Kings vi. 16.

THE wicked and the base do compass round
The pure and humble in their righteous way,
And with fierce onset, and the trumpet's sound,
They seek the servants of the Lord to slay;
They trust in wealth, or in the cruel sword, —
Vain idols, that cannot defend or save!
They fear no threatenings of God's holy Word,
But, trusting in themselves alone, are brave.
But though no human help the righteous know,
They fear not in the last, the trying hour:
God through his gracious love to them doth show
The unseen hosts and ensigns of his power,
Which compass them about on every side,
In whose protection they may safe confide.

J. V.

THE GOOD GROUND.

A SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM SILSBEE.

MARK iv. 8: — "And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred."

THE Parable of the Sower, in this, its fourth and last division, happily leads us to an encouraging view of the reception of truth among men. There is somewhere a "good ground," where the seed not only takes root, but continues to grow, and at last becomes, to a greater or less extent, productive. There are human souls who delight in the truth, who welcome every divine influence, and profit by it; whose lives are made rich and fruitful by faithful study of God's Word. The Gospel is not a failure, however often men may fail to appreciate it. Here and there, in every age, there have been the "few noble," on whom the labors of prophets, apostles, and martyrs have not been lost. And just as the proportion of cultivated land is continually becoming greater in comparison with the whole extent of the earth's surface, so we may believe that more and more of the soil of *human hearts* is reclaimed from the wilderness and the waste, and brought under the genial and renewing power of religion. In the very fact, then, that our Lord speaks of the good ground, as well as the rocky and the thorny, I find a warrant for believing that every man is by nature accessible to the power of truth and goodness. We are to treat no man, however desperate seems his condition, as beyond all reach of better influences. "The harvest is plenteous." It is possible we may reap an hundred-fold. It is certain that no faithful labor is wholly lost.

We are at once the sowers and the soil. We are to scatter the Divine Truth, and we are to receive it in our own hearts. Let us consider the meaning and application of these two things in reference to the fruitfulness of the Word.

I. We are the soil on which the Divine Sower sows his

seed, either directly or through the agency of human means. Now, just as soils, in the material sense, may be made indefinitely fruitful by cultivation, yet not all to the same extent nor in the same kind, so is it in the spiritual sense. The variety surely is as much a part of God's purpose in the one case as in the other. "If God so clothe the grass of the field," if he gives to every flower its own form and fragrance, its own color and use, "shall he not much more clothe you?" Shall he not give every one of us the opportunity to produce some good fruit, each after our kind? Shall not *we* be clothed with the living verdure of the garden of God? We cannot for a moment doubt that such is his will, who has created all material things with a spiritual meaning and purpose. The illustrations of our subject from this source are peculiarly rich and various, and authorized by the fullest instances from Scripture language. And there are two prominent, but very different, feelings suggested by this correspondence between man's mind and the soil. I mean the feeling of shame and the feeling of hope. What is a neglected field or garden to a neglected soul? If the sight of this outward waste and sterility makes us sad, how should we feel in thinking of the wasted or unused powers of our spiritual being? How much lies dormant which ought to have been awakened into life long ago! How many pernicious and useless growths have been encouraged, which ought to have given place to the pure seed of the Word! For we have no right to say, either that the soul could not be made good, or that there was no good seed sown there. There is no original incapacity in any man to prevent his becoming one of the highest angels.

This must be clear, I think, to any one who does not believe in a predestination to evil, and who does believe that God is Love. Whatever may be the sense in which it can be affirmed that human nature is "depraved," it cannot be in a sense which would exclude the possibility of regeneration and improvement, — yea, an improvement which shall know no

limits in time or in eternity. Forever and forever without end, it must be possible for man to grow in wisdom and goodness, — and I mean by possible, that there is no hinderance but what arises from his own perverse will. If a man will be an angel, he can; — and this, though he has no power whatever in himself, no independent virtue or strength, but only such as he receives from above. For He from whom we receive never withholds a single gift or advantage from any who are in a state to profit by it. All the riches of Infinite Wisdom and Love — think of the amazing bounty! — are open to those who are filled with this divine hunger and thirst. Wonderful is the wealth of life in this outward Nature! — how it streams in at every pore! — with what various beauty it "renews the face of the earth"! — how it fills the remotest corner of space with some kind of animated being, so that even among Arctic snows there is found, actually thriving in the very midst of an icy temperature, a minute specimen of animal life, with its attendant vegetable food. And as we study these annual miracles of the creation, if we do it with any kind of religious interest or faith, we receive the impression of one ever-living Spirit, the life of all things, whose very nature it is to diffuse, and as it were to multiply himself. But had we eyes to see with our spiritual senses as clearly as with our natural, how vastly more full would be the displays of life in the realm of souls! Created as we are in the likeness of Him who is spirit, how much nearer must we be to Him in respect to our spiritual substance than any of the forms of material life! How much more may we be filled with God, how much more may we be "partakers of the Divine nature," than those beings which are formed from the substance of the earth, and "return to the earth" as they were!

Now think what we were *made for*, and then consider what *we are;* and is not the contrast such as to inspire the most painful sense of shame and sorrow? I know that most men have very little faith in the greatness of their destiny. They

do not believe that they are sons of God, and called to share with him the glorious work of building up a heavenly kingdom in the world; and hence, on the one hand, they are insensible to the compunction which they ought to feel for having failed of their destiny, and on the other hand they are unvisited by those animating hopes which should possess the soul of one who is worthy the name of man. They believe that they were born to be drudges or idlers, masters or slaves, victims of want or favorites of fortune, rulers in the world of intellect or feeble dependants on the light which others may impart to them. In short, they seem to think that they are the creatures of circumstances, and not responsible for being governed by them alone. O sad mistake and blindness! not to know that, through all this diversity of gifts and outward condition, every man that treads the earth is designed to fulfil one and the same end, namely, that he may become an inhabitant of heaven, — a heaven which he shall help to create around him even here. And this very blindness, — this want of faith, — does it not come mainly as the result of a long course of worldly and hopeless *living?*

It cannot, my friends, be too much insisted upon, that faith and life have a reflex action upon each other. What we believe, certainly has some influence upon our actions; but then, also, quite as much our actions affect our belief. Try to believe what you never attempt to live up to, and you will find that you cannot do it. It is nothing more than half-belief, or a "make believe." Try to believe in God as the One Infinite Intelligence, — the one loving Father, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground; yet if you live as though we were all creatures of chance or fate, the sport of malice as much as of love, then that abstract faith, that pretended acknowledgment of a Providence, will amount to nothing. But on the other hand, if we admit the simplest truth of religion into good ground, — "an honest and good heart," — if we say, Here is something which *concerns me*, something which can make my daily life better, something which I must apply to myself rather than to my neighbor, —

then we shall find a practical and operative faith growing up in us, which will be manifested in works of charity and usefulness; and these, again, will confirm and develop the faith; and so on without end. Now observe that I said, we cannot at heart believe what we do not *attempt* to live up to. An honest and good heart will attempt again and again, in spite of renewed failures, — will never be weary of preparing the ground and enriching it, that it may become continually more productive. It is no such deep disgrace to have failed, provided we do not let our failures prevent us from trying again. No man is to be ashamed that he is not already an angel, but every man ought to be ashamed if he is not in the way of becoming one. Begin aright here; let the germs of the Divine life be started and fairly rooted in the mind, and we shall have all eternity to grow up to the measure of the angelic standard. I believe it to be a sound and necessary deduction from the doctrine of providence, that the term of every human life has strict reference to the improvement which will be made of it; the more or less faithful use of its opportunities. He "who seeth the end from the beginning" has doubtless provided that every man shall live in this world just as long as his life can be either of some use to others, or else can serve the purpose of developing his own spiritual growth. When neither of these ends can any more be answered, or when they can be better promoted in another state of existence, then the life here is closed.

II. But we are not only the soil, we are the *sowers* too. There is not a day of our lives, perhaps, that we are not sowing something, for good or for evil. There cannot be a greater mistake, than to suppose that they only are sowers who devote themselves to the direct work of spiritual instruction. We are all of us called to scatter the words of truth and love, to dispense to others of that Divine bounty which we have so freely received. Let us do it, then, with faith, with hope, with gratitude, — without envy, without murmuring at our limited or unpromising field. With faith, — i. e.

especially, faith in human nature. Far from us be any thought of disparaging that which our Lord has taught us contains good ground. We must be willing to believe that every man has some approachable entrance, that there is a way of treating him and presenting the truth to him, so that it shall make some impression; and we should never give up till we find that way. Moreover, we must believe that, even if the soil is not now good, it may be made so by diligent cultivation. The most barren portions of the earth are those most remote from the great centres of population; and as human society throngs there, they will become more and more fertile. Is it not the same with human hearts? If one grows hard and cold in isolation, if no friendly face meets him, if no warmth of human love shines upon him, how can there be any genial preparation for the blessed truths which strengthen and renew the soul? Kindly intercourse between man and man is one of the providential means for promoting intercourse between man and God.

O my friends, we little guess how much we are doing to hasten the triumph of the Gospel, whenever our lives give proof to another of the power of that Gospel over ourselves. Especially when it can be seen to have given us a true fellow-feeling for him, and we have been able to reach some deeper emotion in his heart, where all before had been dry, barren, and closed up. As in the sandy deserts of Africa they have been boring for Artesian wells, and the water has gushed up from vast depths where it had been waiting thousands of years for an outlet, to the unbounded joy of the natives of those barren wastes, — (and soon we may hope that threads of living green, following the track of these waters, will lead men to habitable spots amid the desert,) — so it is with many a heart which none has ever understood or touched, because none has ever *gone deep enough* to bring up the tides of feeling. I must confess to have been shocked more than once for having hastily misjudged another in this very way, — for having made up my mind that he was unfeeling, or proud, or indifferent to all spiritual impressions, — when the simple

fact was, that I had not understood at first how to reach him. The more I see of men, the more I am ready to believe that all are capable of being moved and touched by some message of Divine truth, — provided it be in all cases adapted to the individual peculiarities, and we do not insist upon one narrow standard to judge all alike. And I hold, that where there is one human being, in our daily walks, with whom we have not yet succeeded in establishing friendly relations, he ought to be to us for that very reason an object of peculiar interest; and we should feel that something yet remains to be done, until through our exertions he has been brought nearer to us, and been made to understand and appreciate our kindly feelings towards him. So may we be doing something to win souls to the Lord. With such a faith, growing by experience, shall we not also sow in *hope?* — a hope that shall make the countenance beam with joy, — a hope not passive and sluggish, like too many a feeling which assumes this name, but inspiring to continued and unwearied effort in behalf of those whom we dare hope for. The simple expression of hope, in hopeful language, is a wonder-worker. "I hope you will get well," is sometimes the best medicine the physician can give. "I hope you will do better in future," may arouse some dull pupil, when all direct teaching seems to have accomplished little. If God has given us the privilege of doing one single act of mercy or kindness, — of speaking one seasonable and effectual word, — how shall we not hope on through all the future, come what may of discouragement? For it is a mingled work, — partly ours and partly God's. He "giveth the increase." We may enrich the soil, we may plant and water, but we cannot make a single seed grow. He does that. And if every summer the farmer shows, consciously or unconsciously, his faith that God will do his part towards making the earth bring forth and bud, can we, in planting for eternity, do less than believe in the Divine promise of our Lord, that his word shall not return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto he hath sent it?"

DIALOGUE ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE,

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND A YOUNG CANDIDATE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.)

Candidate. — Will you be so good as to answer me four important questions, as briefly and thoroughly as possible?

Pastor. — Briefly and thoroughly four important questions? Most willingly, if I can. What do they relate to?

Candidate. — You certainly can, for they relate to the eloquence of the pulpit. I have them here, upon a card. They are as follows: Must I preach to the understanding or to the heart; in an elevated or simple strain? Must I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality? Must I speak extempore, or must I write everything out and commit it to memory?

Pastor. — The proverb is indeed right, when it says that a young man can ask more questions in a moment, than an older one can answer in several hours.

Candidate. — *A young man?* I thought the proverb said, *a fool.*

Pastor. — Yes, I believe it is so; excuse me. Your first question?

Candidate. — Must I preach to the understanding, or to the heart?

Pastor. — That you can do just as you wish.

Candidate. — As I wish?

Pastor. — Yes, for the understanding, you know, has its rights, and the heart has its rights also. I like a sermon that convinces me; I like one too which touches me. Both kinds of preaching are good, or may at least be so. Now for your next question.

Candidate. — Well, I call this despatch. The answers are short, but — The second question is, Shall I preach in an elevated or simple strain?

Pastor. — To answer this, we must first know what we mean by simple, and what by elevated or sublime.

Candidate. — Do you know ?

Pastor. — On a little reflection, it seems to me that the sublime always lies in some idea which transcends the boundaries of the understanding; which therefore cannot be comprehended, but only partially perceived, by the highest faculties of the soul.

Candidate. — Not bad, forsooth, not bad! Only not expressed quite pithily enough. I should say, for example, — for I have occupied myself a good deal with æsthetics, — the sublime is that which borders upon nonsense without being nonsense.

Pastor. — This definition you have taken —

Candidate. — From the sublimest passages of the poets and orators of all nations, even of the Germans.

Pastor. — It is itself sublime.

Candidate. — You mean to say that it borders on nonsense.

Pastor. — In fact —

Candidate. — But without being nonsense. It is therefore perfectly justified.

Pastor. — And what is it, then, to be simple ?

Candidate. — It is to be as far as possible removed from nonsense, and therefore often utterly insipid. How, then, am I to preach, I ask, simply or sublimely ?

Pastor. — As to that, you may follow your own inclination entirely; only being careful to avoid both nonsense and insipidity. Your next question !

Candidate. — So soon again ! The third question is, Shall I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality ?

Pastor. — What made you think of this question ?

Candidate. — I have observed that it makes a great difference among orators, whether they belong to a school or are purely natural and original. You find the culture of the

former depending on certain well or ill chosen models; they adopt certain rules of oratory, as they have them from tradition. You find among the latter a more and more strongly marked personality; sometimes agreeable, sometimes strange, but always interesting. I do not remember to have found any of these last among the Greeks or the French, but they are frequently to be met among the Germans.

Pastor. — Young man, it cannot be denied that you have very fair intellectual ability.

Candidate. — I suppose no one doubts of that —

Pastor. — Less than yourself. You inquire, then, whether you should conform yourself to some ideal, to some model, or whether you should follow no other rule than your own personality. My answer is —

Candidate. — Be quick! I am all impatience to hear.

Pastor. — Do just what you cannot help doing.

Candidate. — What I cannot help doing? What do you mean by that?

Pastor. — If the ideal is stronger in you, let it have its way. If personality is stronger, then let *that* prevail.

Candidate. — Have you nothing more to tell me?

Pastor. — Nothing at all. The fourth question?

Candidate. — Shall I speak extempore, or compose and commit to memory?

Pastor. — What a glorious thing is a free and unpremeditated utterance! How fresh and living is everything that comes out!

Candidate. — So, then, I should? —

Pastor. — And yet it is also most advisable to elaborate everything thoroughly and commit to memory.

Candidate. — Should I not, then? Pray tell me what I *am* to do.

Pastor. — As God wills.

Candidate. — But what does God will?

Pastor. — He will show you, both in your own character and in outward circumstances.

Candidate. — Listen to me, Sir.

Pastor. — I am listening.

Candidate. — I am beside myself.

Pastor. — Then go *within* yourself.

Candidate. — But you have been trying to mystify me.

Pastor. — I was not conscious of it.

Candidate. — Why do you then always answer both yes and no at the same time to my questions?

Pastor. — Because both replies must be given to them.

Candidate. — I might have known that I should not find with you what I was looking for.

Pastor. — What is it then, precisely, that you are looking for?

Candidate. — The information how to become a distinguished orator. I have sought it among the living and the dead; among Greeks, Romans, English, French, and Germans. You will hardly believe it, but I have been through some fifty treatises, large and small, relating to this subject. Have you not written an essay upon it too?

Pastor. — Yes, it is called "Eloquence a Virtue."

Candidate. — What a curious title!

Pastor. — Not more curious than the contents. Are you acquainted with this Essay?

Candidate. — No; it has escaped my notice. All these writings, I say, I have read and studied. I have done more, I have formed my own theory of eloquence. Nay, further, I have written reviews upon this theory.

Pastor. — Reviews! You alarm me! What is it you have reviewed?

Candidate. — Sermons, and in celebrated journals too.

Pastor. — Surely you are joking!

Candidate. — Nay, I am in bitter earnest. I have reviewed your own sermons.

Pastor. — You say it to frighten me.

Candidate. — It is as true as I live! I have reviewed your sermons, and — pretty sharply too!

Pastor. — Pray, have pity upon me!

Candidate. — Aha! you believe me now. Did you read my criticism?

Pastor. — I never read the journals.

Candidate. — Never read the journals! Why, man, how do you expect to keep up with the times?

Pastor. — Who told you that I wished to keep up with the times?

Candidate. — Don't be disturbed; I thought that was a matter of course. But if it offends you, I will take it all back.

Pastor. — I suppose you must yourself have preached often.

Candidate. — Yes, indeed; that is what I was coming to. But my experience in this way has been very unfortunate.

Pastor. — How so?

Candidate. — Those whose official duty it was to criticise my sermons thought they discovered many faults in them, which I am sure were not there. That, however, I do not mind so much. What hurts me more is, that I can see too plainly I am the aversion of my hearers. As soon as they discover my face in the pulpit, most of them get up and slink out of church, — thanks to our miserable police system! — and I often pronounce the Amen before the sexton alone.

Pastor. — Hearken, my friend, and take notice. He who preaches Christ before empty pews with humility and joy, stands upon a high place in God's kingdom; while he who draws thousands around him, and feels (as is very apt to be the case) some human elation in consequence, is in the sight of God far lower than the other.

Candidate. — Does not that sound a little like mysticism?

Pastor. — I dare say it does.

Candidate. — It gives me no satisfaction, no comfort. Then I began to doubt whether I had taken exactly the right course.

Pastor. — Well done! I have hopes of you yet.

Candidate. — So I resolved to apply to you. It is true,

you are only a plain sort of man, not up to the times, as you yourself confess. But you have had an experience of more than twenty years, and I hoped therefore you would be able to give me some good advice. You have not chosen to do so. I doubt not your intentions were good. Farewell!

Pastor. — Pray stop a moment. *You* have been putting questions, and it does not seem to have succeeded. Now let *me* be the questioner, and perhaps we shall have better luck. Will you answer me?

Candidate. — I will see about it.

Pastor. — There are three questions I wish to propose to you. Before Heaven, my dear young friend, and in the sincerity of your heart, what do you take yourself to be?

Candidate. — A young man who, by fortunate position, persevering industry, and exemplary conduct, is justified in cherishing more than usual hopes.

Pastor. — Indeed? But do you not know that you are a sinner?

Candidate. — Tell me who has been speaking such shameful lies of me. I will teach him to know better!

Pastor. — Such shameful lies! Good heavens! Both conscience and Scripture declare this to every man.

Candidate. — Not to me, nor to any one who has been properly brought up.

Pastor. — Ah, yes! if he has been brought up in the school of the Holy Spirit. So then your heart is not broken with sorrow for sin?

Candidate. — No, it is perfectly sound and whole.

Pastor. — I am grieved to hear it; for as long as it remains in this condition, you will not preach with edification. My second question is, Do you read the Bible?

Candidate. — Of course I do. The criticism and exegesis of the Old and New Testaments are my favorite studies.

Pastor. — A grand and excellent study! God bless it to you in this respect also, that it may not hinder you from reading the Bible sometimes like a plain and unlettered Christian.

Candidate. — And how does he read it?

Pastor. — As a pious son reads a letter he has received from his absent and beloved father. At every word he reflects, This is said to *me*, this is meant for *me* to take to heart. The words shine upon him with a lustre like that of pearls and precious stones. Every day more and more of these precious words are taken into his heart, and thus into his memory also. They become by degrees a living part of him, and sustain manifold relations to his interior character. Each one of them, inasmuch as it refers to no single class of objects, but reaches out to circle beyond circle, has an infinite meaning which experience and reflection gradually develop. And thus the mind, which was poor in itself, is filled with the riches of Divine wisdom and truth; and when called to the office of preaching, can impart these riches to the satisfaction of every Christian hearer. Have you so read the Bible?

Candidate. — Not I! and the principles of sound grammatico-historical interpretation would not allow me to do so.

Pastor. — That is the question! But if you do not read the Bible in this way, your sermons will never be edifying. Now for my third and last question: Do you ever pray?

Candidate. — Yes; to myself.

Pastor. — How! You pray to yourself?

Candidate. — To pray is to summon one's intellectual and moral faculties to the exercise of pure thought and virtuous action. When I do this, I apply to myself alone; and there is developed from me a higher power, which I then recognize as a commandment.

Pastor. — Poor young man! So then, to speak to your Heavenly Father, to your Saviour, with all the simplicity and fervor with which a child might speak to its father, or a friend to his friend; to lament before the gracious and almighty Helper all your need, temporal and spiritual, small and great, and then to supplicate him with earnest entreaty for deliverance, — all this is unknown to you? Believe me, as

long as you do not pray, you will not preach with edification. I have done; and I have communicated to you the best thing I know on the subject of pulpit eloquence.

Candidate. — What, then, is the point of all this? For thus far, I confess, I have not understood it.

Pastor. — The point is, that pulpit eloquence is nothing else but the outpouring of inner spiritual life, which must be born of the Spirit of God, and daily fed by penitence, prayer, and the reading of the Divine Word. Where this inner life is not present, there the eloquence of the pulpit can be nothing else than jugglery, — nothing but an attempt to make the audience, who are sitting in darkness and shivering with cold, believe that they are warmed and enlightened. Such a deception, though it may succeed for a time, will never last long; for every one's consciousness will tell him at last whether he sees or does not see, whether he is warm or freezing. On the other hand, as light and warmth streams out from the flame by its natural and necessary operation, so will spiritual life, where it really exists, flow out of itself in one's discourse; and its real glory is manifested in this, that it communicates itself under the most diverse forms, and that no one of these forms can give or take from it anything essential. If it is applied to the understanding, to confirm one's spiritual insight, still it will not lack warmth; if it is applied to the heart, to awaken the religious feelings, they will not therefore be deficient in clearness. Let the mind soar on its loftiest flight; it will not thereby make the Gospel appear more sublime than it is in itself; and it will remain sublime, though clothed in the simplest and least adorned dress. If one is born with aspirations for ideal excellence, he will find that the highest art, when employed in the service of the Gospel and subordinate to it, will never do violence to its sanctity and worth; and not less will this same Gospel be able to unfold itself through some rude and uncultivated person, as soon as he has become sanctified by faith. The previous preparation, too, may be long or short, it may im-

press upon the memory what has been written down, or it may be careful of the thoughts alone, and let the words go. It makes no great difference how this may be, but only whether one who would be a preacher of the Divine Word devotes to this holy office all the time he can spare, and all his best energies. He who hath much will turn out no better than he who hath little, provided the latter is just as faithful in his purposes and aims. It is true, that, with equal power and vitality of Christian character, one may collect more, and another fewer hearers around him; one may be more, and another less, renowned. But it would be foolish, should one attempt to form any general conclusion from either case, as to the influence with which each was blessed. Therefore no one is a favored speaker because he discourses before a large audience; he is so only by the faith with which he speaks, though it were only before two or three. For where faith exists, there is also a blessing, and in this assurance every one should rest satisfied.

Candidate. — It does not satisfy me, though. Were I standing on the declivity of life, and had I already attained to the little that was granted me, then I might take comfort in such thoughts. But I am standing on the threshold of a career which opens before me to a boundless extent, and no contemptible humility shall obscure my lofty aim, or keep back my efforts to attain to it.

Pastor. — You speak out boldly what many, and certainly not the worst, young men now feel, each in reference to his peculiar vocation. They are the suggestions of that ambition which is employed from childhood as the spur to all exertions, and which thus becomes so fearfully developed. But I am struck with horror when I reflect *who* was the first to feel so.

Candidate. — What orator do you mean?

Pastor. — Orator? Yes, he may be that too! *When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own.*

Candidate. — So you mean the —

Pastor. — One whom I do not like to name.

Candidate. — There is no such being!

Pastor. — The ambitious least of all should assert this! They should recognize their field-marshal and commander-in-chief, — him whose watchword is, "Fall down and worship me." The Lord grant that none of those who proclaim his Divine Word may have a secret understanding with his enemy!

Candidate. — You are giving way to a most unrighteous anger. Before we part, let us for once calmly consider the case. I will put myself as much as possible on your standpoint. I am to edify, am I not? How can I edify without pleasing? How can I please without being applauded?

Pastor. — This again I must deny, and I assert that it is altogether unnecessary to please one's hearers, — nay, that it may sometimes be well to displease and offend them in the bluntest manner.

Candidate. — But surely one preaches for men.

Pastor. — That is just what I deny.

Candidate. — Not for men?

Pastor. — One preaches for God, and the best sermon is that which pleases God best.

JESUS CHRIST, without worldly possessions or scientific eminence, has his own peculiar sanctity. He promulgated no important discoveries; he aimed at no supremacy; but he was humble, patient, holy, — nay, the holiest of the holy; the conqueror of Satan; altogether without sin. To the internal eye of the heart, to the discernment of true wisdom, how illustrious was the pomp of his appearance, and how unspeakable his greatness. — *Pascal.*

PRINCELY as was Archimedes, it would have been useless in him to affect the Prince in his geometrical treatises. — *Ibid.*

RANDOM READINGS.

THE ARTICLE, "CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD."

NOTE BY ONE OF THE EDITORS.

IT is well understood that the editors do not hold themselves responsible save for the general Christian spirit and aim of any paper which may appear in this Magazine over any initials but their own. But I feel it due to myself to record my emphatic dissent from the interpretation which our esteemed contributor gives to John v. 17, 18, and x. 28 – 39. They seem to me to teach, as clearly as words are capable of teaching, the subordination and inferiority of the Son in his Divine nature to the Father. Instead of allowing the idea of equality *inferred by the Jews*, Jesus says: "The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth; and he will show him greater works than these." "The Son can do nothing of himself." "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am *the Son of God?*" not *God the Son*, be it observed, — that is a human phrase; but if the Son is equal to the Father, God the Son is a proper phrase. God images himself from all eternity in the Son of his love, through the Holy Spirit, but there is only one God, and there is one Son of God.

Moreover, it seems to me that those who apply what Jesus says, John xiv. 28, to his state of humiliation, wholly misunderstand the Lord. If this was what he had in mind, he would have said, "I am about to resume my estate of heavenly glory, my equality with God;" but what he does say is this: "I am soon to return to Him upon whom it is so sweet to depend, whose greatness is my joy and glory." For any one, speaking of himself as man, to say, "My Father is greater than I," would be to utter a mere thing of course. Why tell us what we all knew before? Who can deny that God is greater than *man?* Of the Son of God in his *Divine Sonship* such a word is profoundly significant, and must be fatal to any form of *Bi*theism.

E.

CREAM FROM THE BOSTON REVIEW, OR CALVINISM PURE AND UNCOMPOUNDED.

THE following morsels are taken from the March number of the Review. The Italics and the headings are ours.

MORALITY.

"Members of the Church, real Christians, yea, Christian ministers, may fall into and warmly advocate gross errors, *as they may practise enormous iniquities*, and yet be, like Peter and David, real Christians."

ARMINIANISM.

"It is natural to man to indulge in illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to that siren till she transforms us into Arminians. And Arminianism is the natural state of the apostate race."

WHAT SIN IS.

"Many of the old terms so much employed by the great men of former times, such as imputation and substitution, are greatly qualified, set aside, or ridiculed. And if the professor emphasizes the expression, '*Sin consists in sinning*,' it is not wonderful if the young preachers sometimes go forth apparently with the high ambition of convincing the churches that they have been befooled by the old-fashioned preaching, *and that they are not guilty of Adam's sin!* We have known three of them in speedy succession before the same congregation to make this the burden of their cheery and disenthralling song."

STATE OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES.

"Disguise it as we may, it is a fearful sign of the evidence of new and perverting theology that multitudes in the churches are profoundly ignorant of the teachings of the Scriptures concerning the divine way of justifying lost sinners. Though there are no themes so interesting to vigorous and healthy minds, we ask what proportion of the congregations, or even of the churches, can give you any clear definition of what is meant by Regeneration, Justification, Adoption, Sanctification? How many can enumerate the Divine attributes, and not be stricken dumb when told that they believe three persons to be one person, and one God to be three Gods."

WHAT DELIGHTED JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"From my childhood up," he says, "my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; *leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell.* It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well when I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men according to his sovereign pleasure. . . . . I have often since had not only a conviction but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has often appeared *exceeding bright, sweet, and pleasant.*"

UNCONDITIONAL ELECTION.

"Though Taylorism as a system may now be said to have been repudiated, yet it has left its poisonous influences in the minds of a multitude of pastors, tinging all their preaching with the un-Edwardian and preposterous opinion that, after all, *God foresees conditions in certain individuals, or at least conditions ab extra to his own mind on account of which he elects them;* and also that a heart alienated by nature, as a leopard's skin is spotted by nature, can be changed, new-created, by merely suasory power."

GOING TO HEAVEN IN THE CARS.

"The very mention of the themes of the Shorter Catechism in the presence of young, excitable America, creates laughter and ridicule. Imagine the Apostle Paul to arise and go into our bookstores, our counting-rooms, our shops, and seriously introduce the doctrines which the early Christians so loved; and how quick the lip of the fast Christian of our day curls with sport or with scorn, while the author of the Epistle to the Romans turns pale, and trembles with amazement to hear, 'Why, you do not really puzzle your head with, or read on these subjects, do you? Why, these old doctrines are dead and buried long ago. Nobody studies the Catechism now. Does your minister preach on such subjects? He must be two hundred years behind the times. There is but here and there an old fogy who cares a fig for that kind of Christian literature. It is extremely unpopular even in Puritan New England. Why, Sir, you are not awake to the times in which we live. Mind is active; ministers must be wide awake, or they 'll be left behind. Everything goes by steam now. We do not go to heaven in the lonely, slow, and

toilsome way of former ages. They have a railroad, Sir, and go in cheerful crowds by steam, and have a good social time of it too. That old Slough of Despond has been entirely filled up by the liberality and public spirit of this wonderful age. The wicket-gate was a very narrow and bigoted entrance, Sir, and it has been greatly widened and beautified. Bunyan's old friend Evangelist, who used to give each Christian a roll to carry and to examine with so much care, is now ticket-master, who gives to each passenger a neat card, which he has only to hand to the Conductor, Mr. Smooth-it-away. Instead of having to carry our bundles on our back, according to the ridiculous old fashion, we deposit them safely in the baggage-car, and receive checks as security that they shall be restored to us at the end of the journey. Yea, we have even persuaded Old Apollyon, who used to give such annoyance to pilgrims, to be our Engineer, and a capital one he makes, too. The famous Hill Difficulty, Sir, is tunnelled right through; and when we pass, as we do now and then, one or two of the obstinate, old-fashioned, grim pilgrims, who still persist in going the old way, our wide-awake engineer puffs steam in their faces, to the great amusement of the happy passengers.'"

RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

And what have you to do with him? the reader will ask. We answer, Much, every way. After his manner, he is an able and eloquent preacher, and his sermons are more to the purpose than many other discourses which have been preached in our Music Hall from the same stage, minus the straw and the tan, by men who had not learned to rule their own spirits, not to speak of horses. We answer, Much, every way; for have we not seen him twice, and did we not think that we were in the way of our duty, all the while, as humble members of the School Board, and teachers of religious truth? Rarey is a representative man in many respects. He teaches the need at once of control and of gentleness, — the duty of a superior nature to understand an inferior one, to be patient with its infirmities, and to get a legitimate command by learning its law. He has made the horse a study, and the result of a better acquaintance with a sadly abused animal is very gratifying to one who would find good in everything, though, indeed, we are bound to admit that, as the character

of the horse rises, the character of the horse's master and breaker for good sense and good temper sensibly declines. The horse gets his vices from us. Our cruelty and impatience, to say nothing of our stupidity, have, in a multitude of instances, spoiled the good temper of an affectionate, loyal animal, and made him the brute we call him. How our sins find us out! The horse that lays back his ears and snaps at you as you pass along in the street, reminds you of them. Beware of dogs, wrote the Apostle, meaning by dogs *men*, cynical, barking men. Did the dogs spoil the men, or the men the dogs? Mr. Rarey's triumph seemed to us very wonderful, complete, and significant, a most moral spectacle for boys inclined to be cruel and domineering, for teachers and parents who provoke their pupils and children to wrath. *Similia similibus* may do for the body; but it will not answer for the mind and heart. A soft reply to the angry, a persuasive in answer to a threat, the strength that can wait as an offset to the strength of persistency and haste, these are what we need for the training of the mind and heart and will. We commend to the Humane Society the project of a series of free exhibitions by Rarey for the benefit of grooms and horsemen and whips of every grade, yes, of all masters and mistresses of schools, not to add parents, who might learn wisdom sometimes by putting themselves in the places of children that live seemingly only to be snubbed and badgered.

E.

A CHILD'S INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

CHILDREN are wonderfully literal in their Scripture readings, but sometimes they hit the mark more truly than a whole cloud of commentators. We find the following incident related in a Western exchange, which illustrates a child's idea of the importance of an early consecration to Christ. The little fellow, the youngest of three children, wanted to be baptized. The father, thinking it a child's notion, discouraged him.

"You are too young, my child. You should not make a profession of religion now. You might fall back from it."

"Why, father, Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am very little, you see, and it will be easier for Jesus to carry me now than when I get to be bigger."

The father was touched by this beautiful logic, and probably saw

too the great spiritual truth wrapped up in the child's literal interpretation, and led him up to be baptized. And the whole family, father, mother, and the three children, were all gathered into the fold of Christ, — an undivided family within the larger family of Christian discipleship. How beautiful this, and what an aid to home education and the whole work of domestic religion, and how different when families divide off, the husband to one church, the wife to another, the children anywhere or nowhere. No wonder the Church, in our distracting sectarianism, loses its power, since it fails to bring the family whole and unbroken to its altar, and gather within it the family sympathies and affections.

S.

A SPECTACLE ON CONCORD RIVER.

Concord River is famous, and is becoming more so. Eighty-six years ago occurred on its banks what was really the opening battle of the Revolution. It was fought from opposite sides of the stream at Concord bridge, and the first Tory blood dyed the margin of the river.

Concord River is a sluggish stream, flowing lazily through nearly the whole length of Middlesex County into the Merrimack, flanked on either side by long windings of fertile meadow. Some years ago, and within the memory of living men, it was a delight to the eye to cross the river, or to roam along its banks and look over the meadows which stretched up and down like an immense prairie. Gain a small height on either side, and you might see this Middlesex prairie stretching twenty miles away, the breeze making billows in the tall grass, as they rolled far along the margin of the stream. The valley of the Concord River was among the fairest and most productive regions of good old Massachusetts, and if the lands of Iowa could have been transported in a body, the Middlesex farmers would not have exchanged for them their long reach of grass and cranberry meadows.

In process of time, however, a corporation built a dam down towards the mouth of the river, raising it higher from time to time. The fall of the river through a large part of its course is only *two inches to a mile*, and the effect of the dam is to drown these splendid meadows, and turn the beautiful valley of the Concord into a long, stagnant dead sea. In place of these long reaches of alluvial prairie, you now see a standing lake, or an immense lagoon, devoted to muskrat

architecture, the choral harmony of bull-frogs, and the exhalation of miasma into the homes of the honest Middlesex farmers.

One would think it an easy matter to decide whether a few mill-owners should or should not swamp the whole valley of the Concord, and lay the fairest portion of six towns under water. But this is the simple question which Massachusetts justice has been now more than thirty years in deciding, and, like Walter the Doubter, she is deliberating gravely upon that matter now.

But we have not yet come to the "spectacle on Concord River" which we had set out to describe. Riding the other day along a hill-side that overlooked the Concord valley, where once lay the long row of fertile Middlesex farms, I could see the monster lagoon or stagnant frog-pond winding ten miles away up into the Framingham glades, and down towards the scene of the Concord fight. Pausing to meditate on the beauty of legal justice and the law's delay, the sun went down and lit up the whole west with vast ridges of purple fire. The watery dragon, through his whole length and in all his windings, caught the colors of the sky, and lay for some time in a perfect sapphire blaze. The waters burned away up into creeks and bays and sinuosities, and the monster lay for half an hour changing his hues like a dying dolphin. Never was transformation more sudden and complete, as the deadly lagoon became like the crystal river beneath the throne. So vivid was the blaze, that you fancied it re-reflected from the marginal fields and fringing woods, and the whole Concord valley turned into fairy flame. The imagination got from that moment a more perfect representation of the great river of God, that flows through realms not travelled by the sun: —

> "And lo! those glimpses of the crystal river
> From out the rainbow throne!
> Over its ripples clear the light doth quiver,
> As from a jasper-stone.
> Now lightly dancing in the ethereal breeze,
> Now brightly glancing from rich-fruited trees."

Gradually the colors faded out, and night and the muskrats were left again to their own. Fit illustration of the effort which the kind heavens are always making to bring some sort of beauty out of human folly and injustice, and change the damps and the vapors below into transfigurations from above. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Short Family Prayers for every Morning and Evening of the Week, and for Particular Occasions. By JONATHAN WAINRIGHT, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — These prayers are short and comprehensive, of course Trinitarian so far as any forms of doctrine appear at all. Those for daily use have prefixed to them appropriate Scripture quotations. Moreover they have an easy flow and a sustained unction, which will commend them to all who prefer a written form in family devotion. S.

Thoughts for Holy Week, for Young Persons. By MISS SEWELL, Author of "Amy Herbert," etc. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — This is a neat little book of 184 pages, with devout meditations, under the following heads: Sunday before Easter, Monday before Easter, Tuesday before Easter, Wednesday before Easter, Thursday before Easter, Good Friday, Easter Eve, Easter Day. The author is well known as a very popular writer of the English Episcopal Church. S.

Marion Graham; or, "Higher than Happiness." By META LANDER, Author of "Light on the Dark River," "The Broken Bud," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, and Company. — This is a religious novel. Marion Graham makes a mistake in her marriage, and in reconciling her to her condition, and making her finally happy in it, the author displays the resources of religious faith. The book has prolix passages, but the reader does not lose his interest in Marion. The pages are sprinkled liberally with poetry, some of it very rich and glowing. S.

The Boston Review for March is the second number of what is designed to be the organ of unadulterated and uncompromising Puritan Orthodoxy. We rejoice to know that it is securely and permanently established, for we think a vast deal will be gained to the cause of truth in having the Five Points of Calvinism presented without disguise, so as to be seen of all men; so that we can have something to refer to, and know what genuine Orthodoxy is. The present number indicates zeal and ability, and contains a trenchant and spicy

criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's theology is examined and utterly condemned. Mr. Beecher has no adequate idea of man's wants as a sinner, or of the great atonement which is provided for them. He caricatures atrociously the Orthodox doctrine of Election which Edwards took delight in. We cannot, for the life of us, see the essential difference between its exhibition by Beecher in the extract, and its exhibition in the extract from Edwards. But the opinion of us "liberals" is not to be thought of in such a controversy. The first article, on the Old and New Theology, is interesting. All that we have read of the number is pungent, and what we have not read looks vastly readable. Though sticking to the old theology, the Review does not always stick to the old English, and we do not believe that horrible word "divisive" was ever turned into a noun before. In our humble judgment, such a noun ought to be hunted down as a heretic. S.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the Author of "School-Days at Rugby," &c. Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — We hope that Vol. II. will come along very soon, for Tom Brown is capital always and everywhere, and the more we have of such manly, thoughtful, Christian fellows, even if they are a little over-muscular, the better. They help us greatly to make things spiritual and moral real and beautiful to our young people. E.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861. — Mr. Allen has done his work very thoroughly, and has succeeded in making a very attractive and suggestive book. We hope that it will have some effect in rescuing the Old Testament from the strange and unwarrantable neglect to which so many have consigned it. There is just enough learning in these well-written and well-compacted chapters to save them from being either shallow or heavy, and the general reader will be held by the easily flowing and clear style. We miss some things in the book which we would gladly have found there, and find some things which we would gladly have missed, and we cannot avoid saying that it will suggest to some of the author's readers transcendent divine lessons which seem to have been only in part disclosed to himself;

nevertheless, as an aid to the student of the Revelation by Moses and the Prophets, it will be found of much value and interest. The easy reader can have no idea of the amount of careful study which such a volume, small and unpretending as it is, supposes. E.

Proceedings in the West Church on Occasion of the Decease of CHARLES LOWELL, D. D., *its Senior Pastor.* — A most fitting memorial of a deeply interesting occasion. The Address and the Discourse are charming both in matter and manner, both in spirit and in form. E.

Elsie Venner: a Romance of Destiny. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Our readers do not need to be told that "Elsie Venner" is finished, and that the loose sheets have been gathered into comely and manageable volumes. Even those who have criticised the story very sharply as it has been meted out to them chapter by chapter in the "Atlantic," will be ready, we think, to admit that it is vigorously and brilliantly wrought. The subject is not a pleasant one. There *are* monsters and awful mysteries and horrors in our world, terrible facts of congenital depravity; but needful as it is to take them into account, and valuable as they may be to teach us forbearance and charity, they are out of place, as it seems to us, in a work of fiction, which should entertain, or at least should not horrify, whilst it instructs. That we may be partly snakes, is no more impossible and incredible than that we should be partly wolves or sheep, bears or swine, hares or tigers, which certainly would seem sometimes to be the case, and insane persons should not be judged like sane persons; and, indeed, considering how little we really know about the natures and characters of others, a very particular devotion to the work of judging and amending ourselves would seem to be eminently desirable. Nevertheless, we cannot think that all this is good material for a pleasant story. But it will be said stories need not be pleasant, — they may be tragic. Yes, they may be, and yet in a human way, a sharp line being always drawn between man and reptiles. Will the Doctor, who is given to theology, cite Genesis and the Serpent to us? Our answer is ready, namely, that the men of the most ancient Church used a picture language, and spake in figures, and wrote in hieroglyphics.

And yet, whilst we take this exception, we must add very heartily,

that we have found the story of Elsie Venner exceedingly wise and witty, full of admirable portraiture, witnessing in every chapter for the writer's wonderful insight into human nature and Yankee nature, which also is human, at least, we hope, not inhuman. Some of the clergymen have taken offence at the Doctor's free speeches, and have written against him in religious journals, some of which are exceedingly immoral in their tendencies, if uncharitableness is an immorality; — but we think these writers would be far wiser, whilst they decline indorsing some of his statements, to ponder his genial, wholesome lessons, and bear in mind that, if they have a right to be offended with his freedom, his own professional brethren have far more cause to be sensitive. For ourselves, we should emphasize the fact of sin far more strongly than the Autocrat; but we are disposed to listen, and learn what is to be learned, when he talks of frailty, and indignantly exposes cant of every sort. We have never found a characterization more true to life than his description of the liberal preacher, — not that all liberal preachers are of that sort, but some are, if we may write so and live, and not be charged with "outrageous criticism" of the brethren. We are especially grateful to Dr. Holmes for the "Union Church" of which he has given us a picture in the congregation of Rev. Dr. Honeywood, relieved of a little clique of bigots, on the one hand, and reinforced by the addition of Rev. Mr. Fairweather's people on the other hand. We hope that the time is not distant when our good old Congregational body shall be one again, through the power and grace of the Master's spirit, — when we shall be willing to accept mysteries without defining them, and witness for revealed facts without theorizing about them, and take the Holy Scriptures for our Church Articles, and no longer build up about the Communion-table or the pulpit stairs the barriers of a metaphysical theology. We hope that Dr. Honeywood will offer one of these days to exchange with us. Peckham, we hope, is a caricature, though creatures fearfully like the unlearned Principal are not yet wanting. If Darwin is right, they will cease one of these days, — there is some comfort in that. Dr. Holmes is as good a master as Lowell of the New England patois, and uses it to good purpose; and though we began with finding fault with the book as painful, we must admit that it has yielded us abundant entertainment, and what right have we to criticise a man who in these dark days has made so many laugh? E.

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THE COMFORTER.

IN the interpretations of a naturalized Christianity, the leading facts of the Christian history must be altogether strange and unaccountable. If the reader will run his eye over the calendar, he will observe at this season the holy days of the Church following close one upon another, — its "Good Friday," its "Easter," its "Ascension Day," its "Whitsunday," commemorative in their order of the death, resurrection, ascension, and coming again in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. An ingenious criticism can refine away and neutralize the force of the texts which are claimed as asserting our Lord's essential divinity. What will it do with the fundamental facts as they stand in their order in the first ages of the Church? Why could not the Holy Ghost be given till the Son of man was glorified? Whence the inauguration of a new dispensation of the Spirit, which distinguishes the Christian system from all other religions, and is the pledge of its ultimate complete triumph? It was not mainly by preaching, it was not by miracles, that it won its way at first, and continues to do so. These were necessary auxiliaries, but its real moving power was the living Christ pervading the Church more completely because his earth-robes had been laid aside, and he could "fill all

things" from his glorified humanity. Down to the middle of the third century the Christian history is a continuation of the Book of Acts. The miracles, so says Neander, continued down to that time, such as healing, exorcism, and even raising those who had apparently died,* but within all this was the unextinguished consciousness of a present Christ, baptizing with the Spirit, transforming human nature, lifting it up even from its lowest deep of depravity.

In some of the old theologies, the events commemorated by the Church festivals stand out each by itself and isolated from the others. In the new theology, their essential connection in one grand congeries of doctrine is abundantly manifest, and their primal significance is fully restored. The death and resurrection of Christ are only two sides of one great fact, — the passing away of the natural and the earthly, and the coming forth of the Divine Humanity in its fulness. Putting off the natural man and the natural body with all its finite and suffering conditions, — *this was the Saviour's death.* Its crisis was at the cross, but it was accomplished through all the self-denials and renunciations from Bethlehem to Ascension Mount. Putting on the glorified form as the earthly was put off, till at last the Divine Humanity emerged complete, — *this was the Lord's resurrection.* And when this double process was finished, when there was nothing left of the earthly and the natural, and the Lord's body was fully glorified and spiritual, he was no longer visible to natural eyes. His disciples saw him no more in the flesh; he *appeared* to be taken up out of their sight, — not that he went up into the air, but into those higher degrees of existence which are hidden from us by the veil of matter, — and *this was the Lord's ascension.* But though invisible to the eye, he was nearer to the minds and hearts of his disciples than when in the flesh, and the Divine and glorified body was more unreservedly transmissive of the Divine mind, energy, and influence than the fleshly body could have been;

* Church History, Vol. I. pp. 72–75. Torrey's Edition.

and hence, through the ascended Saviour, the spirit of God passed over into our fallen humanity, and swept it like the gales of a more reviving spring, — and *this was the coming of the Holy Ghost.* As said the Lord himself, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come." Or, in the words of Peter, as he rose in the midst of the Pentecostal scene, and saw the light standing on the brow of every one about him like tongues of lambent fire, "This Jesus hath God raised up whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." *How* it was that this whole process brought God nearer to man, *how* it was that the Divine nature, by assuming ours, provided for itself methods for acting upon man by a new sphere of life and energy, is beyond our rationalizing, though not beyond our conception. The fact itself stands conspicuous in all ages of the Christian Church.

And here it is that we trend upon the grand peculiarity of Christianity over all other systems and religions. Not because it was a new set of doctrines, not because it taught a new morality; doubtless it did reveal God and a spiritual world more openly, and it did teach neighborly love more impressively. But Judaism taught one God, Socrates taught the golden rule, and Plato both taught the doctrine of one Supreme and the immortality of the soul. But none of them, nor all of them, conceived of a dispensation of the Spirit, — the Divine nature so opened down into the heart of man as to overpower it with a new energy, and give a new meaning and efficacy to prayer. This the Gospel brings to us, and this is inaugurated in the Pentecostal scene. You see this in the whole course of the Christian history. Not human eloquence, not the illustration of truth, however clear, made the Gospel effectual. It was the descent of the Holy Ghost, convincing, subduing, striking down the weapons of the natural heart, melting its flint and steel, and making its

motions as tender as a woman's love, — it was this that gave the Gospel its triumphs, and made the old idolatries give way before it.

There are two orders of events in which this special power of Christianity as a dispensation of the Spirit is more signally manifest. It is manifest in those crises which form the epochs of the Christian history, — in the great revivals of Christendom, where a power not of man is evidently veiled behind all human contrivances and arrangements, swaying the wills of men like reeds shaken in the wind, making channels for the course of history in which its streams run broadly forever, and where no human power or wit would ever have led them. There is much of human passion and folly that mix with these great renewals; but lay off the human element, and you find that which remains to be the clear directing effluence of the spirit of God.

But our doctrine is more obvious from another order of facts, and one which I confess impresses me quite as much. It is a new and a totally different style of character which is formed under a dispensation of the Spirit, no matter whether in private struggles and communings, or under the extraordinary displays of the Divine grace. Wherever they are found, whether ordinary or extraordinary, provided they be genuine, they produce fruits of their own which are never to be mistaken, and which no human contrivance can ever imitate. What, then, are the marks and indications of the Holy Spirit with man? We do not mean that universal sense and notion of the Divine which comes more or less to all men under all religions, but that special power and influence called the Comforter, the Paraclete, which comes only through Jesus Christ.

Its first fruits, we observe, are a new sense of the nature the depth, and the ramifications of human sinfulness, — the Saviour himself puts it, its first office is to convin the world "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgmen Christianity, as including a Divine Incarnation, — the

with men, — is the sphere of the Godhead brought down to earth, showing the awful purities of the Divine character in contrast with the earth's corruptions. But the Holy Spirit as a special dispensation through Christ to the human soul is a light let down through our minds and hearts, contrasting their corruption with the insufferable holiness of the heaven above. It separates the light from the darkness within us. We have a great deal of shallow talk about Christ as an example. O, such an example puts anything but courage into us, as it first gleams in upon our darkness! There it is gone up into the heavens, and hanging just over me among the eternal serenities, sending arrows of light through me, every one of which shows all my life in dismal contrast with the shining and everlasting law. It hangs up there as it hung over Saul of Tarsus, searching out in us the poisonous roots of sin, and making all our selfish life look hideous under the holiness of God. There is latent in every mind some idea of God. It is wrapped up in our natures, and we are born into the world with it. It exists under all forms of superstition. Question your child, and you find it there. Cleave into the nature of the savage, and you will stumble upon it somewhere; but it is crude, inoperative, and steeped in sin. It is the office of that special influence which, under Christianity, is called the Holy Spirit, to reach it, to clear it of its corruptions and obscurities, to kindle it into a clear and steady blaze, till it overwhelms us with a sense of responsibility and the thoughts of judgment and that Omnipresence from which we cannot flee. This comes to some natures in stormful convictions; more often it comes in a haunting sense of unworthiness, a loathing self-consciousness, want of inward and sufficing rest. This is the first work of the Paraclete. It cleaves the soul in twain. It touches the native sense of the pure and the righteous that God gives to all; it sets it over against our own evils that glare in the light and make us afraid. "Of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," — for judgment is separation,

setting the light over against the darkness, and making it baleful.

Another work of the Paraclete of Christ is, that it breaks the seals from the Word. It is described in the angelic colloquies of St. John: "Weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and loose the seals thereof." In a low and dark state of mind we take up our Bibles, and they are a dead letter from Genesis to Revelation. We do not see their inspiration, and perhaps they have a worse and more ragged literalism than any book we ever read. The books and the chapters stand apart and isolated, and there are no threads of unity that hold it together. It is not so when your sin and your need and your orphanage come vividly into your consciousness. Then the letter opens here and there, and parts of a great plan appear to you, and grow upon you, and finally it stands out clear in itself, taking in both Testaments as one majestic system of revelation. The spirit that lives in the Word is the same that touches the heart and reveals its wants, and so one interprets the other, and God in his Bible always calls and answers to God in the soul of man.

The grand difficulty with us, however, is not that the truth is hard to find; — every man has a great deal more truth than he ever uses: — our Sunday schools, our Bibles, our commentaries, will give us that; — but how give it? It lies in the memory, piled up there as a dead mass of facts and traditions, and it will lie there forever, unless there is something to touch it and make it live. The gift of the Holy Spirit touches the heart, kindles it as a live coal, makes its affections full and warm, and then they flow out into these truths we had memorized, and they are lighted up; they search the heart, they convince of sin, they shine before us and after, they gleam away down through the vistas of eternity, they speak and urge us to repentance and newness of life, they become a living faith and reflect peace and comfort evermore. "It shall bring all things to remembrance whatsoever I have

spoken unto you." The disciples learned nothing new on the day of Pentecost. They were possessed already of all the facts of the Christian economy. Christ had come, had taught, had worked, had died, had risen again. This was all familiar to them, but it lay dead in the memory. But the Holy Spirit swept the heart, and see how all these truths then rise into an organic connection and wholeness, around Christ the glorified, working in them and through them, and becoming tongued with celestial fire! Just so it is in our deepest and most genuine Christian experiences. Some have told us that they were first waked up from their drowsiness by a text of Scripture that stood out in the memory and uttered itself like a distinct and audible cry. When Luther was fighting the great battle of the Lord, what he was to say seemed to come of itself, as if a strong angel stood back of him, and kept handing over to him the thunderbolts he was to let fly. "When I walked out alone," said he, "texts of Scripture seemed to leap up and play around me." The philosophy of all these experiences is just this, — that when the Holy Spirit warms the heart, it also stirs up all our other faculties, and conscience, reason, and memory are also alive, and all the fruits of our studies and our readings are re-adjusted to our state; the Word of God is no longer dumb, but gives us openings into heaven, and becomes as angel voices in the soul.

But we come to another and still more decisive evidence of the workings of the Holy Spirit. You remember that the Scriptures exhort us "to put on Christ," to be "clothed upon" with his righteousness; to have Christ "formed within" us. They do not exhort us to imitate him as an example, — as if he had only come to leave to us a certain pattern of propriety, of which, by diligent manipulations, we could work ourselves into some sort of resemblance. We may attempt that kind of culture; but all we shall ever accomplish in it will be a very distant and fantastic aping of his actions and his manners. But to put him on, to have

him formed within us, implies and necessitates an unction of the Holy Spirit coming through him, received by communion and prayer, bearing in upon us his life and temper, and making them flower forth from us in the Christian virtues and graces. Hence it was the doctrine of the primitive Church that the procession of the Holy Ghost was from the Father and through the Son. Through all the ages of the Church this has been the Catholic faith; as if not by imitations of a model man, but by the Holy Spirit passing into our souls from a Divine humanity, bearing all the flavor and perfume of its graces, and leaving them with us, we are to put on Christ and be clothed with his righteousness. And when this is so, how easy and spontaneous become the special virtues which are the last and most precious boon of a genuine Christianity! An apostle has given us the list of them: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." A hard problem is before us, if we are to get these by following some pattern of propriety, and work out imitations of them as they work sprigs and flowers into queenly robes. Quite another problem if they are to be wrought in us, and for us, by that sovereign grace which bears Christ in upon us from above, and leaves with us the fragrancy of his life. And this demands, not the aping of his actions, but the bending of our obsequious will and the daily asking and receiving till the Christ who is glorified has passed into us from the skies. And whether amid the commotions of a Pentecostal scene and the sudden breaking up of our old states and habits of mind, or whether amid daily self-renunciations and prayers, this is the last decisive evidence of the coming of the Paraclete, and this is the test of all religious experience. There is virtue which comes in other ways, and is only the bracing up of our own pride. This gives to our virtues the temper of heaven, and puts the strength and the gentleness of the Master into them all.

Eighteen hundred years have made their practical commentary on the truth we have tried to set forth. Then was it announced that God, through the mediation of a Divine Humanity, could meet man as never before, and mould him as in the fires of a more full and baptizing love. We believe every sect which has risen, leaving out this truth or making it secondary, has relapsed into a hard Deism, with no power of vital enlargement. As the Church receives or denies it, does the scale of her life rise or fall. As the Christian disciple receives it or denies it, does his piety wax or wane. Believe it, and prayer is always an open door into heaven; in the family, in the conference, in the Church, there is the unity of the Spirit, and there is the lambent fire sitting on the brow of the great congregation. Deny it, and the door above is closed, love waxes cold, the Church splits into schisms and individualisms, and each goes his own way. Believe it, and the Christian disciple is brought into a personal relation with his Saviour, and from the Father and the Son descends the Comforter as a daily guest, convincing, subduing, opening the Bible and making the pulse of life beat through its sentences, making the disciple put on Christ every hour. "*We* will come and make our abode with him." Let him deny it or neglect it, and the truth fades out from his memory, the august scenery of faith vanishes from his soul, virtue becomes a calculating worldly interest. The family merges in secularism, and no light from above streams down upon its hearth. Without the Paraclete thus sought and found, Christianity is only a school lesson got by rote. With it, it is the power of God; for it is God coming every day with a new advent to the soul that reflects the comforts of his heavenly fire.

S.

LETTER TO A RESPECTABLE MINISTER OF THIS LOCALITY.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

SIR: A chance hearer, and, in the main, an interested one, of your recent Easter sermon, begs leave, with some demur at the liberty he is taking, to recall your attention to certain particulars usually called incidental and unconnected with your main design. He does so with all possible respect, though the matter of this address will, in all likelihood, present itself to your eye as having the character of strictures; and especially trusts that no mistrust can be cast upon the genuineness of that sentiment by the withholding his name. As that is entitled to no authority, the giving it would be of small significance.

The remarks to be offered concern your allusion to Mary Magdalen, once and again, in a way too clearly showing your acquiescence in the traditional stigma of ages resting on her name. The larger part of these ages, by the by, were proverbially *dark;* and it is highly probable that the standard of what is styled "critical learning," in relation to the New Testament, equally requires such a descriptive adjective as *low* at that uncertain, though very early day, when this brand was fastened. Your correspondent would fain know whether your impressions in the case are to be set down to finding it the current opinion from early years, and before dedication to your present studies; or, on the other hand, from having since made it a subject of special investigation. Is not the *former* a most natural inference, to say the least? The more so, that the real character of this woman must have been deemed a topic of very minor importance indeed, far removed out of the circle of Biblical questions having a denominational interest; and that neither the Protestant nor Catholic world felt its own honor concerned in vindicating

her fair fame. This is true probably, as to both points named, of every period since the Reformation, — and why not add, before? Your impressions, sir, in being thus derived, would be sure to plant you in very good company, if numbers suffice to make it so. The peculiarity would be in a case (could one ever meet with it) of the common opinion derived in the other way.

The writer frankly confesses himself utterly at fault even to see through the process by which this baseless verdict is arrived at. Luke has a noted passage (vii. 37, etc.) relating to "the woman in the city that was a sinner," who, when she found that "Jesus was at the Pharisee's house," came there and "brought the alabaster-box of ointment to anoint his feet," &c. These verses, confessed on all hands to be an enigma, were long ago applied (query, by whom?) to Mary Magdalen in random conjecture. Next, is there not some passage from Matthew or Mark (vain, however, has been all pains to find it, even with the help of concordance) having some slight allusion, thought here and there to make the above conjecture not implausible, and cast a glimmer on the blindness of the text in Luke. Be that as it may, Mary Magdalen is unnamed in either, and to the passage in Luke (as harmonists all agree) there is no parallelism in any one of the three Gospels beside. Expositors there were, you doubtless know, — but *whom* is the question? — that centuries ago contented themselves with this tortuous sort of exegesis, so to call it in great civility. Having bequeathed its result to posterity, this last relieves its conscience by taking its ease. Tradition henceforth does the whole. It "holds on" with an element of the most tenacious life, though the learned can tell as little as the vulgar whence it came, — how early, or whether it be "worth a rush." Jerome, who belongs to the fourth century, is the earliest reporter (i. e. as a name of note), so writes a friend, who is the highest authority perhaps among us in the department of Christian antiquity (Dr. Lamson), "and he is not

throughout consistent with himself." Meanwhile the subject itself, an open question, is narrowed down to a few verses in that Book of books which is common to all, and with which he that is poorest in books and of average judgment feels not the want. The subject itself, be it repeated, has become the veriest dead-letter. When we speak of being "handed down," it is not a very trivial matter surely, where the transmission begins; for if we cannot, in a case like the present, carry it back step by step with unerring precision to the mortal life of Jesus, and the scenes and companions of his daily walk, what signifies it? The gap is more than all the ages that begin at the end of it. Does not the inquiry commend itself to the special thought of the stirring and doubting minds among our Sunday-school teachers, male and female? When such an one shall be found, with concordance at his elbow, that after a half-day's diligence, comes to a conclusion confirming the tradition, it would outweigh in value the tradition itself an hundred-fold. But that day and that case will be waited for long.

Could there then be found another accepted *dictum* purporting to be got from the New Testament, whose substratum is so slender, so much a thing of air? "Had Mary's guilt," says Lardner, with unanswerable justice and force, "been manifest and on record, instead of being all summed up in a sudden and random conjecture, she could not have been more stigmatized." It may stand for a sample of the liberties we take, and that without scruple, with names that have become historical, still more if they have faded into the dim past; for there is nobody to call us to a reckoning. But if in our living world a cloud of so deadly shadow might be so easily raised over an unspotted name, by proofs (so called) of cobweb texture, not only would the men of this generation feel that they had fallen upon evil times and evil tongues, but would be very likely to look sharply around, inquiring what remedy could be found in courts. Then, too, all the while, other agents of mischievous potency, be-

yond all computation, are sealing the doom of this New Testament victim. Art busies itself at the canvas, and benevolence as steadily rears asylums with the strangest and foulest misnomers, — which bearing the guiltier share of responsibleness it might be hard to say. But both * have been doing their worst to make this wrong to her memory immortal. Very likely there are those who style such wrong fanciful or shadowy. The only true plea of that nature would be the one applying equally to all who have made that transition which reverses the unjust judgments of man.

If this present age, in its historical feature, were to take any distinctive name, what could it be other or better than *the whitewashing age*. We have seen, within less than twenty-five years, not a few men of gifts, whose chief celebrity grows from this trait. There is Froude, for instance, ingeniously pointing out to dull-eyed readers the amiable nature of the last of the Henrys; our own Abbot, purging from all the blots on his fame the great French Emperor, and giving to history, in a sense not much to be coveted, the charm of romance; Thomas Carlyle, with D'Aubigné, Charles Knight, and one knows not whom in his wake, desperately bent upon rescuing Cromwell from the sins of cruelty, usurpation, and of being no true man; and but yesterday, as it were, Hepworth Dixon comes forth, his page yet fresh and moist, having plainly made it out that Bacon's goodness will bear to keep company with his greatness, and while his hand is in, doing the same service for the detestable Elizabeth. Will a reader now doubt any longer her passionate fondness for her Scottish sister, or the genuine agony with which she made that sacrifice on the scaffold, only

* Does not poetry constrain us to place it in the same catalogue, when a favorite bard of our own, to whom probably his tribe would assign the first place of honor, has in his volume some stanzas (a translation from the Spanish, to be sure) whose burden is indicated by their unhappy opening, —

"Blessed, yet sinful one"?

because she feared to dispute the stern call of her imperious lords of council?

And there are more discoveries of the same sort; but the rest of the series may as well be spared. The old question rightly enough comes back, What next? The enumeration, however, suggests at least one drop of comfort. There is no one yet from the dare-devil class of writers (if one may venture so to call them) who has ventured to try his hand in this way upon either of the "accurst house"* of Stuart. It is a hopeful sign, that some subjects of history there are so embarrassing as to bring the courage of this complaisant fraternity to a stand. O, let not the age which has listened to, if not swallowed, the above-recounted monstrosities (for are not most of them such?)† have so little grace as in an instance more remote, where all the evidence predisposes to charity instead of shaming it, as to refuse to Mary of Magdala her obvious and long-lost rights.

Your correspondent had begun to think that the era of a truer criticism had arisen under the light of our Protestant times. Indeed he persists in believing so still, despite his recent experience. That experience has not reference wholly to the pulpit. He has just heard of a lady, now visiting this city in behalf of the fallen of her sex, for whom it is a part of her plan to raise "a self-sustaining" institution of refuge, and who has apparently enlisted quite a powerful interest in her cause. She has spoken to a public assembly once in relation to this object, which address, by request, is soon to be repeated. Unhappily she then made allusion over and over to "our poor Magdalens." It is to be hoped, that, with other good offices shown towards her enterprise, some one will be found to enlighten her simplicity on the point

* "The race accurst of God and man."— *Macaulay:* about the only princes in British history that were equal to kindling up the admiring love and eulogy of Dr. Johnson.

† Nero, as a friend tells me too late to find a place in the text, has not been forgotten in this overflow of the milk (qu. milk and water?) of human kindness.

now in hand before she leaves. Above all, may she be spared the pain and chagrin, if her project should prosper, of making the egregious mistake, which so many have made before her, of giving to the proposed place of refuge a title which outrages all propriety and truth. It were well she knew that in the opening years of the present century opinions in sympathy with those of this letter were uttered here by a most accomplished man, and one of the most eloquent divines that Boston has known — not to say the country — in the long annals of her pulpit. His words, though emphatic, are so few, that the writer is tempted to make them, if your patience is yet unspent, a worthy sequel to his few remaining lines. But even before the middle of the century preceding, he had been anticipated on the same side by scholars and interpreters in the mother country, at whom no one can affect to sneer. A little earlier yet, "the learned and impartial" Lardner had exposed, with fulness of detail and references, this flagrant blunder, and solemnly protested against the proposed title of his new institution, in the well-known letter to Jonas Hanway; — a large-hearted man, no doubt, but, like many other philanthropists, whose gifts were of the very smallest in the niceties of Biblical science, while his stubbornness was inversely as his skill. Macknight "sees no reason at all for this censorious judgment." And, coming nearer to our own time, Kuinoel, the eminent commentator of Leipsic; Prof. Robinson, of New York; Boothroyd (Family Bible); Alford, the learned editor of the New Testament, — severally signify their entire rejection of it. And what need of enlarging further? For very much less demand on the little space left of this paper would the opponents of the above writers make, than the names of their sympathizers. In truth, the search of the writer, pursued simply from curiosity, has been all in vain to meet with any name of note, or perhaps without note, to be summoned on the other side. And now it is time, if ever, for the conclusion long due to you. That must be in the words of Buck-

minster;* and with sincere apology for trespassing on your time, all beyond his original thought or purpose, the writer respectfully takes leave.

"Mary Magdalen, also, a Jewish lady of some wealth and consideration, makes a distinguished figure among the friends of Jesus. She had been, until modern critics rescued her from that reproach, most strangely and most unjustly confounded with that penitent female whose early life had been licentious, and who bathed our Lord's feet with tears of contrition. But Mary had been cured by him of one of the most terrible maladies that can afflict our suffering nature; and the fondest employment of her restored reason seems to have been to attend upon her deliverer, and to minister to him of her substance."

It is well to say, that, with a single exception, the name of Mary Magdalen never occurs in the Evangelists until the two chapters at the close of each, which narrate the death and resurrection of Jesus. The exception is Luke viii. 2, where she is mentioned as her "out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils." The only concern of this inquiry being with her *moral purity*, it leaves this verse wholly aside. Demoniacal possession, as understood by modern criticism nearly alike, almost on all sides, can have no bearing on the point in debate. The gist of the Scripture expression is seen at a glance in the last of the three periods given from Buckminster. (See above.)

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* Discourse before the Boston Female Asylum, 1809.

OUR GOD AND FATHER.

A SERMON BY REV. S. FARRINGTON.

1 Cor. viii. 6: — "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."

THE idea of God as a Father is peculiarly a Christian idea. Christ emphasized the conception, and impressed it upon the consciousness of the world. This fact it is, therefore, which raises the inquiry, and gives interest to our present theme. Who is this one Lord Jesus Christ? I shall bespeak your attention to the consideration of, 1st, Christ's nature, or his relation to God; and, 2d, Christ's office, or his relation to men.

1st. Christ's nature, — what he is Godward, — his relation to the Father. To bring this intelligibly before you, I must ask you to consider for a moment what God is without Christ; for if we can apprehend the difference between God without Christ and God with Christ, we shall at once seize the relation existing between the two.

Form, then, the distinctest possible conception of infinite existence, — of absolute, uncontained being, — of an all-pervading, everywhere present, invisible spirit, — of an essence so vast that the outmost sweep of conceivable space affords no ground of comparison, — in estimating whom, to every thought we must say, larger; and to every degree of height, higher; and to every measurement, that this being exceeds it; — a vast, viewless, incommensurable, mysterious, self-existent existence! Form of this the clearest possible idea, and what is the conception? — what are its outlines and boundaries? — what its definiteness and form? — how shall our thought hold it, or our minds view it? It has no outlines, no boundaries, no definiteness, no form; thought cannot grasp it, mind cannot view. We have attempted the impossible. We have no conception. Our endeavors

after an idea of it fall resultless. We have a dim, shadowy notion that such a being may be, or come in clear reason to the conclusion that he *must* be. But how think him? How is he, or what? He is inconceivable. A thin, attenuated, illimitable essence, wrapt in eternal silence. And if this be God, then God is unthinkable, incomprehensible, *totally so*. We have no thought approximating what he is. We send intellect with subtle questionings round the circle of the heavens, or lift our imploring eyes for answer to the silent stars; but no answer ever comes, save that sublime and awful mystery, "I am that I am." An inconceivable God: a vast unintelligible! A practically worthless, undefined, unexpressed, unthinkable abstraction! Yet such God actually is, if we would conceive him without Christ, — as existing in himself and unrevealed. Withdrawn into himself, or regarded alone, he is simply Absolute Being, — the Inconceivable, — the Infinitely Mysterious.

Advance now a step further. Grant to this Absolute Being, — this inconceivable Spirit, — this infinitely mysterious One the power of self-expression. If he has power, let him express it; if skill, let it be possible for him to display it; if a will to govern, let him be able to create those he would govern. Whatever is in him let us suppose him competent to manifest. Now begins the wonderful work. The Infinite goes out of himself into expression. He moves upon the void, chaotic depths. Light shines out of darkness. All along the firmamental plains he leads forth stupendous worlds, which roll in burnished splendor in the infinite light which he has ordained; he leadeth forth the starry host as the shepherd leadeth forth his sheep, calling them all by name. A conception of his power has gone out from himself, and stands expressed, till he bid it cease, in the created universe. While every leaf that woos the sun, and every gem flashing in brilliant light, with every tiny insect wing, is a revealment of his skill. Countless generations, too, of men standing in awe before the awful silence of his majesty,

controlled by his irresistible fiat, express his ability to govern. He has said, "Let all the earth stand in awe before me, and all the earth trembles before the voice of his power." There are his outgoings. In all that he creates, he expresses something that in him is. In that he does he embodies something of his own being. Not that he thus entombs himself in his work; for he is still immeasurably greater than all his self-expressions; the mysterious background on which all representations of himself, like the stars on the blue of heaven, play and glitter. He is not identical with his works; he oversweeps and encircles them. His expressions are not He. He is one, they another. They are related to him as words to meaning, letter to spirit, form to essence, expression to soul. When he has expressed himself, he is still the Infinite, — the One God.

Suppose, now, this Infinite Being to have a conception of himself as related to men, and the power of expressing this conception unto men. He has an understanding of all that he is with reference to men, of all that he feels for men, of all that he desires of men, of all that he has purposed in regard to them, of everything which, from his nature, will result to them. Suppose him to think this thought, to hold this conception, and express it. It stands upon the earth. Men behold it. By means of it, they understand all God is to them. And, here let me ask, what is its relation to God, or whether it be related at all? Is it God, or is it like him? Is it God, or his expression of himself? Is it God, or his image? Is it God, or his word? Is it identical with him, or related to him? Is it very God, or in the form of God? Is it half of God, or third of God; or is it representative of the whole of God in his human relationship? Which shall we decide? Has the Infinite ceased to be, since he has rendered himself intelligible unto men? Has he, in expressing himself, divided himself? Where the necessity, where the ground, for any such absurd conclusion? Or why is it that we call upon ourselves to confound a distinction so pal-

pable; to slur over and ignore a relationship so manifest? When God embodies something of himself in matter, in creation, we do not say that creation is God. He is still vastly greater than, and forever distinct from, creation. Why then, when he expresses his thought of himself as related to men, do we say that God's thought or expression of himself is God? Why do we not still hold that in himself he is still Infinitely greater than, and forever distinct from, this presentation of himself to the finite comprehension? The expression is one; he is another. His manifested conception of himself is eternally distinct from him, just as distinct as my voice you hear from my meaning which you receive; one conveys the other, but is not the other: for practical purposes you may have learned not to feel the difference, but when you speculate, and would come to any exactness, you know that there is a difference, actual and unmistakable.

Now this which we have been holding as possible, is real. This supposed conception held by God of himself, and expressed unto men, is the actual Christ. As it is related to God, Christ is related to God. As distinct as it is from God, so distinct is Christ from God. Christ is God's thought of himself as related to men, brought down to, and expressed intelligibly before, the comprehension of men. God without Christ is the inconceivable, *I am*. God with Christ, becomes the Father. Then, the Unknown; now, the Revealed; and Christ, the Revealer. Then wrapt in silence; now vocal in his Word; and Christ that Word.

In his nature, then, Christ is the Infinite's expression of himself in the finite. He is God's manifestation of himself unto men. Without him we know not God; with him God is revealed. He brings out before us what God knows himself to be in regard to our race; all that God feels for us, all God desires of us, all that God has purposed for us in his eternal counsels, all that will result to us from the fact that God is. He is therefore related to God as expression, likeness, image, form, word, manifestation. Thus the Scriptures

present Christ. This nature, this relationship, they sustain. This expression of God, and this distinctness *from* God, they invariably present. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, he hath declared him." "God hath spoken unto us by his Son, being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person." "God was manifest in the flesh." "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." "As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." "I come not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." Everywhere a distinction; everywhere, too, a revelation. And all through the New Testament this view is given of his person. Without him we cannot know the Father, — "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," — and yet he is not the Father, but the Son. He is our knowledge of God, all that we can know of God; and yet "To us there is but one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ."

There are three expressions, occurring in the Gospel of John, — one from the pen of the Evangelist, the others from Christ's own lips, — which are calculated to incline some minds, and are used with effect to incline them, to a somewhat different view. They are these: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "Before Abraham was, I am." "I and my Father are one." The two first cited relate to his pre-existence. Granting — as I have no hesitancy in doing, but believe that I must — his pre-existence; contending even that God's conception of himself, even the Eternal Word, must have been with him or in him, not only before Abraham, but before the worlds, — literally, as John expresses it, in the beginning, — arguing that God then must have held his Logos, his idea of himself as related to men, and that this was all that it ever could become possible for men to know of him; that to all practical intents and purposes this Word should be in the fulness of time in God's stead, or God as revealed unto men; granting

all this, I do not see as we have lost our distinction between God and this Word, between the absolute and the relative, between God in himself and God expressed through Christ, between the Conceiver and the conceived, between the thinker and his thought, the speaker and his Word, — the Invisible *I am*, and his image. Or if any man, with ignorant zeal, is bent upon forcing the phrase, "The Word was God," so as to destroy this distinction, we must insist upon that which precedes it, "The Word was with God," which will forever maintain a distinction; for in order for the Word to have been *with* God, he must in some sense have been distinct from God. As John meant it, I readily concede that his Word was God; all the God it should ever be possible for us to apprehend, seeing whom, when at length made flesh, we should see the Father; God in his apprehensible nature; the Absolute and Infinite, as relative to man, rather than as relative to his own inexhaustible, ineffable being.

And his other text, "I and my Father are one." Let the fact that Christ is always guarding us against the presumption of his numerical or personal identity with God, by such expressions as, "I came not to do mine own will," "I came forth from the Father," "My Father is greater than I," be sufficient to convince us that he did not mean this in any mathematical or credal sense. "I and my Father are one," — that is, "I do not bring God before you as one thing, while he is in fact another"; I do not express his relations to you other than they actually are; there is no difference between me, the expression of his spirit toward you, and the real posture of that Spirit; what you see in me and what you conceive of God must be one.

If now sufficient has been said to indicate Christ's nature, — to bring out clearly that without him God is wrapt, remote, hidden, and to us a practically unreal, because inconceivable being; while with him God has all the tenderness, solicitude, nearness, long-suffering patience of a Father, — so that Christ is really God's rendering of, or

message from, himself to us, — if this is apparent, let us now turn and consider,

2dly. Christ's office, or his relation to men. And as I brought out Christ's relation to God, by leading you into the thought of what God is without him, so now permit me to unfold his relation to man, by taking you step by step into man's condition without him.

Without Christ man is absolutely without any satisfactory, any vital apprehension of God. He wanders here, not knowing what or what manner of Being it is who made him. He staggers here under the problem of life and the crushing mystery that evokes it. He has gods many, and lords many. It is one deity who presides at his birth, and another who hastens his death. Or if polytheism have vanished, then it is the cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, — a veiled mystery, — the Unknown God, — the inconceivable "*I am* that *I am*," who claims unexplained allegiance. He asks deep, earnest, imploring questions, which are answered not. Nature gives him the fact of Deity, perhaps, but no clew to what that Deity is. He has no knowledge of the feeling of the Absolute Being, — no certainty that he has feeling; no assurance that he loves, or can love; knows none of those things which most his soul longs to know. Such is man without Christ, — alone, curious, unsatisfied, longing, prophetic perhaps, — but still under a cloud, as Paul says "all our fathers were." God is obscure, undefined, unthinkable, — easily lost, because never fairly seized and clearly felt, — and man is alone. Man before Christ appears in Judæa, and man now before Christ comes as the expression of God, the image of God, and the power of God, to his individual soul. O ye who think Christ unnecessary to you, — who fancy that ye have come to a knowledge of God without him; who feel, as ye say, that he is very good and very gracious, and very tender and very loving, — tell me how it is that ye have so wondrously acquired your conceptions but from the lips of Christian parents who be-

lieved in Christ; who having learned of, and suffered with, now rest in him? Where would have been your boasted knowledge had ye been born in Ethiopia, or the heart of India? — had ye never known these Christian influences, and dwelt your life long under this light of the knowledge of the truth which streams down the centuries from the brightness of the cross? Ye know not whereof ye affirm; neither to whom ye are indebted! And that strongly persistent intellect, whose mighty brain was laid to its rest under the deep Italian sky, — whence had he the power to call the Absolute and Infinite One, as he was so wont, and as he so loved, to do, "the tender Father and mother of us all," but from the influences which seized him at his birth from the heart of this great Christian civilization? Theodore Parker's God was in his ideal, though not practically the Christian God, — such a God as never was heard of, as never was represented, as nowhere appears, before Christ comes into the world. How shall we account for it? If he did not need Christ as the image of the Father, — if he did not appropriate, so far as suited his purposes, the God whom Christ revealed, — if ye do not, — then tell me how it is that, until Christ is born, to the light of Grecian philosophy and all the splendors of ancient culture, — to patriarch, prophet, priest, and even to the voice that cried in the wilderness, — God is still unknown as the Father? There is no real development, no real expression, of what we now mean by the Father, which is older than Christianity. There is no proper development of it now in any nation, or by any man to whom Christ is unknown. The first relation of Christ to man, the first office he performs, is to reveal the Father. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Without Christ man has none other than a blind idea of law. He has proved it, if at all, retributively. He groans beneath its bondage. It is the chain that binds him to allegiance. He has no sense except of its arbitrariness; and

therefore little regard for it. He does not conceive its sacredness and beauty. But when Christ comes, and by his perfect obedience lives into the world what law is, what God intends and desires by it; when man can behold it as providence to shield him from evil, as affection by which the Infinite is related to him, as the strong love by which the Father seeks to draw the child to himself, — when God's love for us is felt to be a part of God's own being towards us, — to what majesty, sublimity, and sacredness does it rise. What we despised before, we now deeply revere. What we hated, we long to embrace. Law is consecrated to our affections. Christ has deepened our sense of it, and established it in our hearts. And this also is his office to the soul.

Apart from Christ, man feels his guilt, and deplores it; but chiefly in view of its consequences. If he grows penitent it is to avoid suffering. He does not feel sin as sin, nor righteousness as righteousness. He knows neither, except by their results. He needs one to reveal guilt as it is in God's sight, — to show him that his chief danger does not lie in suffering, but in sin, — that his effort is not to be so much to escape consequences, as to rise out of evil itself. He needs one to save him from evil because it is evil, and instate him in the love of holiness, not for the sake of its rewards, but because it is holiness, — the glory of God, and the beauty of men. *This* Christ comes to do; to save us, not from suffering, not from the consequences of sin, but from *sin*. He expresses this by bearing cheerfully all the suffering — even to the last degree in the agony and on the cross — that evil can inflict upon him; enduring such contradiction of sinners rather than to depart from holiness.

Without Christ man is selfish. He does not admire selfishness, but how shall he escape it? If he is unselfish, he goes contrary to his own interest! God in Christ condemns the thought, — brings out an idea of self-sacrifice and devotion; and at length astounds the consciousness of the world with the fact that the most successful, admirable, glorious

life ever lived on earth was lived in utter abnegation of self. Christ's office to your soul, and to mine, is to dispel the error and break through the monstrous fallacy that there is any necessity for our living and acting as though selfishness were for our interest. We have not known Christ if so we think?

Finally, man needs an ideal, an explanation of himself. Without Christ the Absolute and Invisible One is scarcely more intelligible, than is the manner, purpose, mystery of his own being to himself.

> "What is it, and whither, whence?
> This unsleeping, secret sense,
> Longing for its rest and food,
> In some hidden, untried good?"

Beneath the voiceless night of his own irresistible destiny he stands with mighty questionings, — assaulting with besieging voice the dumb and ever-darkening heavens. What mean his aspirations which time nor sense can satisfy, — his rush of lofty thoughts carrying him on to the beholding of visions no mortal eye hath ever seen; — his fancy wandering through eternity? Have these significance, or are they idleness, — an illusive dream, a passing cheat? He builds his monuments, founds his cities, to tower in strength, and teem with living generations centuries hence; but in those coming distant years shall he be only as the mould of buried generations, unknowing and unknown? He speaks thoughts which live through the ages, and energize the world yet unborn, — words that can never die; but is he to die? He *is;* but *shall* he be? Is it all of life to be a link between ancestry and descendants? Has his being no other aim, purpose, object? And the night is voiceless, the heavens dumb, — the mystery darker for his having scanned it! But the Infinite Father is not indifferent to his cry. Suddenly his Light shineth amid the gloom. Christ comes. Full-statured, he sees human life as God would have it be. The heavy folds of yonder curtain

lift, and he looks down the long perspective of what he yet shall be. Aspirations are not in vain. Thought soars not too loftily. He shall outlive earthly monuments, empires, and dominions. It hath not entered into his heart to conceive what the Father in love hath decreed. Eternal ages are his own. He rises to the conscious dignity of a power of endless life, and through Christ is "persuaded that neither death nor life, nor all the principalities and powers of angels, nor things present, nor things to come, nor things above, nor things below, nor any power in the whole creation, shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus his Lord."

THE IMMORTAL CROWN.

A CROWN for the blessed Saviour!
A crown for the sinless King!
Souls of the just and holy
Are gems that the angels bring.

Little innocent children
Borne from our saddened view,—
They are the shining *Sapphires*,
Pure as the heavenly hue.

Those who in life's dewy morning
Willingly taking Death's hand,
Turned without pang or murmur
From earth to the better land,—

Ever before Death's summons
Seeking the footprints of Truth,—
They are the *Amethysts* glowing
With purple hopes of their youth.

They, in a right cause falling,
  Pouring their blood like wine,—
They are the sparkling *Rubies*,
  Set by an Artist divine.

Souls of the fair and gentle
  Hovering between two worlds,
Wounded, yet pleasantly singing,—
  These are the delicate *Pearls*.

They who have met temptation
  And passed unpolluted by,—
Who 've kindly aided the erring
  From sinful pleasures to fly,—

Have been meek when clothed in power,
  And patient under the rod,—
These are the priceless *Diamonds*
  Filled with a light from God.

Many, with lives all clouded,
  Silently filled up the hours
With little good deeds unnumbered,—
  Changing to beautiful flowers.

None but themselves saw the background
  Serving to throw out the soul,—
They are the pictured *Mosaics*,
  Parts of a glorious whole.

A crown for the blessed Saviour!
  A crown for the sinless King!
Souls growing brighter and purer
  Are *we* all striving to bring?

CONFESSIONS OF A GREEN-TEA DRINKER.

BY MRS. NANCY SMITH.

"Proserpine her gliding spectres
Sends o'er every joyous scene,
Where I wander, where I travel,
There her ghosts come pouring in:
I see the murder-steel to glitter,
And the murder-eye to glow,
Not to right hand nor to left hand
Can I from the terror go."

SCHILLER'S CASSANDRA.

I AM a nervous woman, and I used to drink green-tea. These two circumstances have given me some opportunities of studying the mysteries of that border region which lies between the spirit world and the natural. Not that I have tried to pry into them; but they have sometimes pried into me most severely and painfully. Nerves and green-tea have both of them a wonderful tendency to elevate the faculties of sensation, and lay us open to all the wandering influences that come to us. I have heard more "voices of the night," I think, than Mr. Longfellow ever did, and I have tried to study and classify them. There are three kinds of voices, and three kinds of apparitions. First, those from the outer world, produced by veritable impressions on the organs of sense. Secondly, those which are purely spiritual, and which only come to the inward ear or eye. Thirdly, those which are partly both, and belong to that mystic border-land I spoke of, which separates the realm of pure spirit from the realm of pure sensation. My experience has been principally in the latter, though I confess that the boundary lines of this middle region are sometimes very dim and wavy.

Swedenborgians believe that all objects, animate and inanimate, have their own sphere of magnetic influence, very subtile and pervading, and I believe this is philosophically true. But in the daytime this universal efflux is not so per-

ceptible, and I think, too, it is less active and operative. In the night, when deep sleep hath fallen upon all the rest of mankind, if you will lie awake, with the senses sharpened and clear, you can hear these magnetic waves crossing each other in all directions, and things which before never were known to emit noises can sometimes be plainly heard. Then, again, how awfully distinct every sound becomes! Sounds as of doors opening and shutting automatically; stealthy footsteps about the house; people walking on the roof or over the chamber-floors; noises of distress out among the cattle; stampings and thumpings in the barn; sounds of wheels away in the distance, coming louder and nearer, and stopping short right opposite the house, and then seeming to vanish altogether; jars, as of an incipient earthquake, with a slight but very distinct rattling of the windows; explosions, especially in cold nights, as from the crack of a rifle; night-birds, at first in the distance, but travelling nearer and coming right up under the window (a sign that some death will take place in the house some time); furniture cracking and snapping, probably with the magnetic waves; a burring and slightly buzzing sound on a minor key, seemingly the blending spheral music of all creation, lowly and solemn, probably a prolongation of the low shuddering and signs of woe which Milton says began with the fall, and which nature has kept up ever since, but which can be heard only in the depths of night, — thus, uz — z — z — z — z ——: all this you may hear, and a great deal more, if you will lie sharp awake from nine o'clock till three. And it is the odd blending of these half-spiritual sounds with tangible realities that very often deceives us when we hear noises in the night.

I never joined a "circle," called, I believe, more fashionably, a *séance*, but one of my neighbors is a warm spiritualist, and thinks the "manifestations" are to revolutionize all human affairs. He came in one evening and wanted to exhibit demonstrative evidence of the new necromancy. Sure enough, tables tipped, responses came, and my great-grand-

mother, who died thirty years ago, hovered near, and with the alphabet spelled out my secret history. My husband poohed at the whole thing, though neither of us could explain it. My great-grandmother bade me good night, saying, "To prove to you that spirits *do* communicate, I'll wake you up to-night at twelve o'clock."

I slept that night two hours, but awoke exactly at midnight, and heard every stroke of the town-clock as the twelve vibrations rolled off into the boundless night; and then the burring undertone of nature was all that could be heard for five minutes. Then a sound came which I had never heard before. Knock, — knock, — knock; — three strokes as distinct as anything I ever heard in my life. They came uniformly three at a time, and about once a minute. I traced the sound in all directions, but it seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, suddenly, a burst of music filled the room. It sounded like a Highland bagpipe, only I thought it more sweet and melodious. It would rise clear and full, and melt away again in mournful softness, sometimes seeming close at hand, and anon away off through woods and over the hills. It suggested immediately long files marching and countermarching through devious and winding ways. All my senses were sharpened. I looked intently, expecting to see splendid squadrons and cavalcades burst in sight; but they languished away again, as if playing the Dead March of Saul in sheltered glades or over the graves of heroes slain. I tried to wake my husband. I have no theory about the equality or inequality of the sexes; but I must say that I think these men without any nerves are provokingly stupid. Mr. Smith is one of the best of husbands; but he was dreaming of his hay and potato crop, and it was a great while before I could open his senses to these bagpipes of the spheres.

"Wake up, Mr. Smith; my great-grandmother has come with a band of music."

"A fig for your great-grandmother. Do let her sleep, and me too."

"But will you listen just this once?"

"No, no; you are always hearing some strange thing or other. I've run enough on your fool's errands after ghosts and robbers."

"But will you just tell me honestly whether you hear anything? I am in no fear of ghosts just now. But you know the words of the song,—

'There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men;
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep,
Sweet spirit, meet me then.'"

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Smith, "I do hear something. I'll get at the bottom of it."

Mr. Smith laid his ear carefully about the room, then shoved up the window and listened. Very soon he slammed the window down and broke into a roar of laughter.

"What is it, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith would not answer, but rolled into bed, and was fast subsiding into his dreams again, though it was a long time doubtful whether Somnus or Momus had the stronger hold of him, and I verily believe he kept shaking the room with laughter long after he had got fast asleep.

I plied him the next day for an explanation, but every time I touched upon the subject he would shake till the tears came. I knew he had resolved the whole mystery into some gross material philosophy; but this I was prepared for, because what can you expect of these people who have no exaltation of the inner senses?

Perhaps two months had passed, during which I never once woke up my husband either to hear ghosts or to drive away thieves from the premises. But one night, long to be remembered, I woke up again just at twelve, and found all my senses sharpened into a marvellous green-tea vividness. I was clairvoyant and clairaudiant. I could hear the children breathe in the third loft, one of them with a decidedly croupy intonation. The moon was riding in mid-heavens, covering

all the fields with a silver glare. The plum-tree standing by the window projected its shadows between the half-drawn curtain, making figures on the carpet that stirred like living things. All the death-watches in the room were going tick-tick, and I could hear something that sounded exactly like water dropping upon the floor. This an old spinster of my grandmother had told me was a sure sign of death. I lay a whole hour, and listened to it — drop, drop, drop. I thought it was probably the forerunner of Charley's demise, who very likely would be dead of croup before morning. I was about waking Mr. Smith to go and see to the child. There Mr. Smith lay, — his countenance placid as peace itself, his mind locked in where no earthly troubles could find entrance. But I will wait a little, thought I, — pity it is to disturb such profound and refreshing slumber. So I lay down again. But plainer than ever, drop, drop went the water, and tick, tick went the death-watches. I put the pillow over my ears. Then I could hear nature playing on her minor key. Uz — z — z — z — came as the blending sphere-wave of sadness from "all objects of all thought" in the visible and invisible universe. I shut my eyes with all my might, and tried to sleep. I could see all kinds and shapes of dark. Indeed I never knew what people mean who talk of total darkness. I never saw any such. I could see great balls of dark and little balls, points of dark no bigger than a pin's head or a needle's eye. Then the points would grow big and turn into great balls, and the great balls would grow little till they vanished into nothing. Then there was deep dark, and gray dark, and dark of a copper color, and their colors were changing one for the other without ceasing. Sometimes little dots of dark would begin away in the distance, and turn to big ones, and come up with a rush, and break in pieces. Sometimes they would cross, mix up, and make evolutions, as if dancing an eight-reel. But hark! there are wheels in the distance, and a wagon is coming up the road. Plainly and more plainly it

rumbles towards the house; as sure as I live, it drives into our yard and stops. What can anybody be wanting here at midnight? There is a noise out in the shed; probably thieves in the corn-chamber. There are sly steps around under the windows. I hear a door open somewhere, or something of that kind. There is a sort of rustling in the next room. There is a noise down cellar. Bang! something is knocked over. Footsteps in the kitchen, and muffled noises! — probably they are fumbling after the silver. Mr. Smith's purse is under his pillow; perhaps they will seize it and murder the poor man in his sleep. I leaned over upon my elbow to catch every vibration of sound, and you will judge of my feelings as I looked down and saw the foot of a man sticking out from under the bed! There it was, almost as plain as day in the moonlight. I reasoned rapidly from my premises. If there is a foot, of course there is a leg. If there is a leg, there is a body. If there is a body, there is a head. And if there is a head, of course it is a burglar. I could not see the least flaw in this reasoning. I lay down and thought it all over. The logic seemed complete in every link, from the foot to the burglar. I lay in a sweat of agony, and I could hear a slight rustling, and very plainly I heard somebody breathing under the bed. The whole plot flashed upon me at once. This fellow had concealed himself there, waiting for his accomplices, who came up in the wagon, and I had been waked up just in the nick of time, probably by my great-grandmother, in order to save our lives. But how to wake up Mr. Smith and not bring the villain upon us! I succeeded, however, and spoke as softly as possible: "Mr. Smith! There 's a burglar under the bed! wake up!"

"Burglar — umph — nonsense!"

"Hush! — hush! — look for yourself."

Sure enough, Mr. Smith started up when he saw the projecting member, and his impulse, I presume, was to seize the robber and drag him out with his head thumping over the

door-stone. At any rate he sprang up, made a plunge and a grab, and brought up one of his own congress boots in his hand. It was now daybreak, and thieves and spectres are said to flee alike at cock-crowing. The mysterious sounds died away. No sound of wheels was heard going out of the yard; and how that wagon could rumble up to our kitchen-door and then vanish like a spectre, must remain a mystery till the day when all secrets are disclosed.

I learned to distrust the ear somewhat, as it was impossible at all times to distinguish the noises which are strictly materialistic from the vibrations that come from the middle sphere into the natural. Sometimes I think there is a confused blending of the two. I heard Mr. Smith giving orders with a droll face to our man Friday to wedge the sashes of our bedroom window, and fasten some pieces of the blind that were playing loose in the north-wind. Since then I have never heard the knockings and the bagpipes. Mr. Smith cannot understand, and from the plane which he occupies cannot be expected to understand, that even supposing these ligneous substances were the medium for the knockings and the music, it must have been something else than the north-wind that played upon them. What but some directing intelligence could have timed the knockings with such precision? And when was the north-wind ever taught the notes of the gamut, or to play supernal tunes and celestial airs?

But though noises in the night may sometimes be mistaken in the blending of the two spheres together, I had never learned as yet to mistrust the faculty of sight. What I saw I thought I knew. Even the case of the supposed robber was not one of optical illusion, but of false reasoning from correct premises. I could not see why a woman's perceptions were not as good as anybody's, even admitting that she might not reason with perfect soundness all the way from a boot to a burglar.

I awoke one night again just about twelve. There had

been all day notes of preparation for one of those hideous equinoctial storms, during which the sensorium is preternaturally exalted for all the bad spirits to play into it. I lay and listened to the moanings of the east-wind as it came in dismal complainings around the corners, and it seemed to me that the despairing cry of a thousand shipwrecked sailors had pitched the breeze on that melancholy key. When I retired there was a thick fog, which had blotted out the landscape, and I could now hear it condensing in heavy drops upon the window-panes. My curtains were drawn close. What was my surprise when a light in the room suddenly arrested my eye. It was on the side of the room near my grandmother's picture, and it sent a pale flicker over her venerable features. What was very wonderful, the light took a shape more definite than the dagger of Macbeth, forming very distinctly the initials of my name, with a hand pointing upward. Thus: —

N. S.

What can all this mean? It is no fantastic play of the moonbeams, for there is no moon to-night, and the storm already is drizzling against the windows. Besides, how could the moon be writing my name upon the wall? I thought over the water-droppings and the night-birds, and I could not doubt that this was the prelude of my last summons from the earth. I thought over all my mortal sins, — how I scolded Margaret for being lazy, and how I whipped Tommy for sitting down in the mud with his Sunday pants. I closed my eyes. The light vanished, but balls of dark were moving in all directions, and sometimes I could see N. S. in gray or copper color. But whenever I opened them, there the initials were fixed in one place, bright and phosphorescent, right under my grandmother's picture on the wall.

Mr. Smith observed me the next morning at breakfast haggard and troubled, and inquired very kindly into my case.

I knew he could not understand me, nor enter into my feelings. How distressing for husbands and wives to have secrets which they cannot share with each other!

"I believe I am to leave you, Mr. Smith," finally came out, rather pensively.

"Where on earth are you going to?" dropping his knife and fork.

"Going hence, — unprepared, I am afraid."

"If you are not prepared, you had better stay awhile longer?

"Now don't joke, William, I pray you. I'm not in the mood for that; but I'll tell you what warnings have been sent to me"; — and I described minutely the letters on the wall, and the hand pointing upward.

"But don't you see, my dear, that your theory don't hold? You say you are not prepared. Don't you see, in that case, that the hand would have pointed *downward?*"

I knew perfectly well before Elsie Venner was written that physicians are incurably sceptical, and bent on resolving everything into natural causes. However, I sent for Dr. Speer to see if I could not get some relief for my unsheathed nerves and broken rest. He asked me a thousand questions, and speered into me with his deep-set black eyes, curling up his lip at all my theories.

"What do you eat and drink?"

"I hope I'm temperate, Dr. Speer. I take nothing that can intoxicate, and trust I am in no danger of delirium tremens."

"Eat hot bread likely, to sleep on?"

"No sir, — not always."

"How much poison do you put into it?"

"I trust I am too much of a Christian to poison the food of my family."

"Then you are a better Christian than most housekeepers."

"Any tea on hand? Let me look at it."

I brought him the tea-can. He put a pinch into his mouth.

"Humph, — Prussian blue," smacking his lips.

Another pinch.

"Humph, — indigo."

Another pinch.

"Humph, — sulphate of lime."

"Madam, you take poison enough every week to kill an able-bodied man, if administered in a single dose; but taken gradually it produces a chronic irritation of the membranes of the stomach, thence of the nerves, producing what you call the exaltation of the senses. I have no doubt you are right, and that you saw last night the forerunner of your death, if you drink such stuff as this. I will not leave you any prescription of medicine, but only a proscription of poison. You can take brandy with less injury than green-tea, and, in my opinion, with less questionable morality."

There are compensations in everything. I followed Dr. Speer's suggestions, and gained very much in health and sound sleep, waking up at four in the morning, instead of twelve at night. But I lost my faculty of sharpened perception, and my sensories sank down into the lower degrees with those of the children of earth. It is something to be lifted up into the confidence of Nature, — up to where she whispers her secrets, — up to where you can hear the mysterious flux and reflux of her unseen and eternal waves. Something is gained. But it is much to have one's finer tissues jangled by being made the organ of the hidden spheres, much to be made the sport and derision of the dwellers below. Something is lost. Even Margaret, the maid, was found in a broad grin after hearing the story of those spectre initials, insisting that she was up that night till after twelve, and that the light of her window in the L was reflected upon mine; and Mr. Smith found rents in my curtain, just big enough, he imagined, to let in the handwriting, and project it under grandmother's picture. As if it *happened* to make just those

letters, and none other! I have no question that these people would make out that the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast was the reflection of a jack-o'-lantern from the bogs of the Euphrates. I was fully prepared, after five years' experience, to join heartily in Cassandra's prayer to the god, —

"If thine oracle thou mak'st me,
To declare thy sacred mind,
Wherefore hast thou cast me hither
Down among the eternal blind?

"Give me back my former blindness,
Give the darkened sense again:
Since I had thy voice to utter,
Never sang I joyous strain.

"Thou hast given me the future,
But thou mak'st the present black;
And the joy of life thou spoilest, —
Take thy faithless present back!"*

CHRISTIAN WORK THE MOST PRECIOUS PRIVILEGE OF THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

Our childish ears were made familiar with the solemn description of our final judgment. Our imaginations call up before us that awful scene, and the most selfish and worldly understand that charity to the poor and the suffering is an imperative duty required of us by Jesus Christ; and that, if some sufficient amount of it is not accomplished, exclusion from heaven will somehow be the consequence. But such an idea of duty never made any man a partaker of his Master's spirit. Christian charity is indeed a duty; so it is the duty of the parent to love his child, but the happiness of loving him is so great, that we are not used to

* We perceive that Mrs. Smith in the last stanza is partly indebted to Dr. Frothingham's elegant translation. — Eds.

dwell much on the duty. But in the coldness of our hearts we refuse to enjoy the precious privilege which the Saviour in his tender love offers to us. He does not say to us, "Go, and help the poor and the friendless, because it is *right*, — it is your *duty*." He says to us, "I love them with an infinite tenderness; they are my own, my brethren. And in no way can you testify your love for me, except by loving and serving them." If we could only take this thought home to our hearts, we should not be asking ourselves if we have not fulfilled the Christian requisitions when we have given a fraction of our surplus time and money, — if we may not safely feel that we have a right *now* to *enjoy* the remainder. We prize the privilege of bestowing the gift of affection upon the beloved earthly friend. We gladly deprive ourselves of personal pleasures to gain the means of enjoying it; but when the dear Heavenly Friend permits us to offer to him a token of our love, we turn away and say, "We have done our *duty*, and that is all that can be required of us; the remainder is our own."

Again, our Lord permits us to enter into the closest union and friendship with himself, if we will take up his work, labor in his vineyard, and love the little ones whom he loves. If Washington were again among us, there is no man who would not accept it as his highest honor to be called to his side and allowed to give the slightest aid to his cause. We do not turn away from the friendship which a pure and holy fellow-creature offers us; we prize it as the choicest gift of God; we are glad to enter into his thoughts and help him in his work. He goes on before us to the eternal world, and leaves in our care the child whom he loves. We do not need to be reminded that it is a sacred charge; we pour out the wealth of our hearts upon the little one. But the dear Lord speaks to us now from the heavens, as he spoke to Peter on the earth, and says to us, "Feed my lambs"; and we answer, "This is a hard requirement; we have put our names to this subscription paper, we have given our fair

proportion to that home for the friendless little children; surely we cannot be expected to go ourselves and find them out. We cannot follow them into the narrow alley, up the dark stairs, into the foul air of their dwellings; we may bring away some impurity, to contaminate our own clean and comfortable homes. It is too painful to come into contact with their coarseness, and to hear the words which these heathen children hurl at each other, in their play or their quarrels." And so we go plodding on in our worldly path, casting from us the heavenly gift, and the angels look on and wonder at our blindness.

If our Lord had given this permission to labor *for* him and *with* him to a select few, — if he had said to most of us, "You can follow me only at a distance; your business and your families must occupy your whole time, but to *you*, the ministers of my Gospel, the sisters of charity and mercy, I give the opportunity of drawing close to myself; you may embrace all as your brothers; you may preach my Gospel, and may become my friends"; — should not we all press forward with open hands and hearts, saying, "We too have a little to give; be pleased to accept it, and permit us too to spend and be spent in your service." But he offers this to each one of us. The dear Lord extends to us his hand, saying, "It is not the will of my Father that one of these little ones should perish." "And *if* you do my Father's will, you shall be my mother, my sister, and my brother." The busiest man may surely reserve to himself a little leisure to avail himself of this gracious invitation. The young mother takes a little time from her nursery, to satisfy the claims of society and her friends. She may extend her motherly love, and, as she gathers her own children around her, she may find room among them for some friendless little one. And as she speaks to them of their Father's love, she will kindle in their impressible hearts the wish to do something themselves for the dear Master's service. And those few who are hedged about by some impassable barrier, and cannot

give active labor, may take comfort in the certainty that the love of their hearts is accepted by the loving Christ, and that their cordial sympathy, expressed in words and looks only, may strengthen the hearts of the active workers.

I think the coldness that we complain of is very much owing to our mistaken conception of a Christian character. We often hear the question asked, "What new thing, after all, has Christianity brought into the world? What do we find in the Gospels which we may not collect among the writings of the ancient philosophers?" I answer, the love of God in Christ is there; the loving Saviour is there, sorrowing and suffering with us in our sins, bearing us all in his loving heart. He is there, because sinners had no friend; and so he came to be their friend. And in just so far as the Christian partakes of his spirit, he too carries the woes and the sins of his brothers and his sisters in his heart, and sorrows for them as he does for his own.

We breathe an atmosphere made pure and living by our Divine Master at first, and kept fresh and healthful, as it has come to us down the long line of the ages, by the few real Christians scattered here and there, — the Catherine Adornas, the St. Francis, the holy Louis of France, the Elizabeth Frys, and the Sarah Martins of our own time. And we of necessity draw a fuller and freer breath than the model mother of Rome, Cornelia; but if we do not make this life our own by personal possession, if we *limit* our love to our own little circle, we might as well go to Socrates or Plato for instruction, — we have not *begun* to comprehend the loving spirit of the Christ. In what is the heaven-made line of separation between their teachings and his? They say to us, Be pure yourselves, and teach your children to be pure. Die rather than basely deny the truth. They will utter words of wisdom to the intellectual young men who crowd into their schools. We may sit at their feet and be their friends, if we will, and many of our intelligent, but not yet Christian, young thinkers are contented to do so. But better

things are offered to us, — the friendship, not of Plato, but of Jesus. He also says to us, "Be pure, be faithful in your homes, and see to it that they are pure and Christian homes; but if you will make them such, you must extend your love beyond them. The necessity is laid upon you to follow me, among the wretched and the outcast, whom I love.

And now the practical question presses on us, What is to be done? In what way shall we testify our love for our Master? Our streets are filled with children who bear upon their faces that no man has cared for them. We cannot take them all and carry them to the Homes, where good Christian women care for them. Nearly all these children belong to Roman Catholic families, and we cannot therefore gather them into our Sunday schools. But surely we will not leave them, to follow their parents, and fill the places which they leave vacant so early to be laid in the drunkard's grave. Only let us love them heartily, and we shall devise, with the untiring ingenuity of affection, ways of helping them on the week-days, if we cannot on the Sundays. We shall have evening schools, to teach those to read who are all day in the streets; we shall plan evening meetings, where we can read to them, and talk with them, and make them feel that we are their friends. We shall be able to give them Christian teaching informally, without disturbing their different faith. We can go to their homes; and though we cannot expect to do much for their parents, our most hopeful entrance to them will be as their children's friends. We shall bring to bear upon them all the resources of our Christian refinement and cultivation, and we will never rest till we have inspired them with purer tastes, and have taught them to occupy their evenings with a pleasant book, in the place of the rum-shop which allured their fathers. We would have such a band of Christian workers that each boy and girl in our city should find upon the threshold of life a real friend to counsel and strengthen.

Then that Christian prayer, which we hear now, as the

petition of the devoted servant of God, that he would grant us, as his greatest blessing, wider fields to work in, and the hearts to work in them faithfully, would be the spontaneous utterance of every Christian heart. And surely we may believe that such prayers will be answered, and that the Divine blessing will accompany our labors.

It is good for us often to cast our thoughts forward a few years, to the day when all shadows will have vanished and we shall stand face to face with the eternal realities. One such child reclaimed and cherished by us we may offer as one token of our love for our Master. And in that day we shall know, that it had been better for us not to have been born than to have lived and rejected his call to be his friend, and not to have even begun to obey him, and enter into sympathy with his loving heart.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

A SAD burden presses upon all our hearts. We wish to cast it upon the Lord, to meet the demands of the hour in the spirit of the Gospel. On the eve of a civil war, one of the most grievous of the calamities to which our poor sinful and erring humanity is exposed, even the sight of the patriotism that forgets old strifes and devotes itself to the duty of the moment cannot delight us so much as it afflicts our hearts to think that the nation is divided against itself, and that they whom we are beginning to call our enemies are more than brethren, many of them bound to us by the strongest and sweetest bands. How much do we need the great thoughts of God and the great words of the Gospel to steady our souls withal! Days of trial, rightly accepted and used, never leave us unblessed. The world's life has been full of them from the beginning, and the thing which hath been it

is the thing which shall be; and yet the pages that are writ with tears and blood are ablaze with many a true light of love and heroism. It has been well said, that "in a state of war philosophy and tolerance go to the wall; when guns are pounding in the gates, even justice can only be done at the drumhead." What men ask now is not argument, but affirmation. They do not wish you to discuss what they are doing. That would be out of season, — too late or too early. They would rather you should be silent. A social necessity is upon them. *They* must go forward; and they only ask, Can you go with us? Can you say anything which will aid and encourage us? Can you give us your blessing? Can you say that in your judgment we are doing our duty as good citizens and the friends of civil order? Can you instruct us as to the spirit in which we should strive to do this sad work? And in this, as in other great straits, private and public, the community have a right to look to the teachers of Christianity for such sympathy and religious counsel as they may be able to give.

In obedience then to this demand, let us say, first, that our Christianity does not restrain, but enjoins, a hearty cooperation with those who, in obedience to the call of the civil magistrate, are ready to devote their lives to maintaining the order of society, even by an appeal to arms. It is true, indeed, that violence and war, prisons, scaffolds, and cannon, belong to a sinful world, and that when the spirit of Christ shall have prevailed over sin, these fearful things shall come to an end. But that day is not yet. Scarcely do we perceive the first gleams of the coming brightness. Meanwhile the ruler must bear the sword for the correction of all evildoers, for the support of the national authority, and for the promotion of the great ends of public justice. These things must needs be. It would seem to be as impossible to avoid wars, as it is to dispense with the means of inflicting penalties upon criminals. There are times when nothing seems left for us but to utter the old battle-cries, and to sing the

old war-psalms, calling God to witness that not in selfishness, not in hatred, not in heat, not in revenge, but because we can no other, we go forth to the sad work of slaughter. It would, indeed, be very strange, if, in the case of a wide-spread conflict amongst civilized people, both of the conflicting parties did not claim to have the right on their side; the fact that it is their side will be with many the controlling persuasive, and it is not to be expected that the most will go forward from any other motive than the promptings of an unquestioning loyalty. Each party to the strife must solemnly weigh the matters at issue, and then make the appeal to Him who judgeth amongst nations and accomplishes his purposes in ways past our finding out. We can only say for ourselves, that when the people of the Southern States come in a becoming way and ask to be released from this Bond under which we have lived, we, for our part, are ready to bid them God-speed! We think it is as good as settled that we cannot live together happily; but no government can entertain such a request when it is urged sword in hand, — that is rebellion, and would end in anarchy. So we judge. So our providentially constituted rulers have decided for us. We affirm that this war in which we are unhappily involved is undertaken in the interests of constitutional liberty and civil order, — purely defensive; that we seek to protect our national capital against a threatened assault, and to uphold the very pillars of our state. Therefore I am ready — not because we love war and hate our brethren, or would play the tyrant over them, but because we prize our heritage from our fathers and all that reposes securely under the shield of law — to pray earnest prayers over our brave soldiers, as President Langdon of Harvard College prayed over the Continental troops as they paused on the green in Cambridge on their way to Bunker's Hill. From our hearts we say, "May the Lord of hosts be with them! May their enemies come out before them one way, and flee before them seven ways!" They have not gone to please themselves, but to serve their

country. Some of them have already been slain in the streets, and they that loved them mourn. May they be comforted. Let those who remain do all in their power, and make every needful sacrifice for the encouragement of our strong defenders. Surely this has become one of the Christian duties of the hour. It is a small thing for those who are still in no pressing peril to remember and aid their fellows who have gone to the battle. And the zeal of our whole population — men, women, and children, old men and young men and maidens — in this good work is one of the cheering facts in these days of anxiety, one of those compensations which, in the providence of God, are never wanting. We cannot give ourselves up too heartily to these unselfish promptings. They may help to redeem many a life from aimlessness and self-indulgence, and change some who had otherwise been only triflers into brothers of mercy and sisters of charity; for God is ever waiting to bless us, and the beams of his great love shining out from human faces make even the military hospital a place to be admiringly commemorated. So, as we say, it must be war, war even amongst Christians. It must needs be that offences come.

And yet, let us add, — though the addition may seem to be wholly inconsistent with what has just been urged, — there is no need that we should give ourselves up to a spirit of hatred and revenge. Of course this is the temptation, this will be the besetting sin; it would be too much to hope that many will not be betrayed into it. Yet it need not be so. Here we may take our stand as Christians. True heroism is free from the spirit of hatred and revenge. It does not smite with the fist of wickedness. It is above the old law which enjoins an eye for an eye. Its goodness is conspicuous in its severity. It seeks to moderate in all ways the horrors of war. It pauses when the high impersonal end has been reached. It is as earnest to leave the rights of others unassailed as to protect its own. Not because he would, but because he must, the true hero descends into the valley over which the

shadow of death is ominously gathering; and, terrible as may be the strokes of his heavy hand, a heart of most tender love beats warmly within. Paradoxical as it may sound, the real hero loves his enemies,—he is as capable of love as of wrath,—and is often as gentle as he is strong; otherwise he is no Christian hero. The fact that he is inflicting outward injuries upon his adversaries must not be interpreted as evidence of hatred. The Lord hateth nothing which he hath made, and yet how often he is the author of pain and destruction. He loves the man who has broken some law of Nature, and is suffering the inevitable penalty. If the bestowal of pleasure would effect the great purpose as well as the infliction of pain, how swiftly would the cup of happiness be filled to overflowing! It is hard to realize that love can work through the awful instrumentalities which issue in agony and death; but even so must the welfare of the world be painfully wrought out. It must be admitted that this is one of the things which men call impossible. It may seem hopeless to aim at anything of the kind in such a strife as this; for when brothers differ, it must needs be a bitter conflict. Nevertheless, just so far as we listen to the spirit of the Gospel, we shall strive to separate the cause from the person, to fight the battles of the Lord rather than our own battles, to be *Christian* patriots; and whilst we meet the duty of the hour with unflinching purpose and untiring zeal, and that enthusiasm which alone can accomplish anything in this world, we shall still strive to guide the popular wave that would sweep us along with it, and to rise, when we may, into that higher plane and purer atmosphere of Christian life, where we would abide forever, and from which, our hearts full of love and pity for all, we can look down with the pitying angels upon the hosts that are mustering for battle. We must aim at this. A little success in this direction may be worth a great deal by and by. We propose one of the hard things; but it is in the hard things that Christianity specially seeks to aid us.

Once more, we all find ourselves able to think and speak and hear but one thing. In comparison with this, everything else seems uninteresting and insignificant. Matters which stirred our hearts from their depths yesterday, have no power to move us to-day. And for a time this must needs be. All our energies are rightly demanded in one direction. It is useless, it is cruel, especially to those who are sent forward, to engage in such a work with but one hand, or to do it by halves. But if these days are to be many, we must try to recover as much as we can that equanimity which every-day duties demand of most of us. We shall need the rest which they will afford to our sorely strained souls. A morbid concentration upon a single object, however important that object may be, does not help us in promoting it. The way to the end may be long. Reverses as well as successes may be in our path. Sometimes we can only wait. Meanwhile, to a considerable extent, all the ordinary works of life must go forward; no great interest, physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual, must be allowed to suffer beyond what is absolutely necessary; they who abide by the stuff, to use the language of the old Jewish warriors, must share equally, though in a different way, in labor and anxiety, with those who have gone to the battle. We mean that we must try to maintain this diligent and collected mind, — to maintain it as much as we can, simply because the temptation to fall into an unsettled habit, a state of fruitless excitement, will be so very strong. If we decide that it is our duty not to go, but to stay, we stay not to be alarmists or mere news-gatherers and news-reporters, but to see that the great interests which are left in our keeping suffer no detriment. St. Paul's counsel to his Thessalonian disciples, even when they were looking for the end of the world, was this: "Study to be quiet and to do your own business." We are not looking for the end of the *world*.

And now, who is sufficient for these things? What is there that can carry us calmly and safely through all the fear-

ful possibilities of the hour, and enable us to meet the daily anxiety and the sorrows which may come — indeed, are sure to come — along with great successes, — what save a genuine religious trust? Let us say it in all earnestness and literalness, if we have never learned to pray before, we must learn to pray now; if in the day of peace and prosperity God has ceased to be a reality to us, we must try to have faith in him now; if we have unconsciously slidden into the practical unbelief which makes no account of any world save this, we must try now to believe in a world where there are no battle-fields, where those who have striven to the death are reconciled, and look back upon the struggles of earth as frightful dreams. There is such a world! Let not the smoke and dust of the battle hide from us the light of that Sun which alone can cheer our day, or the brightness of those Stars which alone can make our night sacred! Whilst we are striving according to our best light to build up the earthly city, we must still keep our eyes upon the city which is above, and from which cometh evermore the mighty help of God. May he speed our cause. May he give to us the victory, and make the victory a blessing in the end to our adversaries; not what they wish and seek, but what they want and must accept. May we be true to our great ideas of civil order and of civil liberty. These are sure to conquer in the end, though *we* may be defeated for the moment. Every great conflict is seen at length to be a conflict of ideas, a battle of civilizations; and, thus far, the question whether of the twain is the stronger, has for the most part been decided at the cannon's mouth. God grant that even yet another way of decision may be opened! But let this be as it may, we cannot doubt about the issue. God and Humanity are on our side. May it come quickly! God save our nation's life, and never suffer our dear old flag to be again lowered into the dust, and advance her true glory and make her a terror to none save evil-doers!

E.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

DRAW near, thou Son of Man, abide with me,
Be thou henceforth my home;
I am a weary, heavy-laden one,
Whom thou hast told to come.

I come, — why should I stay? No rest for me,
Dear Lord, but at thy feet;
The earthly fruit I've plucked hath bitter proved,
I thought would be so sweet.

A poor, mean gift it is to bring to thee,
This jaded, baffled heart,
That would not see and choose thee its first love,
All lovely as thou art.

I chose this world, I played my game and lost, —
Wilt thou accept me now?
Unworthy I to lean upon thy breast,
Low at thy feet I bow.

O, not enough! lift thou me up: my heart
Must beat against thine own;
Saviour thou art, Friend, Lover thou must be,
I cannot live alone.

My heart is sad, my mind is dark, I must
Feel sure that thou art near;
Seeing my tears, touched by my grief, must know
That I to thee am dear.

How can I doubt? Thy death upon the cross
Hath said that I am thine;
For those thou diedst, thou wilt surely live:
Thy death and life are mine.

EVARISTE REGIS HUC.

THE Abbé Evariste Régis Huc, priest of the Order of the Lazarists, missionary apostolic in China, — who more than any traveller or writer in these days, perhaps in any, has opened the way to knowledge of that empire called Celestial, which is beyond the Himalayas, — has passed on at last to that kingdom Celestial which is beyond the skies.

A brief account of him we read in a foreign newspaper. There is a longer and better one in Appleton's New American Cyclopædia. Neither the exact date, nor the place of his death, which happened during the last year, is given. He was born in Toulouse, the ancient capital of Languedoc, August 1, 1813, and received his education in the seminary for priests in that city, in which seminary also he served for a time as teacher. But his heart was fixed on the farthest East. Not yet twenty-six years of age, he grasped the crucifix, and set sail with his companions from Havre, — in February, 1839, — eager to give his life to bring nations unto Christ. On reaching Macao they found a great excitement existing in China on account of the war which the English were waging then with a view to convince the barbarians of their physiological errors touching opium. Nothing daunted, they worked their way into the interior, even after the missionary Perboyne had won with his blood, in Utschangfu, after long and cruel imprisonment, the martyr's crown. Huc and his faithful companion, Gabet, wandered through China to Thibet, preaching their faith even in the sacred places of Buddhism, — the external resemblance of which to the Roman Church amazed them greatly. They were well treated in Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, but the Chinese ambassador had influence enough to effect their removal, and they were sent back to Canton. For the third time they passed through the Chinese Empire. In Peking both fell exceeding ill, and were obliged to call in native

physicians. Worn out with toil, Huc solicited permission to return to France, which he thought he had quitted forever. On the 1st of January, 1852, he sailed from Macao, visited Ceylon and Cairo and Alexandria, whence he took the opportunity to repair to Jerusalem and the holy places; after which he went on homeward to seek relief in his native Southern France, at the baths of Ax, in the Pyrenees. Gabet remained but a little while in France, — restless to wander on with the cross to South America, where he ended his days soon afterwards, in Rio Janeiro. Huc employed his leisure in writing out that valuable account of his travels, which, translated into almost all modern languages, best tells to all men the story of his zeal. His first work, which appeared in 1852, was, "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les Années 1844, 1845, et 1846," translated into English by the younger Hazlitt. It was followed by "L'Empire Chinois," which won the first Monthyon medal from the French Academy. An English translation of it was published by the Harpers, in two volumes, in 1855. A third work, in three volumes, called "Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet," was published by Longman, London, in 1857 – 8.

In his last years he was much occupied with theological studies, — fragments of a religious work being found among his papers. As for the rest, it is said of him that he did not neglect becoming solace for his many sufferings and his long labors; he passed the summer in the country, the winter in Paris in learned society, which his increasing corpulence, it is quaintly remarked, showed that he knew how to enjoy conscientiously, — a very lively, pleasant, talkative man, whom it was good to have by you at dinner.

As a writer, the French think that he had too much Chinese in him to make proper academic use of their rather finical language; and as a traveller, perhaps, that he was given to those fancies and that occasional extravagance which have so long been attributed to his mediæval predeces-

sor, Marco Polo; — with as little truth, we doubt not time will show, as to Herodotus, — who, indeed, is fast losing his right to be called Father of History, by being stripped of the title of Father of Lies. H. J. W.

EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLES *vs.* EDUCATIONAL PREJUDICES.*

We believe that we tell no secret when we say that an intelligent public, whether reading or lecture-going, does not catch eagerly at an opportunity to read or hear a discourse upon Education. We have noticed once or twice, when at "Institutes" such discoursing was going forward, a decided preference for the lessons and entertainments to be gathered up in the meadows and on the hill-sides. The truth is, that there is no subject upon which a larger amount of cheap, commonplace wisdom is vented than upon this theme of Education, and the weariness of audiences is proportioned to the fluency of speakers, the ease with which they dilate upon the "importance" of the topic, "the necessity of teaching children to think," "the demand for a harmonious development of the whole man," &c. There is an infinite amount of dealing with abstractions and generalities, whilst applications are avoided, and the hard places are deftly skipped over, and the same old straw is persistently beaten, in the hope that yet a grain of wheat may have escaped the persistent flail. An eloquent man will be eloquent upon almost any subject, but a good deal of really eloquent speech upon Education is more rhetorical than instructive.

We need hardly add, therefore, that nothing but the

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* Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer, Author of "Social Statics," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1861.

reputation of the author as an exceedingly original and vigorous thinker induced us to take up the work, the title of which is given below. We were sure that Herbert Spencer could not be numbered with those who repeat, parrot-wise, the words of other persons; that he would be sure to grapple two-handed with whatever matter might fairly come into his hands. Our expectations have been more than met, and we cannot refrain from setting down some of the suggestions of an exceedingly suggestive book. The subject is treated under these four distinct heads, — "What Knowledge is of most Worth?" "Intellectual Education"; Moral Education"; "Physical Education."

In discussing the first of these specific topics, Spencer starts with the remark, that "in order of time decoration precedes dress." The barbarian is more careful to be painted than to be clad, and when it rains folds up his garments lest they should be spoiled. Even the civilized or the partially civilized are inclined to regard the fashion of the dress more than its really serviceable qualities, and the rings that are no longer suspended from the nose are hung in the ears. So it is in the training of the intellect. Effect is sought after, to the neglect of utility. There are certain things which every well-educated person is expected to know; and, although no good reason can be given for this expectation, it is zealously met, to the sore grief of the young people, who of course are not consulted, but are simply "put through" the usual thing, with such facilities as the ingenious teacher can devise, and such alleviations as the merciful teacher can provide. We must be able to tell precisely when old dead kings began to live their useless lives, and cannot be suffered to keep on hand, in some portable form, a convenient summary of such historic matters, instead of storing them away in the memory, with infinite effort. We must know whether to put the accent of a Greek or Latin word upon the penult or the antepenult, and may not venture to question whether, if the Greeks and Romans had been

so plagued with ancient languages, they would have done or said anything worth setting down. Meanwhile the knowledge which the world needs every day of its busy life is either neglected, or only communicated, as it were, by the way; picked up under the stress of dire necessity, rather by sufferance than with zeal. Physiology, mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, and agriculture, the history and science of society in distinction from stories of the strifes of kings, — indeed, science under every form, according to Mr. Spencer, are the matters that should occupy the attention of the young pupil. The preservation of bodily health and vigor, and the successful progress of the arts which conduce so much to the outward, and indeed also to the inward growth of humanity, nay, even a reverent recognition of the mystery by which we are overshadowed and encompassed, are best promoted by an earnest pursuit of science, an endeavor to know ourselves and the world we are now living and laboring in. And it seems to us that in this opening essay Mr. Spencer has effectively challenged our educational routine, and has successfully pointed out the unreasonableness of attempting to discipline every mind, and to provide for every future career, according to the stereotype methods, without so much as asking the question, "What kind of knowledge is of most worth?" Fortunately, however, the things which men most need to know are learned somehow and by some, if not in childhood, then in after years, and as the knowledge can be made useful. In spite of the attention paid to dead formulas and vocables, the world has made most wonderful progress in useful science during this last century, and perhaps the gain would not have been so very great had the children been trained in physiology, botany, mechanics, and sociology, instead of the classics of Greece and Rome; for as only a very handful ever get anything but the discipline from their classical training, so we think it would be with those who should be taught in the natural sciences; and many might prefer the study of language, not to say of literature, to les-

sons in physics. What we need would seem to be a more extended *curriculum*, a more generous provision for various tastes and purposes, and a recognition of the wealth of our own literature, as well as of that of the ancient world.

In the paper on Intellectual Education we have a hopeful view of the gain to be realized from the conflicts in the world of educators, each sect pressing its own theory. Already there are tokens of progress, especially in the method of teaching languages, the old rote system of committing grammar rules to memory having yielded in a measure to the more natural process of acquiring the tongue itself, just as a child learns to talk. Spite of our own educational prejudices, we always feel as if there was a degree of cruelty in compelling a child to learn by rote, we cannot say by *heart*, the grammars of the Greek and Latin languages, masses of sentences to which they can attach no ideas whatever, and in which they can feel no more interest than in a column of words from the spelling-book or the dictionary. It would be impossible to exact any such tasks from adults. The vigor of the word-memory in childhood happily ministers some relief, and humanity somehow gets accustomed to almost anything, and we do not ourselves recall the grammars as special trials. They keep children out of mischief, and discipline them to habits of application and accuracy. Still life is too short, even boy-life, to be wasted. If we can make children happy whilst we are preparing them for future usefulness, it is surely a thing to be desired. There is no need to go out of the way to find difficulties. This is just as foolish in the training of the mind as is the way of some to go shivering every day with the idea of hardening the constitution, when they might just as well have another coat. When Providence puts animals into cold regions, the fur is thickened accordingly. Let him who hath a coat wear it! If you can do your duty as man or child, and enjoy your work, you have fulfilled so far the purpose of the Creator, which aims to secure for each and all perfect faithfulness and perfect happiness, — the utmost obe-

dience and the utmost enjoyment. It is our wish to make the young wise betimes; it is also our wish to make them happy, to spare them every unnecessary burden and annoyance.

The last two chapters, treating the one of moral and the other of physical education, are worthy to be read with great care by every one to whom the charge of the young is intrusted. The pages on the deficiencies of parents are exceedingly rich in valuable suggestions. Fathers and mothers are to be blamed as well as children. Bad temper produces bad temper. Earnest and honest and thoughtful questioners have a fair claim upon their natural teachers for the time and attention which are needed in order to secure full replies, even though the newspaper or the speculation may be more interesting for the moment. We take for granted that the parent is right, just as the theory is that the king can do no wrong. The child, unlike the subject, has no right of revolution; but he can have his temper soured, his confidence shaken, his heart and his face hardened.

"Commenting on the chaotic state of opinion and practice relative to family government, Richter writes: — 'If the secret variances of a large class of ordinary fathers were brought to light and laid down as a plan of studies and reading catalogued for a moral education, they would run somewhat after this fashion. In the first hour "pure morality must be read to the child, either by myself or the tutor"; in the second, "mixed morality, or that which may be applied to one's own advantage"; in the third, "do you not see that your father does so and so?" in the fourth, "you are little, and this is only fit for grown-up people"; in the fifth, 'the chief matter is, that you should succeed in the world, and become something in the state"; in the sixth, "not the temporary, but the eternal determines the worth of a man"; in the seventh, "therefore rather suffer injustice and be kind"; in the eighth, "but defend yourself bravely if any one attack you"; in the ninth, "do not make a noise, dear child"; in the tenth, "a boy must not sit so quiet"; in the eleventh,

"you must obey your parents better"; in the twelfth, "and educate yourself." So by the hourly change of his principles the father conceals their untenableness and one-sidedness. As for his wife, she is neither like him nor yet like that harlequin who came on to the stage with a bundle of papers under each arm, and answered to the inquiry what he had under his right arm, "orders," and to what he had under his left arm, "counter-orders." But the mother might be much better compared to a giant Briareus, who had a hundred arms, and a bundle of papers under each.'"

Natural, not artificial penalties, are advocated by Mr. Spencer, as at once most merciful and effectual for the discipline of youth. Let your child's sin or error punish him. Do not step in yourself and become the executioner. Rather present yourself to your child as one who would shield him as much as may be from the fruits of his doings. Be with him, not to judge, but to save. Let it be very plain that you love him all the while. Then when you are obliged yourself to punish his offences, when you manifest dissatisfaction, your displeasure will be all the more significant, because it is the displeasure of one whom he has been accustomed to love, and whose deeds have always been kind.

The children will be much indebted to Mr. Spencer, when they are told that he would have them eat till they are satisfied, and would not confine them to a dreary repetition of bread and milk and oatmeal porridge, viands not much in vogue, we believe, in this country. 'When to 'Oliver asking for more,' the mamma or the governess replies in the negative, on what data does she proceed? She *thinks* he has had enough. But where are her grounds for so thinking? Has she some secret understanding with the boy's stomach, — some *clairvoyant* power enabling her to discern the needs of his body? If not, how can she safely decide? . . . . . As we heard said by the father of a five-years-old boy, who stands a head taller than most of his age, and is proportionately robust, rosy, and active: 'I can see no artificial stand-

ard by which to mete out his food. If I say, "This much is enough," it is a mere guess; and the guess is as likely to be wrong as right. Consequently, having no faith in guesses, I let him eat his fill.' And certainly, any one judging of his policy by its effects would be constrained to admit its wisdom." Mr. Spencer would hardly accept the old rejoinder to the child asking for cake, "If you were really hungry, you would crave a piece of dry bread." One may be hungry without being almost starved, and dry bread is not the only food which a kind Providence lays upon the board that is spread for man. The science of chemistry has made wonderful progress in these last years, and it has been found that some cravings of the child ought to have been satisfied and not systematically denied. The excesses of holidays are nature's protests against the asceticism which passes sentence upon sweets because they are sweets. A few good things every day would not leave so many good things to be gormandized on special occasions of feasting. We have only room to set down this final word: "Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. . . . . The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins."

E.

IF we do but seriously believe the truth of the Gospel, and the truth of the life to come, the best things of this world will seem of small moment; and the worst things this world can inflict will seem but of small moment; and the worst things this world can inflict will appear too light to provoke us to impatience or discontent. He that hath everlasting glory in prospect, will have a mind full of contentment in the darkest condition here.

HYMN OF THE SOUL.

GIVE me bright thoughts, my Father! let thy sunshine fall
Upon this web of life!
So shall I meet thy blessed will in all
Earth's mortal, weary strife:
Let every little, fragile thread inwoven be
Closely, my God, with thee!

What care I, be the fabric coarse or be it fine,
Of silk or roughest hair!
A lustre fresh from thee will through it shine,
A radiance it will wear,
Which takes the hue of angel garments, pure and white,
Glowing with spirit light.

The beautiful, Earth of herself can never weave, —
The cold, dry, nerveless Earth!
The fairest impress she hath power to leave,
Alas! is little worth,
Except the light divine doth vivify the whole, —
The beauty of the Soul.

The sunny ray from Heaven doth color the fresh flowers
As they up-turn to Thee:
The clouds above distil the vernal showers
From their own purity:
The smile of God alone gives life to faith and love,
As came the Holy Dove.

The Dove of Heaven, which spread its spotless wings
Over the Son of God,
Speaking from thee, the glorious King of kings,
Of him, the Christ, the Word, —
To suffering man thy highest, noblest gift,
All *being* to uplift.

Let not the dark nor sinful come, dimming the pure,
As flits each earthly day;
Sorrow, temptation, pain, let me endure;
Turn not from me away.
Grief will be hallowed then, bearing thy smile,
As my soul waits the while, —

Waits, Father, with this frail and humble web of life,
Outspread in faith to thee!
Make it with gentleness and virtue rife,
With stainless purity:
While peace and love and truth their saintly beauty blend,
Till life itself shall end,

And, silent, mingle with the eternal folds of light
That beam around thy shrine;
Expanding far beyond the realms of night, —
All holy, all divine!
Calm, bright, and sinless thoughts shall all my being fill,
So be my Father's will.

* * *

Our home, our country is heaven, where there are no sorrows, nor fears, nor troubles: this world is the place of our travel and pilgrimage, and, at the best, our inn.

In my Father's house there are mansions, many mansions, instead of my inn; and my Saviour himself hath not disdained to be my harbinger: he is gone before me, to prepare a place for me. I will, therefore, content myself with the inconveniences of my short journey, for my accommodations will be admirable when I come to my home, that heavenly Jerusalem which is the place of my rest and happiness.

Weigh and consider your words before you speak them, and do not talk at random.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE NEW CENSUS AND THE PROSPECT.

We must look carefully at the figures to estimate aright the terrible conflict that impends. By the census of 1860, the whole population of the American Union is 31,648,853. Of this the Free States and Territories have 19,046,173. The Slave States number in free population 8,602,470. The number of slaves lacks but 347 of *four millions*. The number of free population in the seceding States is in round numbers 2,700,000. The number of slaves in the seceding States is 2,350,000.

From this it becomes apparent that the seven seceding States number less than the single State of New York, which has 3,851,000, and less than New England which has 3,128,000. The two cities of New York and Brooklyn have nearly half as many freemen as the seven seceding States.

It is gratifying to learn that the number of slaves in Delaware has *decreased* in ten years from 2,290 to 1,505, and in Maryland from 90,368 to 35,382. Slavery in these States is therefore verging rapidly towards its extinction, which fact explains their firmness for the Union as it is. In what are called the "Border States" the increase in the free population has been at a rate per cent *double* that of the slave population, which shows that slavery is receding towards the Cotton States.

The struggle in which we are becoming involved is not a struggle between freedom and slavery, though things are tending rapidly to that naked issue. It lay with the Border States to decide whether it should be a conflict for the Union as it is, or whether it should become a sectional war between the North and the South. If it comes to the latter, a servile war may also be the consequence, and complicate the sufferings of the crisis.

Whatever awaits us, one thing has been growing more and more obvious for the last twelve years, till finally its certainty has become like fate. There is no peaceful way out of the depths of our national wickedness. The storm must burst and the thunderbolt must fall before we can have a healthful atmosphere and a clear sky. We must meet it like men, knowing that this is God's appointment which we may

not evade. There are worse things than war. Deterioration and moral cowardice are worse than death; and when it becomes necessary to die for great truths and principles, how sweet and how beautiful is the sacrifice! Let no one imagine that this is our day of deepest darkness. Twenty millions of people rising as one man, thrilled by one pulse, swept by one spirit of self-sacrifice, holding right and justice to be dearer than life, and that life for these may be and shall be offered up, will appear in history as the brightest omen of the century. Civilization and free government are not to fail here, but to come forth more glorious and secure from trial. This is the clear pointing of the finger of God, and for this he strikes the awful hour and summons men to their duty. Meanwhile we hope that from all the altars of religion will be breathed the holiest, selectest influence into the cause of constitutional liberty as the cause of God.

S.

SONG SNATCHES.

WHATEVER the enemies of Rev. T. L. Harris may say of him, they cannot deny that he is a poet. An effusion more fragrant with the sweetest affections we have seldom met with than the following. We judge, from the connection in which we find it, that it dates from several years since.

THE AUTUMNAL GUEST.

THE crown from the forehead of summer
Had dropped, the dim woodlands were sere,
When there entered our home a strange-comer,
Afar from the kingdom of fear,
In the mystical fall of the year.

He darkened our doors, and the hours,
Once opening like myrtles in bloom,
Were blighted as if they were flowers
That droop in the shade of the tomb,
That wither and die in its gloom.

There came to our cheek a strange pallor,
Our words grew unfrequent and low,
But one of our number with valor
Smiled sweet on that terrible foe,
As the rose on the cold, falling snow.

My star of the night and the morning,
My joy and my beauty was she:
Then came to my heart a forewarning,
A blast from the winter to be, —
The winter that waileth in me.

And I knew that my kingdom of summer
Must fade, and its crown disappear;
O, pitiless grew the dread comer
Afar from the kingdom of fear,
In the desolate fall of the year!

Strange that hearts can live on after breaking!
At midnight my darling was dead,
Her bosom had rest from its aching,
Fond bosom her babies that fed, —
Pure bosom that pillowed my head.

A grave 'neath the pines for my keeping
He left me, that sorrowful guest,
A soul that is weary with weeping,
A world that in shadow is drest,
A life that is wild with unrest.

No more, never more to behold her! —
I wake by degrees to my loss,
I feel the cold world growing colder;
On sorrow's drear ocean I toss:
I faint 'neath the load of my cross.

Yet high in the infinite summer
Beyond the pale kingdom of fear,
God's angels have crowned a new-comer, —
She smiles from her beautiful sphere;
She calls me, — the morning is near!

FUGUING TUNES.

We like fuguing tunes when they are adapted to the sentiment, and when used to edify the congregation, and not show off the accomplishments of the choir. But in very many instances they remind us of an anecdote which we saw quoted some time ago in the "Philosophy of Sectarianism," a work of the Rev. Alexander Blakie,

pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Boston. It seems the late Sears C. Walker, in company with Messrs. Dungelson and Bache, of the Coast Survey, happened, in one of their expeditions, into some New England country church. It might have been just after a singing-school, when the choir generally receives new recruits, increasing immensely its volume of noise, but not in a corresponding degree its fervency of devotion. At any rate one of the fuguing tunes was coming off just at that time, set to the words "Countless seraphs bow before the throne." The performance was proceeding in this wise: —

> "Countless ser-ar-aphs, countless ser-ar-er-er-aphs
> Bow-wow-wow before," &c.;

when the following dialogue took place among the worshippers of the "Coast Survey."

Mr. Walker. "Why, I never heard that before. It must be one of the *dog*mas of the Church."

Mr. Bache. "Yes, evidently it is in that *cat*egory."

"FOR SUBSTANCE OF DOCTRINE."

HERE is another anecdote quoted by Mr. Blakie. It is one of the signs of change which perplex sorely the advocates of an unchanging Puritan theology. A Scotch minister, who had been pastor several years over a New England congregation, had occasion to travel out of New England, probably into York State, and spend the Sabbath in a Scotch family. After service the family assembled, according to invariable Scotch custom, to recite the Catechism, and so preserve the "form of sound words." The children and other members of the family answered in turn very correctly, as the father of the family questioned them. Then he came to his clerical guest.

"I can answer the question *in substance*," said the minister, "but I cannot answer it as it is in the Catechism." The father shook his head and passed on. After the catechizing was over, the father turned in wonderment to his guest.

"How is it that *you*, a *Scotchman*, could not recite the Catechism, as all that people think so much of having the children taught this form of sound words?"

"O," said the minister, with a comical shrug of the shoulder, "I was *brought up in New England!*"

CHRIST'S CAPTURE IN THE GARDEN.

A PARAPHRASE.

WHEN shrouded by the darkness of the earth,
And soon to pass away from human sight,
Thus spake the Wisdom born of heavenly birth,
Which was before the world, of men the Light:

"Why come ye forth, as 'gainst a thief, with swords,
When daily in the Temple I have taught?
Have ye not listened to God's gracious words,
Which to a sinful world salvation brought?

"Why stretched ye forth no hands against me then,
When in your sight and hearing there I stood?
Was it because ye stood in fear of men?
But thus it was to prove the Scriptures good.

"This is your hour! The covert gloom of night
Is the fit time for violence and wrong;
The evil hide them from the morning light,
And leagued with Darkness only are they strong.

"The children of the Light do wisdom love,
And gladly listen to her holy word;
The evil hate the light which doth reprove,
And 'gainst the righteous draw the bloody sword."

J. V.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

WHEN you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for *them* to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than

without it, provided it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school-house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was, that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore could n't laugh and shout, and so Nature, in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam: —

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, — slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

S.

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE.

THE scholar said to his master, How may I come to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak?

His master said: When thou canst throw thyself for a moment into that where no creature dwelleth, then thou hearest what God speaketh.

Scholar. Is that near at hand, or far off?

Master. It is in thee, and if thou canst for a while cease from all thy thinking and willing, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God.

Scholar. How can I hear when I stand still from thinking, and willing?

Master. When thou standest still from the thinking and willing of self, then the eternal hearing, seeing, and speaking, will be revealed in thee. . . . . Thine own hearing, willing, and seeing hindereth thee that thou dost not see nor hear God.

. . . . . .

Then the scholar asked his master further, saying, Whither goeth the soul when the body dieth, be it either saved or damned?

His master answered: It needed no going forth, only the outward mortal life with the body do separate themselves from the soul, — the soul hath heaven and hell in itself before, as it is written, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you"; and whether of the two, viz. either heaven or hell, shall be manifested in it, in that the soul standeth.

Scholar. Doth it not enter into heaven or hell as a man entereth into a house, or as a man goeth through a door into another world?

Master. No; there is no such kind of entering, for heaven and hell are present everywhere; and it is but the turning in of the will either into God's love or into his anger, and this cometh to pass in the life, according to that of St. Paul, "Our conversation is in heaven"; and Christ saith also, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them the eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of my hand."

JACOB BEHMEN.

A PEEP AT THE NEWSBOYS IN THEIR LODGING-HOUSE.

THE condition of this establishment is attracting more attention than hitherto; its beneficial results at first being considered dubious by those who knew the lives of the newsboys. Now the friends who have watched its progress are satisfied that this rude, though moral rendezvous, has been the means of gathering into one fold many an untamed spirit, whose case would have been hard to reach through other agencies. Here, in the company of their own sort, they listen attentively to the words of the Good Shepherd, and *never within the walls* use his name in vain. Pains are taken to gradually refine their tastes by entertaining lectures, readings, dramatic, or otherwise;

games, such as chess, checkers, dominoes, and the like; all tendency to gambling being utterly ignored. In furtherance of this idea, and to attract them from rude sports, a library has been established, to which Mrs. J. J. Astor has contributed so largely that it has been christened Astor Library No. 2. This lady has also sent it some pretty specimens of paintings, handsomely mounted in gilt frames.

On Sabbath evenings these boys are seen in their best, and to many their most interesting light. No meeting is more orderly, no audience more attentive, unless here and there childhood asserts its supremacy over the unnatural vigilance of the past week, and a small head is seen to fall on the red-shirted breast. Even in such cases we have observed an effort to cast off old Morpheus, and the eye is snapped, the head scratched, and the whole frame erected to its utmost stretch, only to limber down again under the conqueror. Through the kindness of the benevolent, or by their own thrift, they are generally able, on this sacred day, to sport a clean shirt; and this, together with the free meal always provided for those who keep it holy, no doubt conduces to the increased audience always perceptible at Sunday-evening meetings. The head is always bowed at the tone of prayer, and a visitor who listens to their closing hymn *must* go away with it still ringing in his heart, as its tones flow in waves that circle even to the Almighty ear. Who that hears can fail to join in that hymn, half praise, half prayer, when the thought presents itself of the blessed promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"? — *Methodist.*

REQUIEM IN A CHURCHYARD.

THE holy dead! move softly here,
  Let no harsh sound be heard;
O gentle be the pillow where,
  'Mid singing of the bird,
The beautiful are laid to rest
  Upon their mother's breast!

The holy dead! low breathe the winds
  Above the couch of peace,
And lightly waves the bending grass
  Where all life's struggles cease.
The beautiful are laid to rest
  Upon their mother's breast.

The clouds look lovingly above,
  The flowerets bloom below,
The trees are silent sentinels,
  The streams more gently flow.
The beautiful are laid to rest
  Upon their mother's breast.

The holy dead! the holy dead!
  Above, around us here
Ye come, a beaming spirit-band,
  Our onward course to cheer.
Ye live, though dust is laid to rest
  Upon the mother's breast.

The dead, the dead! There comes no death!
  The soul can ne'er decay,
But rises to its higher life,
  As falls the useless clay.
The beautiful! ay, let them rest
  Upon the Father's breast. ***

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Those who have read these Essays and Addresses will be very glad to have them in this pleasant form, and with such slight revisions as they may have needed. They will be as interesting to the uninitiated as to the medical profession, — some of them, we fancy, more so. Like many independent thinkers in these days, Dr. Holmes finds himself between two fires, that of the homœopathists whom he has assailed on the one hand, and that of the "vigorous" practitioners whose distrust he has aroused on the other hand. He will be found in good heart for every encounter, and will never write a dull or uninstructive book. E.

Twelve Sermons, delivered at Antioch College by HORACE MANN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — These "Sermons" are remarkable at once for what they contain and for what they do not contain. So far as they go, they are positive, earnest, high-toned, and vigorous, full of admirable counsel to the young; but we cannot say that they strengthen us in a desire which we have been accustomed to entertain, that there might be an increase of lay-preaching. They are very disappointing as exhibitions of the peculiar wealth of Christianity; the hearer or reader finds himself continually asking for something which does not come. The sermons on Immortality and Miracles leave one unsatisfied, if not dissatisfied; and the illustrations in the discussion of the wonderful works of the Saviour seem to confound things which differ not only in degree but in kind. They give us a feeling of being out in the open air, with the whole world before us, when we would so much rather find ourselves in the fold of the Good Shepherd. There are good things here to put into sermons, — materials for the preacher; but these are not sermons, and for ourselves we should have preferred to listen to a preacher. The volume is of value and interest, notwithstanding this serious defect. It discloses the honest, earnest thought of an intelligent and large-hearted layman upon the great truths of religion. It will help the preachers to understand the mental conditions to which they have to minister. It will quicken and guide moral and spiritual aspiration, increase the manliness of our young people, and by its "meditations" will lead the reader to "prayers" properly so called. E.

The Methodist. A Weekly Journal. Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D. D., and J. M'CLINTOCK, D. D. — We always turn to this newspaper with great interest. It is catholic and manly, filled with well-digested thoughts and carefully selected information. The literary character of the articles is very high. Of course the interests of the noble Christian body which the journal represents are made prominent, but there is always a vast deal which every one, young or old, immature or mature in the knowledge of the Gospel, will read with delight and profit. E.

THE

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THE NATIONAL DEFENCE, AND THE HOME GUARD.

WE have been taught to regard Peace and Love as among the chief characteristics of the Christian religion. We teach our children, from their earliest years, and anxiously, that the law of love can and must always rule. And in our land peace has actually reigned till many of the States have forgotten to retain implements of force; till a generation has grown up never having heard the clash of arms. We have honestly acquired the feeling that war was a remnant of heathenism, a work henceforth utterly unworthy the hands of Christians.

But now within a few weeks this whole nation of peaceable citizens has turned into a nation of warriors; even women and children are ready to stretch out their hands if they may help. The preachers of the Gospel, whose mission it is to take up and pass on the message of Peace and Good-will given at Bethlehem, advocate this war which is now raging, and mingle the mention of it with their weekly worship of God. For all this there must be some assumed, or sufficient reason. The spirit of Christ cannot have utterly left this great nation. His saints cannot have come forward to dip their hands in blood for what they deem a common earthly cause. The mothers, who with prayers dedicated their sons

to be soldiers of the cross, cannot have sent them forth to the destruction of their fellow-men, and to all the horrors of war, without believing that the Lord really called them, and will go with them. And just here is where the earnest question arises, — What is that sufficient reason, if such exist? can these two words "War" and "Christian" ever be joined together? And if so, what is it that makes this a Christian war? How, as open advocates this day of a forcible appeal to arms, do ministers of the Gospel feel justified in claiming a right to stand before their congregations as preachers of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace?

These questions I will try to answer. I assume that one of the great aims and demands of Christianity is peace on earth; — that in its whole spirit it is opposed, as no other religion, philosophy, or policy ever was opposed, to war; — that it exalts and illustrates human brotherhood; — that it continually urges men to appeal more and more to moral forces, — to try reason, persuasion, forbearance; — that it dignifies forgiveness into a divine power; — that it commands men and pleads with men to let love rule them; to give no place to passion; — that it makes hate almost synonymous with Satan; and declares that the spirit of revenge murders, kills out, the soul of the man that cherishes it, — cuts him off from fellowship with Jesus Christ and with God, — casts him into hell.

I assume that such is the spirit and tone of Christianity, and that its stern demand and its ultimate aim are absolutely for "peace on earth"; — that it labors, confident that its labor is not in vain, for the coming of a time when war shall utterly cease; when love of man and love of God shall be so fully infused into the life of nations that it will not be possible for men to attempt to destroy this image of God, any more than it would be for them to attempt to destroy Him whose image we are. I believe that Christ prophesied such a time, was sent to hasten on such a time, labored with tears and prayers and bleeding love to make men accept the real-

ity and possibility of such a coming time. I believe this to have been the vision, the inspiration, the practical aim of Jesus Christ. I have stated this point as clearly and as strongly as I know how, and I want it to be accepted in its full significance, without any limitation or mental reservation.

And now I will say, in the face of this statement, that Christianity is not compromised, or its efficiency invalidated, or its ultimate success disproved, by the present appeal to arms, advocated by the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. And let me tell you why.

The ultimate end may be peace for the entire world; the means, or intermediate steps, by which this end is slowly wrought out, may embrace within their limits war. It is especially important that we distinguish between ultimate ends and means, when the ends are as far-reaching as those of Christianity.

But can any end, you ask, ever make holy unholy means, — the end, peace, justify war? Yes, it can, as means. We have got to take the world as it is, and do our work in it. We have got to use the best means that are at hand; only use them, always keeping in mind the end for which we use them; use them unwillingly, it may be, but because of the impossibility of applying better. If you have the children of this world to deal with, you cannot use the weapons which you would if dealing with those who are nearer to the children of light.

When, for instance, men who cannot be reached by an appeal to justice or to honor, or to God's law, attempt to force their own evil purposes upon other men, making us, at least, accessories in their crimes, or attempt to destroy institutions and a government that are built up upon, and intrusted with the keeping of, holy principles, involving the progressive interests of the race, then I believe Christianity itself calls upon us, saying, "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

"War," says De Quincey, "may exist in virtue of a kind of moral necessity, connected with the benefits of compensation; such as continually lurk in evils acknowledged as such, but which are used as a balance to opposite tendencies of a still more evil character. The very evil and woe of men's condition on earth may be oftentimes detected in the necessity of looking to some other woe as the pledge of its purification; so that what separately would have been hateful for itself, passes mysteriously into an object of toleration, of hope, or even of prayer, as the counter-venom to the taint of some more mortal poison."

When Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple he used force with those men; he called in, doubtless, to his aid, the authority of those who kept the temple, and then took those money-changers and defilers of holy places upon their own ground; he did not appeal to reason, — they would not listen to it; he made a scourge of thongs, and drove them out of the sacred precincts.

And now that we speak of the example of Jesus, turn to his own words. Peace among brethren was the holy aim before him, — peace on earth. Angels heralded it as his mission; angels heralded it, and Christ came. But what did Christ say? "Think not that I am come to bring peace," — to bring it as a ready prepared gift, borne with me in my hand, or as the immediate result of my coming. It is to be wrought out; and at first my coming will not be peace, but a sword. In the conflict of my principles, he would say, with worldly and selfish hearts, there must needs result among men contention, warfare, brother set against brother man. Yet because Christ spoke of this unavoidable consequence so calmly, are we to suppose that his soul was not saddened in view of the necessary conflicts which, because of men's low level of life, must needs grow up? Or on the other hand, because he foresaw these conflicts, did he shrink from giving his truth to men, and intrusting to chosen and brave hearts the defence of his divine principle? Not so.

Christianity, then, authorizes the use of the sword when some principle is threatened in such a way that the only method to defend it, or the institutions in which it is embodied, is by drawing the sword. The Christian limit for the use of force, necessitating a great loss of life on both sides, is this, viz. first, that you are carrying out the will of God; and secondly, that you are shut out from all other resources except the use of force. Human life is secondary to the upholding a principle. It is a sad necessity on the one hand to be obliged to take away a life; but it is not sad, on the other hand, to be obliged to give away life for a real purpose. Length of life in this world is of very little importance, but how the life is spent is of immense importance. When that man died, was he a soldier of God, and Christ, and human progress? And in regard to the individual himself, as an immortal being, one year of struggle with wrong for the sake of the right, and then death, contributes more to progressive life than forty years of compromise with wrong, or mere timid allegiance to right.

Now in this present war, as in the war of the Revolution, reason, expostulation, appeal to justice had all been tried, and all in vain, to ward off a terrific evil. Still it pressed on. If we yield to its march, we surrender the field where God seemed to have intrusted to man the working out of the highest civilization that the accumulated wisdom of centuries had made the race capable of achieving; we undo all that was done by the heroes of our Revolution; we place ashes instead of rejoicing upon the heads of the aged; we transmit despair instead of hope to the young; we blot out the sun of manhood. Ask the soundest statesmanship, and what does it tell you? It tells you that this contest is not a mere question of Union or Disunion; "it is a question of order, of the stability of governments, of the peace of communities; a question of freedom of suffrage, a question of civilization, of arts, of philanthropy, of divine order, of the brotherhood of man." Entered upon with a recognition of this as the reason,

and the only reason, why we take up arms, and this becomes indeed a "Christian" war. Would to God that every young man who leaves his home for yonder battle-field might be imbued with this solemn thought; it would be to him the source of calmness, of prowess, and of prayer. And if sudden death came to him, or more prolonged suffering, — his life-blood slowly ebbing from his aching wounds, — he would be able to rise above the power of suffering and of death; for he has given himself unto a principle which is greater than a life, and he is willing to die. According to my estimate, you shall find that the truest Christian will be the calmest, boldest, most unflinching soldier upon this coming field of battle.

Does the earnest philanthropist interrupt us here, and in tones of sad disappointment point to this appeal to arms as a retrograde motion, at a time too when he fondly thought the world was moving forward? A Christian war! he says, — nay, a "sanctified barbarism"! Does the pilgrim of hope rest heavily upon his staff, with look bent downward? Let those two men remember this one thing, that God's ways are not as our ways, or his thoughts as our thoughts; that the method of the world's progress may not conform to our programme, and yet there be progress; that "in proportion as we estimate worthily the task of Providence in ripening a world of souls, shall we be reconciled to the tardy and interrupted steps by which the work proceeds."

For such reasons do we regard this as a Christian warfare: the result of a sad, terrible, bitter necessity, but still, under God's recognized Providence, a necessity, even in the sense that the defence of justice, law, country, principle, to a true man is a necessity. In one sense a man is not obliged to defend any of these, unless he so will to do; but in another and deeper sense, he is obliged to, cost what it will; a necessity is laid upon him so to do, even as it was laid upon Paul to preach the Gospel of Christ; — says Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Let, then, those that go to this earnest conflict put

on the Christian armor, — let them go their way feeling that in no fancied sense, but in very truth, they defend the ark of the covenant, carrying the banner of the Lord! And let those from whose homes they go remember that a principle is greater than a life!

But there is another view of this subject which claims attention. We do indeed call upon every lover of man to help uphold our country's flag; and to strike now a decisive blow, and show to traitors and to the world the might of a great people, by a great wrong aroused to the defence of a great principle. But also would we point out to men the dangers which this day hang over them, — the dangers of war: not those which threaten loss of limb or of life: something greater, more to be feared, — the danger of being ourselves demoralized, and having our young men demoralized, by the influences that grow out of an exciting military campaign.

There is a real danger that the moral sentiments of the community will become perverted; men all-engrossed in watching for, admiring, and talking about brilliant exploits. There is danger that quiet virtue will be less and less valued; that there will be a loss of faith in pacific policies, and in a peace man for a future ruler of this nation. There is danger that, amidst the excitements, and pageantry, and martial music, and glittering parade of war, what is called distinctively "the military spirit" be cultivated; and thus the first step be taken toward acquiring the infernal, man-destroying, soul-destroying, nation-destroying spirit of conquest, in its restlessness seizing gladly upon any pretext for war.

Some may think this a borrowed fear. But ten years hence, unless checked by a strong and carefully guarded public sentiment, this very danger will be realized; especially, if the present campaign should prove a long one, and attended with some brilliant achievements.

There is also danger that our young men will acquire habits of improvidence; irregular ways, a certain reckless-

ness of life, manner, speech, and thought. There is danger that they will acquire a habit of setting a low estimate upon the worth of human life, a certain insensibility and hardness of heart. There is danger that war lose its solemnity; and also that the charge and victory be more thought of than the cause itself which is now arming the soldier. There is danger that our young men, who now, under the pressure of circumstances, are developing strength and energy and thought which are to make them in this country the controlling men of the next thirty years, — danger that they will establish a false idea of duty; intoxicated with the blazonry of war, will feel that a man has done enough when it can be said of him truly he has done his duty as a soldier.

These are the dangers of the war, — not exaggerated, not gratuitously assumed. They are the evils which have followed war in other nations; they are the evils which calm thought tells us we are exposed to here; — and I assume that some of these dangers are peculiarly liable to fall upon a nation that is all full of the fire of a young life, its history unwritten, and that life for two generations hardly having known the excitements of a military campaign.

But granted that all these dangers do threaten us, what is to be done? Shall we disband our armies, call back our men that the ministers may preach to them upon moralities, and order our youth who have enlisted to return, that their mothers may take care of them in their sheltered homes? No! But I will tell you what can be done, what we who remain behind can do. One hundred thousand go, or a half million perhaps, but nineteen and a half millions are still at home; and I will tell you what we can do. We can be sacredly creating and guarding a right public sentiment; we who have no excuse for seeking mere excitement can keep calm, and judge all things by reason, and not give way to a mere "military spirit." We can put down the flippant, flashy way in which already men begin to talk of killing men; — they say, "Our soldiers are spoiling for a fight";

an engagement leaving its thousand dead men behind is a "little brush with the enemy"; and the cannon's awful roar, telling with each discharge of some one's fathers and brothers and sons slain, is called "grand martial music." I say we can put down such flippant ways of dealing with these events. We can keep before ourselves and our children the awful solemnity of war; its terrific engineries of death; the scene of the battle-field; the desolation it brings to homes; the destruction it scatters in its path.

Our patriotism need be no less, only let us not talk of war as a holiday pastime, but always with deep earnestness of feeling and of utterance. Even with our rejoicing at victory, let our children see that our hearts mourn the death and agonies that bought it; while we arm the soldier, and bid him God-speed, let the head be bowed down, and an earnest prayer sent up to Heaven; and above all, let us never be ashamed or afraid to confess and declare unto all men, though in sight of the gay and proud march of armies, and within sound of the roar of artillery, that we accept war only as a dreadful necessity, — that we still have faith in the mightier power of Jesus Christ, in the final reign of the Prince of Peace; — that is what we can do.

Moreover, we can refuse to give our unqualified admiration to mere military glory; we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character; we can qualify the wholesale enthusiasm with which we are prone to repeat and dwell upon brilliant exploits and deeds of prowess; we can refuse to make heroes and demigods of mere warriors. Upon that very point of duty, we can demand that the word duty cover more than military bravery and faithfulness; that the man we honor with our praises and laurels must wear also virtue's robes with his epaulets and trophies. We can check our own and others' false haste, by presenting to the mind such men as Lord Nelson, for instance, type in one sense of military glory. "Look at him," says the Christian historian, "that monarch of the bleeding deck, making him-

self an assassin for the sake of his vile paramour; and dying at last without one feeling of penitence or kindness for the wife and orphans whom he had deserted, and yet with this expression on his lips (pointing to his military career), 'Thank God! I have done my duty.'" I say, we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character.

Thus we answer when asked what we can do. We can guard our own homes. Ah! that word, "The Home Guard" is a significant title. Guard our own homes and our children's souls; guard public sentiment; guard humble virtues and patient toilings and silent victories; guard the sacred religion we profess; guard all life's deeper, quieter sanctities.

We can check the constantly encroaching demands upon our admiration and enthusiasm and interest and faith instituted by war. We can say to war, Nay, but we will not give up all to thee; thou art our servant, not our master; thou shalt not ride rough-shod over all we hold sacred; thy proud word is, Stand aside, the field for the time is mine, — all thought, enthusiasm, and care are mine, — stand aside, private homes, religion, with your timid hymns of peace; benefactors, philanthropic works, stand aside! — thy proud word is this, but in God's name, in the name of the next generation of men, in the name of the very country whose flag you hold, we will not stand aside, we will guard against your arbitrary encroachments, we will thank you for your needed services, but we will ever guard our homes and our children's souls against your subtle power. This is what we can do. And unless we do this, and give real thought to it, we shall, when the war is over, with all our patriotism and our victories, be as a mass worse men and women than we are now, living on a lower plane of life and of faith and of feeling; and especially will our young men, while telling of deeds of daring and skilful military movements, be reaping the worst fruits of war.

For these reasons, there probably never was a time in the history of this nation when thoughtfulness and calmness and

piety and sobriety, and a careful regard for all the institutions of religion, and prayer in our homes, were more earnestly demanded than at this day. Let these agencies constitute "The Home Guard" we need to defend us.

God grant unto all our people patriotism, calmness, faithfulness. May he guard those noble men who have gone forth to defend our liberties, — guard them from the enemy without and enemies within. May he watch over the homes they have left. Out of this war may he bring a more abiding quiet. May the great principles of human progress and Christian civilization be rooted in the land like the eternal mountains, which no earthly power can move; and thus may the day be hastened when heaven's prophecy shall become earth's history, — and man join with angels, repeating again, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER.

MEN make a fatal mistake when they despise their enemies. That the South have persistently misunderstood the North becomes more apparent as the present controversy waxes hotter and closer. That the North would not fight; that New England men are a generation of brokers and pedlers, who would bear anything for the sake of peace; that its laboring masses are a race of boors, very easily routed, is the delusion under which the South have long acted, and which they are soon to see dispelled. The present controversy is the old one reproduced on American soil, — the Saxon against the Norman, the Puritan against the Cavalier. The same prize is at stake, — liberty protected by law; liberty, not the privilege of a pampered aristocracy, but the boon and inheritance of all the people. For, complicate it as we may, this is the grand issue, — whether Freedom or the Slave despotism shall possess and rule the continent.

We shall not be invincible in this controversy unless we enter upon it as a religious war. Go to it in obedience to the call of God, and the spirit of a long line of ancestry will roll through us and breathe upon us from every consecrated battle-field, from Newbury and Naseby downward. It is a most auspicious omen that a large portion of those who have enlisted are religious men. Their courage will not be inspired by rum, by profane incitements, or even by the soldier's honor, but by the fear of God, and the love of his justice, and the love of humanity, — motives which lift us out of ourselves and enable us to look with contempt upon death. Preach it as a religious war, from every pulpit, from the head of every regiment; let the soldiers carry it to God in their tents at night, and, like Cromwell's soldiers, on the eve of battle lift up hymns against the sky, and then an arm not of flesh will smite the enemies of God and man. Let the whole Northern army be pervaded by this spirit, and we shall be saved from one of the worst consequences of war, corruption of morals. There is no reason why, in such a cause as this, war should be attended or followed by moral and religious decline, or why the usual vices learned in the camp should be brought back from it to contaminate society. It appeals to the holiest instincts of human nature; it summons all our faith in God and all our love of man. Let profanity and intemperance be kept out of the camp, and in all the armies of freedom, now thrilled with one pulse, let there be a conscious leaning upon the Almighty arm, and the camp and the battle-field will be holy ground. And when the war is done, the religious and moral tone of society, instead of being relaxed and let down, will be found wrought up to a higher pitch than ever before. The political atmosphere about Washington, which for a long time has sweltered with corruption, will have been cleared, and become as pure and bracing as the air after a thunder-storm.

In that great conflict of freedom, the war between the King and his Parliament, the division line left the English

aristocracy on one side and the English commons upon the other. The former fell into the mistake of despising their enemies. While in the camp of Rupert there was swearing and roistering, the Parliament soldiers were reading their Bibles for a "Thus saith the Lord." The eyes of the Cavaliers were first fairly opened at the battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643. It was fought all day, the Cavaliers charging with "a kind of contempt of the enemy." The royal army had in it the flower of the English nobility. The Parliament men were taken from the loom and the anvil, and from the shops of Ludgate, and were called by the Cavaliers "base mechanicals." These "base mechanicals" had seen no actual service; they had only been drilled in the Artillery Garden in London. Rupert dashed upon these train-bands, and to his utter amazement saw his cavalry shatter to pieces on their long pikes as they stood like an immovable rampart. They had an unquenchable conviction that they were "doing the Lord's work," and neither in this first battle nor ever afterwards were their backs seen by a Cavalier. We shall see the same thing repeated when the working-men of the North, which make up the body of its armies, receive the chivalry upon their bayonets.

No one intends this war as an assault upon the institutions of the South. But the ball of revolution, once fairly in motion, is beyond human control. The signs are not to be mistaken that the Divine Providence means in these convulsions to shatter the slave system and destroy its prestige forever. The government, it is presumed, not only will not encourage insurrections in the loyal slave States, but will suppress them if necessary, protecting and defending all the institutions of those States. But whenever and wherever slavery is used to help the work of treason, the human property ought to be confiscated and the system wiped out from the face of the earth. Not the gentry of Charleston, but the slaves, made the intrenchments and built the fortifications from behind which Fort Sumter was assaulted. This is the sys-

tem whose influence has engendered the lurking corruption of our body politic, fomented all the passions of this crisis, and perverted the moral sense of men, till oaths and compacts, however solemnly repeated, are not worth a straw, and lying, stealing, and bragging are reckoned among the cardinal virtues. Is Providence to lead on the march of humanity at the cost of the best blood of the nation, and leave this source of national corruption still powerful for mischief? We do not believe it, but we wait with solemn emotions as he opens the gates of the Future.

S.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"COME, my boy, and in the meadows
Tend the little lambs to-day!
Play with them beside the brooklets,
Where they crop the flowers so gay."
"Mother, mother, with my bow
I must to the mountains go."

"Wilt thou, with the horn's brisk music,
Lead the cattle through the dells?
Lovely in the Alpine pastures
Is the tinkling of the bells."
"On the mountains with my bow,
Mother, let me hunting go."

"Go and tend the flowerets blooming
In their garden beds, my child:
In the garden all is pleasant,—
But the mountain-tops, how wild!"
"Let the flowerets bloom and grow,—
Mother, mother, let me go!"

Through the mountain's wildest regions
The young hunter rushed away,
Where the steep and winding pathway
Scarcely sees the light of day,
And before the hunter, near,
Flies the swift gazelle in fear.

Climbing with a breezy motion,
On the ribs of rock she clings;
O'er the deeply yawning fissures
With a lightsome bound she springs;
And the hunter from below
Follows with his deadly bow.

Now she's gained a rocky splinter,
Hanging from its highest steep;
There she sees the pathway vanish,
And before the dreadful deep;—
She sees the fatal steep below,
And, behind, her cruel foe.

With a look of deepest sorrow
And beseeching agony,
Turns she towards her cruel hunter,
Dumbly pleading with her eye.
In vain: regardless of her woe,
He levels now the deadly bow.

Sudden from a rocky fissure
Rose a form of awful grace;
'T was the Spirit of the Mountain,
'T was the Genius of the place;—
And the quivering gazelle
With his hands he shielded well.

Then he turned him towards the hunter,
While his eyes with anger glowed:
"Must you carry death and sorrow
Clear up here to mine abode?
Earth has room for all her own;
Let my beauteous flock alone!"

THE CIVIL WAR.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

SCRIPTURE READINGS. — PSALM LXXXIII.

Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace and be not still, O God. For lo! thine enemies begin to rage: and they that hate thee lift up their heads. They form secret plots against thy people, and consult together against thy chosen ones. "Come," say they, "let us blot them out from the number of the nations, that the name of Israel may be no more remembered." They have consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee. The tabernacles of Edom and the Ishmaelites; of Moab and the Hagarenes; Gebal and Ammon and Amalek; the Philistines, with the inhabitants of Tyre. Assur also is joined with them. Make their nobles like Oreb and like Zeeb, yea, all their princes as Zebah and as Zalmunna, who said, "Let us seize on God's habitations." Make them, O my God, like whirling chaff, like stubble before the wind! As fire consumeth the forest, and as flame setteth the mountains in a blaze, so pursue them with thy tempest and terrify them with thy storm. Cover their faces with shame, that they may seek thy name, O Lord. Let them be confounded! Yea, let them be put to shame and perish! That they may know that thy name alone is Jehovah, that thou art the Most High over all the earth. — *Dr. Noyes's Translation.*

LUKE xxi. 19: — "In your patience possess ye your souls."
1 COR. xvi. 13: — "Quit you like men: be strong."

WE find indicated in these two passages the two classes of virtues that make up the whole armory of Christian manhood. Each is defective without the other. In the first the Saviour is preparing the minds of his disciples for coming dangers. He describes the ruin that impends already over the Holy City, when the temple should be razed and the splendor of the Jewish state be quenched in Jewish blood. He describes a course of events which they could not turn nor resist, but in the midst of which by "patience" they were to possess their souls, or keep the direction and mastery of their faculties. "Patience" describes a divine

passivity, power of endurance, strength in suffering, borne up by the Almighty arm. It is the virtue of non-resistance holding up, and holding in, when we know that meeting force with force would be unavailing, — a virtue essential in its place and its time, and without which the others would run into blind madness and fury.

But there is another virtue which must go along with this and complement it. There is a time for active resistance and aggression, and for this the time of waiting, if it have done anything to the purpose, has given us the possession of ourselves. The first virtue nerves us to endurance when endurance is well. The other nerves us to conflict and victory. The first classifies under what you call the passive virtues, the other under strong and heroic activities. And this is the grand division of those qualities inspired and cherished by the Gospel of Christ, — passive and active. One makes us strong to suffer and to bear; the other makes us strong to do and to conquer. One creates the martyrs, the other creates the missionaries and the heroes.

I do not know that we find anywhere except under the Gospel this high power of passive resistance. Any one can be roused on occasion, and be borne up by the sympathy of crowds and numbers; but only Christian patience bears us serenely and equably through long difficulties, spite of the iron whose rust eats into us. Christianity, we might almost say, creates the passive virtues. The active ones she does not create; but she inspires them, ennobles them, gives them an energy, which is not fitful and transient, but full of the breathings of God's omnipotence.

This truth you will have abundant opportunity to apply. Times are upon us such as this generation has never witnessed. A Red Sea is to be crossed, more deep and more perilous than God's Israel ever crossed before. That this will involve incalculable suffering and disaster, that these in some shape will come home to all of us and touch our dearest interests, is morally certain. I pause at the threshold of this

momentous strife, — not to discuss it, for the time is past for that, but to draw upon the rich and boundless resources of the Gospel we believe in for the truths which must guide us through the whirlpools.

You read enough in the daily prints, you hear enough in the streets of the rumors of war and of the noises from the rising passions of this controversy. I do not wish to take you in that direction on this peaceful Sabbath morning. Rather let us get a position that overlooks the controversy, and command it out of the peace of God.

1. The first view we take from the Christian stand-point is the hearty recognition of a Divine hand in the crisis that is upon us. There is a divinity which has prepared it and shaped it and ripened it. Plainly as if his voice thundered to us out of the heavens, he summons us to this grappling with the sons of Belial. There are conflicts which do not mean anything, because they are simply the collisions of brute force, — barbarism pitted against barbarism. It is all the same whether one side prevails or the other, or whether they eat each other clean up; the world goes on without them as before. History abounds in such warfare. It is not so in a conflict of ideas having its ultimation on the battle-field. That is not a trial of animal strength: it has the breath of a spiritual life in it, for then Satan and God's archangels are at war.

Dismiss the notion, then, that the politicians have got up this strife, or that some balance of parties could have prevented it. The politicians did not mean this. Nobody meant it. There were nineteen millions of people who kept their hands folded, and fasted and prayed and wept that it might be staved off. There were two and a half millions more who took this as a sign that the nation was to fall in pieces for them to build upon the ruins. Even these two and a half millions did not mean war. They did not intend to draw the thunder-cloud above their heads to fork down upon them, with an earthquake under their feet

at the same time. They only thought to carry their point, as they always had done, by very large talking and very loud threatening. It was an old belief that madness is the inspiration of the gods. God used the frenzy of these men for his own great purpose, and the consequence is he has brought the civilization of the continent face to face with its barbarism, and said This or that must and shall carry the day. One must go up, and the other must go down.

So it has been in the revolutions which have had any significance in history. Those that start them do not mean them, but God soon takes the work out of their hands. Luther did not mean to split the Roman Church; he only meant to cleanse it and reform it. Hampden and Pym did not mean to destroy the monarchy of England; they only meant to fetter its prerogative. Even the Parliament soldiers found that, when they first took aim at the king, somehow their guns would not go off. The Wesleys did not mean separation from the English Church; they only meant to shake it out of sleep. The Continental Congress did not mean independence; they only meant redress of grievances. But when the Divine Providence turns the stream of history, it uses men like reeds in the blast, and sweeps whole nations and peoples before the motions of its almighty will. We can look back and say, if this had not happened, or if that other thing had turned otherwise, we should have avoided these calamities; but bear in mind that no happenings and no party action have power to turn the channels of history or to inaugurate an era, unless the age has ripened towards it, and not till the hand of God has struck the hour. I want to bring this point out full and clear, for it strengthens us mightily, and bears us up when we have the full consciousness that we are not acting under the pressure of accidents, nor out of our puny individualism, but that all the winds of God are blowing behind us, and sweeping us on before his face. There are certain limits within which the Divine Governor suffers the purposes of men to have range, and their

plans to rise and fall. But he has his own plan, which covers all these and includes all these, and which cuts the bars of brass in two, and brushes human contrivances out of its path, as it leads on the grand procession of the race.

2. I pass to a second consideration. War is the greatest physical calamity that can come upon a people. And civil war is a calamity greater than any other war. And civil war in this country, with all its young life, with its unbounded resources turned to the work of destruction, will be more calamitous than in any other country on the globe. Let us know this, and be prepared for it. But then there are two kinds of war. There are those which are waged for conquest, for vulgar glory, and they have only one tendency. They deprave the morals, they corrupt the manners, they brutalize the soul, they confuse the moral sense, they sink human nature into the animal. Life thrown away in such strifes as these is not a sacrifice, but a profane offering unto Moloch. But when God reveals to us his clear Almighty Justice, and tells us, Be consecrated to that; be baptized into it for life or for death; make it supreme over life, over property, over ease and pleasure, over everything, — and I do not know of anything more morally sublime than when a whole people take that great idea as their inspiration, and move in serried numbers to its call. It lifts them then out of the selfish ease of luxurious peace, and shows human nature in all its possible grandeur. Better for us and our children to be one of "our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore," than to be found at this hour thinking chiefly of ourselves, and not of our country, our duty, and our God.

Peace has its dangers as well as war. Its temptations are more subtle, — drugging the conscience, making men sordid and self-seeking, lovers of pleasure, lovers of ease. National degeneracy and moral corruption, creeping inward towards the springs of life, have been fearfully rapid during our fifty years of sleepy prosperity. Our politics, our morals, our religion, our patriotism, all have been infected with the sor-

did spirit of trade. It seemed as if the manhood of the olden times was fast tapering off in the children. Probably it was only the trumpet-blast that could summon us out of this decline, bring us to our feet from our supineness, and sift us in the winnowing breath of the Lord. Patriotism, loyalty, faith in God, faith towards man, mean something when we are called to sacrifice for them. We have boasted of what our fathers did till our holiday rhetoric has become stale. We have declaimed of liberty without knowing its cost, its value, or its meaning.

> But as the cannon rolls at last
> Its deep and stern reply,
> And heavier sleep is coming fast
> Than seals the living eye,

we are likely to learn the meaning of words which for a generation have glided thoughtlessly from our tongues.

And there is another benefit which comes to us from a great and overshadowing danger. It hushes our smaller controversies and puts them to rest. It gathers us heart to heart and hand to hand, and so it knits every man closer to his neighbor than before. Peace, plenty, and leisure bring out all the discords, foment all the differences which arise from minor interests, and tend to put every man on his little rock of independence. Great dangers draw us together. They silence our little disputes "as a clap of thunder hushes the noise of a rookery." Now every man must be a part of every other man. Only one pulse must beat through us all, and the weakest must be sheltered in the great bosom of our humanity. If there is any voice that comes articulate out of the peril it is this: "Forget all other disputes, — merge all the smaller questions in the great one. Move with one step when you march. Keep in solid ranks when you stand, and the wave shall beat over you in vain." Let us remember then, in the great struggle that is before us, that war is not unmixed evil, but the summoner and the trier of the divinest virtues, and the inspirer of noble humanities.

3. I must pass to another topic. The Christian standpoint commands a view of results. It enables us to look over the smoke and see what lies beyond this controversy,— in the words put into the mouth of John Adams, "to see through this day's business." We may not know who will have the forts. One thing we do know, for we can see from the grand outlines of God's Providence what sort of a country lies on the other side of the Red Sea we are to cross over.

It has been very truly said, that no ship ever went down with Christ on board. He never sinks. For eighteen hundred years, by seeming defeats and bafflings, his cause has won its way, and out of every cloud that has obscured him, he has broken forth with a more conquering splendor. Steadily through all these ages he has been rolling back the darkness of the ancient barbarism; creating a more heavenly style of civilization; raising up the masses into light and privilege; throwing new guards around individual rights and making them more sacred; showing the divine end of government in educating and elevating all its subjects; showing the value of the human soul over all its trappings; making the earth bright with the hopes and vocal with the songs of a redeemed and advancing humanity. You can trace all this in every step of its widening and brightening course; — how it triumphed over the corrupt classic civilization and abolished it; how in its next step it triumphed over feudalism and broke its power; how in its next stage it triumphed over despotism, waving the Great Charter, not over the barons, but over all the people; and this inaugurated the modern age, and all Europe is yielding before it now, from the Bay of Biscay to the frozen steppes of Asia. Even the tramp of its armies do not hinder, but help it on. When governments will not bend to it, they break in pieces like a potter's vessel. When churches get in the way of it, they split with schisms or turn to petrifactions. Can anybody imagine that we here in these United States are to be an ex-

ception to the great law of progress, — that a whole continent is to be remanded to the twelfth century in the noon of the nineteenth, — that the sun is to set in the east, and the dial-shadow of time go back six hundred years on its plate? No! We are perfectly sure that now, as from the beginning, the commotions and the revolutions are the Christ of history, rising and shaking the dust from his garments that he may appear again, white as the light and more terrible than the lightning to his foes. I do not pretend to know just what form our future is to take; we know this well enough, that constitutional liberty and spiritual Christianity, which is its handmaid, are to rise out of the false conditions that have beset them and held them down, into more complete success, and as a brighter omen to the groping travellers of time. And we, who are but the ephemera of the hour, ought to reckon ourselves and our sacrifices as nothing, if so be God uses them to prepare the way for his advancing.

4. Let me urge still another topic upon your attention. These times make us feel how important it is that we draw nearer the Unseen Powers. Courage degenerates into mere bravado unless replenished all the while by lofty communings. Gather thicker and closer around the altars of prayer. Go down from the Mount of Communion to meet the emergencies that may come. If you have needed in peace the hope, the strength, the inspiration of Christian faith, much more will you need them in the perplexing change of revolution. Twenty millions of people, all kneeling to receive the spirit of the Lord and then rising again "wrapped round with Jehovah's will," would wield the arms of Omnipotence. Be faithful to your altars if you would have God upon your side. Say nothing and do nothing that you may not carry up to him in prayer. Let the love of the dear old Commonwealth, hallowed in every inch of its surface by the holy dust that sleeps beneath, — a love made intense by the ancestral spirit that breathes hot upon you from behind, — let this warm all your hearts and make them flow together into one. Let the

love of Fatherland, which God is purging, but not forsaking, whose wheat, be assured, he will bring out clean and whole from under the flails of his threshing-floor and the swift winnowings of his resistless winds, — let this love be strong and embracing as ever, and let not its fervors have the least tinge of the bitterness of revenge. There are two reasons why we should not hate our enemies now. We are sure to beat them; and we are sure they need it, and that it will do them good. Their delusion had become chronic, that courage is measured by boasting and threatening, and that to be peaceful is to be weak and pusillanimous. Now that we have undertaken to set them right, the lesson should be enforced so thoroughly that it will not need to be repeated for a century. Fire-arms should not be resorted to except in the last extremity; but when they are resorted to, their work should be done swift and thorough and clean. They teach terrible lessons, but they have the merit of being long remembered. Go to this battle, then, in the name of God and in the love of humanity; go like Gideons, believing that God is with you and urging you on; strike no half-blows, fire no blank cartridges, but put all your souls into your deed; for the surer you aim and the harder you hit, the more quickly will you cut your way to a solid and enduring and glorious peace.

LEARN and remember, therefore, to have thy greatest care for thy noblest part; furnish it with grace, knowledge, the fear and love of God, faith in Christ.

I WOULD not have you meddle with any recreations, pastimes, or ordinary work of your calling, from Saturday night, at eight of the clock, till Monday morning. For though I am not apt to think that Saturday night is part of the Christian Sabbath, yet it is fit then to prepare the heart for it.

A RAPSODIE.

SHE looked again at the window, and then hastily rose from her seat. Surely something struck the glass! Evelyn had no fear of robbers or burglars. Besides, it was only ten o'clock at night, and a bright moonshine. The shade had not been pulled down as usual, and Evelyn had twice before stood and looked out on the lawn, which, brightened by the moon-rays, was white, as if covered with snow. An August night, although chilly, does not quite bring that.

One glance at her sleeping husband, who, weary, as American husbands are wont to be, with the day's labor, bestowed unhesitatingly this form of companionship as soon as the evening paper had been read, — one thought of the boys in the nursery, — and one affectionate and most contented glow went over her face. "I do believe I am the happiest woman in the world!" was expressed in a half-sob, as she lightly passed by the sofa and looked out. Certainly, a figure was there, — within a foot of the window, and tapping very softly against the pane of glass. At first, Evelyn mistook it for the larch-tree, so gentle was the sound, as if a twig only hit against it; but looking more intently, and noticing that no wind disturbed the rest of the foliage in sight, she came to see the figure as it revealed itself. Oddly enough she made out the form between the larch and locust; the outlines of both serving to define a form so transparent, that it seemed impossible to bring it within the range and comprehension of ordinary vision in any other way. The arms were raised above the head, and one hand pointed heavenward.

Evelyn gazed steadily and curiously at the form. If anybody had told her she could have stood confronting a spiritual shadow, endeavoring to understand and comprehend the possibility of its existence, and wondering at the ease with which, availing itself of known and visible objects, it manifested itself through their limitations to the human

senses, she would not have believed such a condition of the nerves possible; for, as she said, she was a great coward.

Singularly enough, fear did not once occur to her. In the quiet parlor lay, asleep, her human defender; tall and strong he was, and with abundant reserved power against ghost or robber. For the rest, it was but a woman, looking in at the window. But such a woman!

Over the broad serene brow were wreathed white azaleas, lilies, and roses in profusion. The extended arms clasped and trained, with every movement, these exuberant silvery blossoms, that twined and bent again to the floating lines of her form in every possible sinuosity. The eyes and the upraised hands had the same silvery brightness and clear unearthly beauty. Evelyn gazed into the eyes, and remembered the same expression in Scheffer's wonderful picture of Monica. The same divine radiance illuminated the eyes, which seemed to borrow brightness from the heaven to which they looked.

"Arthur!" she whispered to her sleeping husband, without moving. Somehow, she felt as if by taking her eyes from the figure it would "thaw and dissolve itself into a dew"; that the power lay in herself to keep the impalpable atoms in a shape sufficiently condensed to be perceived by another. So, without letting go her fixed gaze, she continued to whisper, "Arthur! look! come!"

There was no voice, not even a movement of the delicate pale lips, that seemed daguerrotyped in exquisite lines on the air; but instead, an expression that needed no words, and to which an intuition sprang answeringly from her own excited fancy. Was it fancy, indeed? The face was more real than the sound of musical tones that thrill the soul to bliss or agony. It was there, before her, to be seen, if she so willed. Even as she gazed, the figure without her volition moved,—the arms crossed, and the head bent on the breast, like an adoring angel from the divine pencil of Fra Angelica, who painted also what he saw. A thought of this kind might have suggested the misty white glory by which

the face seemed surrounded; the unsubstantial yet definite cornice beneath the floating feet, and an association of something picture-like and allegorical in the moving figure before her. Evelyn felt herself to be in a presence above and beyond her own most subtile imagination; — a celestial substance informed and sublimed with holy ecstasy. Life immortal seemed written on the beautiful serene brow, — pure, sacred, awful. Evelyn shrank, and bowed with a shudder at herself. She was not drawn by any inward sympathy towards the ineffable beauty before her. It was very strange! With a vague terror, she called again, but hardly above her breath, "Arthur! look! look!"

The shape seemed to hear and understand her, for the eyes fell to a level with her own, and a pensive smile looked out from the cold, silver face. Then the eyes again sought heaven in adoring rapture, as if only for a moment diverted to earth. And then, through the transparent medium, Evelyn for the first time perceived the landscape beyond.

With intense interest she tried to trace the familiar objects of lawn, tree, distant spire and mountain; the vista to which her eye was accustomed at the parlor-window. Was there a glamour over all? or why did each fair proportion seem inverted, — the ugly poplar and the fir-trees heap themselves into masses of rich foliage, and the shadows beneath form themselves into vast caverns of obscurity, into which no eye could penetrate? That familiar cherry, and the altheas always there, like the household, — whither had they shrunk? Over all had come, with the moonlight, an unearthly change, — most of all, of relative proportion. It was as if she looked at a new landscape, full of mysterious and fateful possibilities. Then she remembered it had looked so once to her before, — the first time that Arthur had brought her, to brighten the beautiful home he had prepared for her, and to which they had not come till the evening. She remembered that he had said then the place needed the morning light; and how they had stood at this window and gazed out

into the groups of trees, and fancied jungles and caverns, and told merry, silly stories, each merrier than the last.

And here a curious phenomenon occurred. The face, which during the time of Evelyn's hurried retrospection had kept its impassive expression of rapture, changed. Evelyn half wished to dismiss the phantom, but felt herself fixed immovably to the spot. She had no experience of this kind of ocular illusion. She felt herself to be wide awake, and as she stood distinctly heard the full and steady breathing of her husband. Her uneasiness was not caused merely by her own position, so far as it regarded the figure, which she continued to feel, in some sort, was within her own control; as if she could say to it, "No farther!" whenever it should come to be an annoyance, instead of a pleasure. But now, the earth, the sky, the universe itself, seemed to be undergoing a change, in harmony with the spectral illusion before her. From the zenith, like a heavenly pavilion, folds of rose-color spread to the farthest horizon, while the whole sky pulsated and blushed like a conscious thing, and the live stars peeped dimly from behind the magnificent curtain. This airy tapestry of brilliant color reached even to the ground near the house, and bathed in its glowing crimson every earthly object.

In the diffusion of warm light, the shape between the trees melted and glowed with a different beauty and expression, if, indeed, it had not quite changed places with a new object. Where was the holy rapture, the divine abstraction, that had been seated on the silver forehead, and had shone in the deep eyes of the angelic shape? Gone. And in its place a rosy, warm, blushing figure, bending over infancy, and hushing, with a rocking movement to and fro, every restless stir.

Evelyn gazed first at the glorious heavens, and then at the shape of living, loving beauty before her. The aurora borealis, that seemed to have left its icy home and come to see what warmth and splendor might be found in other skies,

had a few nights before wakened herself and Arthur with its gorgeous rays. Back again it had come; and this, — was it the symbol of the aurora, radiant and impalpable? No; it seemed something one could touch, clasp, love! A tender brightness rested under the half-closed eyelids, — a sweetness that was supplied by an ever-bubbling fountain at the heart, — lips full, soft, and bounteous with affectionate mysteries, — and all tender, gentle, clinging, happy, and human!

This was the tangible round form at which Evelyn now gazed with such a sense of deep pleasure and sympathy as drew her involuntarily forward. Bloom, verdure, color, warmth, and freshness! Her own blood leaped lightly to her heart and danced to the ends of her fingers. There, too, were the boys, Arthur and Willie, lying in the bosom of the drooping figure, as the babies lie in the arms of Thorwaldsen's Morning, while in the perspective rose multitudinous angelic heads, as if the universe were peopled with joyful thoughts and smiling affections. It was a moving picture, that seemed a sweet reality, and spoke in deep undertones to the core of her heart.

"Give me Life," she murmured, "and let who will take Immortality!"

She had not uttered a word aloud; but her own soul had spoken, and she started at the inward sound. More, when the figure raised its eyes, and she saw in their deep blue the reflection of her own. It was as if she had looked into a mirror.

"Arthur! Arthur!" she still called, with the inward voice, which she instinctively felt was the only one he could hear. He was there, with her thought and wish, gazing fondly on the group, and looking smilingly at her eyes, as he often did, and smoothing the wavy bands of her crisped hair, and telling her how glad Correggio would have been to have had such locks to paint; and then she remembered the same head and face in his Madonna of the Lake, and blushed and

laughed, partly at her own vanity and partly with happy pride that her husband rejoiced in her beauty.

"Ours are sweet little angels, are they not, Arthur?" said Evelyn, with a woman's insatiable desire for demonstrative affection.

"Yes, Evelyn, sweet pictures," answered Arthur; "but you must remember they are only pictures. They are *their* angels, perhaps, that do stand always before the Father."

At this moment Evelyn's blood was stopped in its channels, and a cold shudder came over her body. She looked up wildly.

"What is it, Evelyn? you frighten me!" said Arthur.

But Evelyn, without a word, sprang out of the room, through the long hall, up the long staircase that seemed as if it never would end, still pursued by the hoarse, stifled sound that almost every mother knows, and those who do not weep shudder at! At last the room was reached, — the bed on which lay the little boys, suffering and half strangled with that frightfullest monster, croup. Only an hour before and Evelyn had herself placed them with her own hands in their warm nest, healthy, happy, softly-breathing as birds, — and now! A long tumult, — it seemed ages, — Arthur gone for a physician, — hurried steps and knocks, and rushings up and down the stairs, — then the kind face of the doctor, already opening the lancet as he came in at the door, — he had caught the sound below of the breathing, — the blood flowing freely from each of the white necks, — Arthur holding her, — the purple faces changing, — the time, O how long! — fairer yet! and now white! Then the doctor's cheerful tone of relief and safety, and asking Arthur to cut a bit of sticking-plaster, and Evelyn for a bit of linen. Her senses swayed back again, which had been wellnigh lost in terror and anguish, — she became alert and ready with hope; only despair had palsied her, — and now they were safe! safe! She repeated the words, in low, cooing tones, over the beautiful pale faces, after the doctor had said they had better be left to rest, and the mother likewise.

How often after that dreadful summons did Evelyn's heart quake as she listened for the breathings of her children in the night. Never were all the senses left to repose. Eye or ear kept watch, or the sensitive nerves of feeling sprang and throbbed with quick fear. The world came to seem to her like a great forest, full of wild beasts and creeping things, to poison or devour. Till they should be old enough, her Herculean brood, to strangle serpents, how must the mother's heart and eye watch wakefully for the hisses that herald the Destroyer's coming. In her intense fear of death, Evelyn had almost ceased to enjoy life. In her terror of heights lest they should fall, of depths lest they should be crushed, of water lest they should be drowned, or of fire lest they were burned, she hovered incessantly about her children, as though the wings of her love could overshadow and protect them from the Inevitable.

At last it came. Softly, mercifully, with many warnings unheeded, many symptoms that would not be understood, feverishness that would soon be over, weakness that would soon be strength, pining, and loss of all the sweet roundness and grace of infancy. Then, in his own time, the Father gathered them for his own garden, and the white-lined coffins held the waxen shapes covered with fair lilies and azaleas, and the room was full of death and grief and blossoms.

From the stupor of sorrow, no voice could charm Evelyn. Life and death became alike to her, — the world dark with the shadow of a thick pall. She wished there were no sunshine nor green. She came to look with dread on the sparkling stars that glimmered mockingly in their distant happiness. She shrank even from the thought of consolation. Happiness she neither looked to, nor wished for. In the perverted condition of her feelings, — let it rather be said, her distressful and unnatural depression, — she said only, "Would God it were morning!" with the night, and "Would God it were evening!" with the day. Every detail

of her children's illness, every symptom she had not seen and ought to have guarded against, all she had not done, and even all she could not do, rose before her as a constant reproach. One thought dug into her very soul, like the claws of a wild beast in a living victim. Death and its forerunners had a terrible attraction, of which she was never weary.

In this distress, the common consolations of friends and kindred fell on deaf ears. Arthur's mournful eyes, as they inquired, in the words of the Scripture narrative, "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" looked in vain for an answer to hers, so red with weeping, and so heavy with a sense of darkness and desolation.

So passed on the dreary weeks, while the aching void grew all the more dark and painful; and Arthur shuddered lest the tension on the nerves and brain should be a fatal injury. Evelyn herself often wished it might be so.

She was wont to sit at the same parlor window, where, in the preternatural light of that splendid aurora, she had seen, with what now seemed half a volition of her own, the graceful forms of her children, folded and cherished in the bosom of life. She longed to see once more, even at the risk of a whirling brain, that beatific vision.

In time, the weariness of his silent home oppressed Arthur so much, that he sought relief abroad; and Evelyn was left, gladly, to her lonely watching and musings by the window. From continual expecting and associating a vision with the spot, she never looked at the space between the larch and locust without seeing with more or less vividness the outlines of an impalpable shape. Gazing as if her eye-strings would crack, she endeavored to project on the misty space before her the fair young forms that lay in her heart.

"O but once to look at them! but once to see my Arthur's blue eyes! my Willie's lips!"

At last, her husband came less and less to his home, and as the weary weeks went by, and affliction still sat like a

raven on his hearth, Arthur thought, as some men do, that no good could be done by staying; and so went away to distant lands. In the intervals of hearing from him, harsh voices grated on the ear of the deserted wife, and sharp insinuations cut into her benumbed sensibilities. She could still feel pain, shame, and anger. Enough of that suffering came to her; but her eyes were bent downward and inward, with the pertinacity of self-accusation, which only completed her misery.

One evening, it was a year after the August night, when she had seen the heavens and the earth bathed in supernal glory, and the wide space peopled with angelic forms, Evelyn sat again at her parlor window. The moon rode brightly in the deep blue of the heaven, — the earth was "steeped in silentness," and a sculptural beauty, colorless and sharply definite, made every object look monumental to her mournful gaze.

She looked, as she was wont, to the space between the trees, which she had come to feel was fateful to her. Whether her fancy suggested an incantation as a suitable accompaniment to such a ghostly representation as she looked for; whether she sang herself, unmindful of the song, as she afterwards thought was possible; or whether, as it seemed to her, there was really a low music slowly ascending from the plat of grass under the window; — at all events, to her ear there was music near, below, around, then gathering itself as it were into a musical shape between the trees; and so solemn and expressive, that to the listening ear it was as palpable as if addressed to the eye.

Evelyn began to distinguish the meaning and intent of the music. The hidden form that had dwelt before her, dark and inscrutable to her longing soul through all these weary months, was about to reveal itself. The silver sweetness of the forehead already shone in the moon's rays, and every moment rendered clearer the beautiful and unearthly figure. The same feeling of the presence of a dim cathedral aisle,

and of angelic sculpture, which she remembered before, united with the low symphony to give character to the gracious and beatific form. With intense emotion, she watched for words she felt must come to her, and poured out in her turn the refrain from her own struggling and burdened heart. Then, listening to herself, she heard her own low lamentation, — "I lift up my feet unto the perpetual desolation!" Then she waited for an answer, as if she were repeating the church service.

But from the open lips of the shadowy being there came only an adoring fulness of sound; not even an indirect reference, to the unhappy Evelyn. Again from her heart wailed once more the sorrowful words, "He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth this cloud upon it."

Still from the lips, like silver harpings, the music came, holy and solemn. In some way this brought calm to Evelyn. Even in the expression of her trouble she found soothing. Her sobs and tears, the heart turbulence which had kept her as in a vortex, always tending towards the central sorrow of bereavement, brought in some measure their own relief. There was a pause and a hush in her soul.

The sweet low sounds, "He is afflicted in all the afflictions of his children," melted into Evelyn's heart. Then she distinctly saw the same lovely form on which she had gazed a year ago, and to which she had given the name of Life, turning slowly and softly away, and gently rising beyond the trees. The infant shapes she had so longed to see were gathered tenderly to her bosom, — the same! the same fond, angelic expression of maternal love! the joyous group was ascending to higher regions! Then, the wonderful music in all the air said, and the beautiful baby lips said, — "A little while, and you shall not see us, — a little while, and you shall: because we go to the Father!"

The smile and the glow of immortal love sat on their brows. They were gone — beyond the stars! was not that a heaven to look forward to? — the cradle of her babes, the

bowers of eternal beauty, where she might one day walk with them?

Evelyn fell on her face, and read the riddle of life. The immortal, shaped and colored by human love, no longer knocked in vain at her heart. God, who had taken her treasures, beckoned no more to unwilling affections. The heavy torpor of the past rose mist-like from the shrouded soul, and left the clearly defined path before her. "This is the way, walk thou in it!" sounded in the air, in the trees, in the night, and the singing of stars.

Evelyn still lay prone on her face, listening to the inward voice, and feeling for the first time the dreary isolation and remoteness which had so long divided her from her husband. Arthur was — where? — she had not even asked, for months! But she knew she was no longer in the echoless cavern of despair; that the path was before her. Her foot already took the first step.

"Towards my husband, my duty!" she exclaimed; and then, as the old tide surged over her, so long forgotten, of warm, healthful affections, she sprang forward and upward, stretching out her arms to the vacant air, and sobbing like a weary, spent child.

As if the universe rejoiced with her, in her first returning step to duty, the air became full of bells, pealing in richest profusion of sound, heralding, gladdening, and welcoming her on her path. She felt her arms close round a real, substantial form, and heard a voice, uttering her name in tones of lively remonstrance.

"Child! — my *dear!* Willie is screaming for you to nurse him! Wake up!"

Instead of darting up stairs, however, Evelyn stared with a sort of bewildered gladness at Arthur; then went to the parlor window and looked out.

"That boy will be down upon you, Evelyn, if you are not there in half a minute! and there's Arty in full peal!" said Arthur, laughing.

"Yes — yes! — yes —" murmured Evelyn, still looking out. "But where's the larch-tree?"

"What larch-tree, little woman? There never has been an article of the sort there, that I know of!" said Arthur.

"Nor locust either, I suppose," said Evelyn.

"There he goes again! What a set of lungs!"

"I've had the strangest dream, Arthur, — shall I tell it to you?" entreated Evelyn.

But it would be to suppose Arthur a superhuman husband, that he should listen to anybody's dream. He only yawned fearfully.

"Not you! I'll go dream myself. I'll dream something worth two of yours. You're a pretty sort of mother, letting your boy scream at this rate for his natural food! I'll go and give him a cigar to quiet him." Arthur ran up stairs before her, and took the hungry boy in his arms.

Evelyn never was able to induce her husband to listen to her dream. In vain she assured him it was good as a play, and better than a moral lecture. He only held up both hands in deprecation, and, on her continuing to stand with lips apart, threatened to confound her with his own dreams, which were a hundred times better and longer than hers. She had no resource but to write it off, and try if some patient eye would read what no ear is patient enough to listen to.

C. A. H.

I HAVE been acquainted somewhat with men and books, and have had long experience in learning and in the world; there is no book like the Bible for excellence, learning, wisdom, and use; and it is want of understanding in them that think or speak otherwise.

THIS is the great art of Christian chemistry, to convert those acts that are natural and civil into acts truly religious; whereby the whole course of this life is a service to Almighty God, and an uninterrupted state of religion, which is the best and noblest, and most universal redemption of his time.

MOSES THE SERVANT OF GOD.

FOREMOST amongst prophets and providential men through whom the loving purposes of God have been executed in the world we find Moses, the great leader and lawgiver of the Jewish people. Abraham indeed, an earlier name, is the father of the faithful, witnessing by his pilgrimages from the land of idolatry to the land of promise for Him who is living and true, First and Last; but with Moses begins the nationality of the Jews, of whom, said our Lord, is Salvation, to whom, said Paul, "pertaineth the adoption and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises, whose are the Fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." Our Lord spoke of Moses as in some true sense the prophet of his coming, and of the Gospel as the fulfilment of the Law. The old dispensation was the cradle of the new; and as Christ unfolded to his wondering companions on the road to Emmaus the things in the ancient Scriptures concerning himself, so we recur to them still, under the guidance of the Spirit which makes the books of the Revelation one Book, that we may instruct and increase our faith. It is our wish now so to call attention to the wonderful story of Moses, and to set forth as clearly as may be his relations to God and to man. His relations to God, "for what hast thou that thou hast not received?" his relations to man, for he who truly receives becomes in that very hour a giver.

Every good and perfect gift is from above. We do not find God until God has first found us. We do not love God until God has first loved us. He is the Author of our salvation. "At sundry times and in divers manners He spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets." Faith is not by self-development, but by Divine inflowing. The Spirit comes to us, and then we live in and by the Spirit. So when the world's day begins to dawn, He in whom body and soul

alike have their being provides and bestows, manifests himself and calls, it may be even in an outward glory, it may be even with articulate speech, writes laws upon the heart and upon the rock, becomes the Captain of the host, and by signs and wonders subdues to himself and defends against enemies the half-willing leader and the unwilling people of his sovereign choice. And we shall see how manifestly a loving Providence watched over the infancy and childhood of the great lawgiver, and how the God that was with him in the beginning beset him behind and before in the whole way of his life, went before and followed him into the wilderness, spake to him out of the flaming bush, witnessed for him in the miracles wrought before Pharaoh, opened the path for the host through the Red Sea, came down to him in the thunders and lightnings and Divine utterances of Sinai, and at last made his grave upon the confines of that land of promise which he might not press with his feet. We shall see how the chosen and called of God met in all faithfulness, though at first with fear and trembling, these gracious approaches of the Eternal, and freely gave as he had freely received, and enriched a needy world with the heavenly treasure of divine truth, and raised up a people unto His praise.

Go back to the land of Egypt some sixteen hundred years before the coming of Christ. Compared with our Christendom, the land was a land of darkness; and yet there was light, at least amongst a favored few of that strange people, whose wisdom was a proverb amongst the ancients and the wonder of antiquity. We have no time to tell of Egyptian marvels; of a civilization which was very old even in the days of Herodotus, the father of history, some four or five hundred years before Christ; of the boast of antiquity made by the priests of Thebes, Memphis, and the City of the Sun, covering a period of more than eleven thousand years; of the pyramids, and the labyrinth, and the artificial Lake Mœris, and the wonderful temples. We can only remind the reader

that at the time of which we speak there dwelt in the land of Egypt a tribe of slaves, of Syrian origin, the descendants of a family which had originally been driven from their home on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean by severe and protracted famines. Their ancestors were invited and honored guests, for one of their number, Joseph, had rendered signal service to the land of Egypt; but four hundred years had effaced the remembrance of the service, whilst the rapidly increasing number of the strangers had awakened the jealousy of the reigning Pharaoh; and then, it is likely, as ever since, the Hebrew, true to the decree which had set him apart, would still be a stranger. The rulers of this world were satisfied that the time had come to crush a people so dangerous, and, as is ever the case, the wicked blindly wrought the righteous will of Heaven. The king enjoins that every male child of the servile race shall be cast into the Nile. Perhaps this decree was enforced only at intervals, when anxiety made the fearful cruel; however this may be, it was pressed at the time of the birth of Moses, and the mother committed her precious babe to the River of Egypt. It was a critical moment, — one of those moments which ought to satisfy the reader of history that God reigns, and that we are never forsaken by him. Think of it! the hope of the Hebrew people — yes, of the world — laid up in that little child! — a fearful thought, even in the most favorable circumstances, were there no Providence, for how many perils threaten the first years of every life, and how light a touch will throw into hopeless disorder those delicate springs! Here the only chance for life was exposure to death! Here the only trust was what in other circumstances had been a tempting of God! But there is a Divine Purpose, and there is a Divine Providence which accomplishes it. The angel for whose coming the mother sorrowfully prayed, came in the form of the Egyptian princess. The child, singularly beautiful, according to the tradition, was saved, drawn from the water, therefore called Moses,

and, though born a slave, was trained in all the wisdom of the dominant race. The Scripture account is touchingly simple. "And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." So the vessel of wrath and destruction became a very ark of safety unto the child of God, and that great life of labor and sorrow, of success and glory, was rescued from the impending doom.

Pass now from Moses in the bulrushes to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush. Of the early life of the famous lawgiver, the book of Exodus affords us scarcely a glimpse, rather suggesting than asserting what we learn from New Testament sources, that he was thoroughly trained in the wisdom of that age and land. Josephus describes him as a successful general and the husband of an Ethiopian princess; but in our sacred history he appears rather in conflict with the Egyptian authorities, — as a rebel and an outlaw, who fled for safety to the land of Midian, a region which would be included between the two arms of the Red Sea and a line that should extend from Suez to Akaba. It covers a considerable part of Rocky Arabia. Here, in deep seclusion and occupied with a very humble task, the servant of God was taught to wait. During some of the best years of his life he was put, as it were, to a common day-school to be educated by the lowliest labors. He would have ruled and blessed men, and God set him to keep sheep. He would have gone forth with the multitude, and God bade him go out alone. He would have defended the rights of man and rescued his tribe from bondage, but God bade him aid feeble women in the discharge of a quiet domestic trust. He would have battled with Pharaoh, and God sent him to live with Jethro. For the Lord would have us know that the commonest task is significant and instructive, and he himself lived on earth many years in the form of a servant before he said, "I am the Son of God, the Anointed." It

must be especially true of all who are sent into the world to be guides of men, that they should be providentially brought into sympathy with the common life of mankind, that by actual experience they should learn the wants of those whom they propose to aid. The land of Midian, the roving herdsmen, Jethro, Zipporah and her sons, were quite as valuable to the future lawgiver as the wisdom of the Egyptian schools, and supplied far more promising ground for the seed from heaven to spring from. Moreover, all these long years were needed to cure Moses of conceit and self-will, and the arrogant assumption that his defeat was God's defeat. He had tried to help his countrymen in his own way, and had signally failed. He had acted from passion more than from conviction, and nothing — worse than nothing — had come of it. And so by degrees it came home to him, with the might of a personal experience, that God's ways are not our ways, and that when we have pronounced a work impossible, then precisely does the Lord take it up, and make us strong with his strength to begin anew and carry on the task to a glorious completion.

It was God's purpose to redeem his own people in his own peculiar way; not as nation contendeth with nation, but as the Lord goeth forth to war. This deliverance of the children of promise, the race out of which the Son of Man and the Son of God should come, must be so ordered that through all following ages discerning men would see in it a marvel and a sign, a monument unto that Divine Providence which, though ever as real, is rarely as conspicuous in the world's affairs. For such a deliverance a captain must be trained. The inward ear must be unstopped; the inward eye must be opened. Supernatural revelations demand always a preparation of the soul, a power to receive, — call it, if you please, receptivity. You remember that amongst a certain class of persons Jesus would work no miracles. So Moses was put to a severe novitiate. Less would have sharpened the sword of the warrior, and have fitted him for

an unsuccessful revolt. He needed a life of wearying discipline to make him a true and successful servant of God. For God begins where we finish, and what we call failures may be his successes, and he is chiefly desirous to bring us to holy ground and to open vision, whether on this side of or beyond the veil.

But the years of probation are drawing to an end. The guide, the prophet, the teacher of the people, must be set forth. That eventful day, the issues of which are acknowledged by all Christendom to this hour, and shall be felt through all time, the day on which the Jewish dispensation was to be inaugurated, came at last. In his journeyings through the country of Midian, seeking pasturage, Moses had come to Mount Horeb with no purpose beyond the care of his father's flock. He was doing, after the most familiar manner, the nearest duty. He had passed just such days in number more than he could tell of, and from the rising to the going down of the sun nothing had come about which called for a record; but the time of waiting was over. As he moves over the fertile and beautiful slope, and gathers consolation for his lonely heart from the lovely prospect, his eye is caught by an exceeding and strange brightness, beyond the splendor which, as we may suppose, the sunlight was pouring upon every tree and shrub. A bush in his pathway blazed up with a preternatural glow; and yet, strange to tell, it was not burned. Such a light Elisha looked upon when Elijah was caught away from him in the flaming chariot. Such a light fell upon the eyes of the disciples, when the Saviour was transfigured before them, and his raiment became exceeding white, so as no fuller upon earth could whiten it. It was but a little gleam of that full splendor which lies all about us, hidden behind those veils of sense that are mercifully interposed until the full time for open vision has come. The shepherd pauses, as he well may. It is an angel of the Lord. It is one of the heavenly host, the messenger and representative of the

Supreme Lord, and his holy presence hallows the ground, and makes it sacred, like the pavement of the Lord's temple.

And now, whilst the marvellous sight which has arrested his attention fills him with amazement, he hears a voice calling his name, and bidding him put off his shoes from his feet, and bear himself as in a sanctuary and near the holy of holies. Thus, by his messenger, God reveals himself to the chosen leader and lawgiver of his people, then afflicted, degraded, and oppressed; but destined soon to be victorious over their tyrants. The word which first reached the ear of Moses must have filled him with joy. He had heard of One in whom his fathers trusted, and from whom they had received very precious promises, the remembrance of which had not quite died out from the hearts of the people. In this God of his fathers he had ever believed, through all his sad and discouraging experience, more firmly, it may be, than ever, after all his disappointments. Now he knows that God lives and reigns, and pities and succors as of old. He has not forgotten the poor slaves in Egypt. He has come down to lead them forth and guide them safely into the ancient home of their fathers. So far it was wholly glad tidings. He had been saying now for years to Jethro and Zipporah, that there could be no deliverance save by the hand of God; and now this wondrous voice, coming from the midst of a splendor before which he had veiled his face, had confirmed the word. God would set them free. But by whom? Must not man work with him and for him, and become his servant? Even the future prophet would seem hardly to have realized this necessity. There was a revulsion of feeling in the heart of Moses when the message ended not with a promise, but with a summons. "Come now, therefore, and I will send *thee* unto Pharaoh, that *thou* mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

We must pause upon the lesson a moment. It is very significant. If only we could know our duty, we say, — could

it only be announced to us by the voice of God, written out before our eyes in blazing letters, — how should we welcome the announcement! But what said Moses, even after all that waiting and uncertainty? "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt." Even in the clearest light of truth, and with the most imperative Divine commands falling upon our ears, we hesitate to give ourselves up to God, we fear to become his instruments, we tremble lest we should be shattered against the iron and rock of stubborn opposition, or crushed by the very hand that wields us. We see instinctively that more blessedness than happiness must be in store for the servant of God, and that whilst the inward life is a life of rest in him, the days which are measured by the rising and the setting of the sun shall be consumed with wanderings and vexed with numberless and grievous cares. We find, after all, that which we need most is not the knowledge of duty, but the love of duty; a passionate desire to preach and practise the wisdom of the heavenly kingdom. And you may detect in this bearing of Moses, as in so much human experience, a confidence in God as in one who works not with men, but without them, and in their stead. God purposed to deliver the Hebrews, but to deliver them *through him*. His help is not to be an excuse for our helplessness; the abundance of that treasure is not to extenuate, but to enrich, our poverty. Let us say, reverently, and begging that we may not be misunderstood, that even the Almighty pauses and awaits the answer of the laborer whom he has summoned into his vineyard. Will you come? saith God. But Moses, as I say, was appalled by the word which he had often prayed to hear. He begins to raise difficulties, to plead ignorance, to tell of the want of faith which he was sure to encounter amongst those to whom he was to be sent. Many years have gone by since the fathers of the tribe were gathered to the invisible home of all the earth. Living amongst idolaters, the faith of the people in the invisible

Lord had begun to decline, if it had not already died out. He was not sure that he could call by any name that would be intelligible to his countrymen the Being who had sent him for their deliverance. "And Moses said unto God, When they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" Listen to the answer, coming to us still from the past and out of that great silence: "And God said unto Moses, I am that I am. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."

So did the Absolute Being, the Perfect One, who ever is what he hath been, and who ever shall be what he is, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the Alpha and the Omega, declare himself through sense, putting himself into manifest connection with human history, taking a man and a people under his charge, to be in a peculiar sense their Governor and Helper, until that great day when the Word should be made flesh, and be seen on earth as the visible glory of the invisible God, his only-begotten Son. That announcement at the bush — that announcement, not in the schools of metaphysicians, to studious and inquisitive pupils, but in a world of life and beauty, to one of earth's laborers — was one of the grandest prophecies of the purposed redemption. God writes that mysterious "I am that I am" upon the souls of his children, an inward revelation. The conception which it expresses may have been familiar to the mind of Moses as to the minds of those who wrote out the thought upon the wall of the temple at Sais, or in the Hindoo description of Vishnoo. But here the voice of God claims the name which the finger of God had written. It became a sound for the world's ear. The foundation of religious trust and of moral activity is laid in the very depths of the divine nature. With the most startling distinctness and the calmest authority, the voice falling upon the inner ear gave back to Moses his highest thought of God, his holiest and most precious, — what he had been ready to regard as incommunicable, as too refined for common uses, as not to be mentioned in connec-

tion with a work so earthly as the deliverance of his countrymen, — gave him nothing less than this as the word of power by which he must prevail. And, indeed, there is no other name which can lead us out of any Egyptian bondage, and give us rest at last in the land of promise.

So the servant of God commissioned for his work must return to his people and to Pharaoh their tyrant. He returned to engage in a fearful conflict with one who had hardened himself against the Divine judgments, and to find only an uncertain support from his own slavish and dispirited tribe. But as God had been true, so according to his human measure he was found faithful and ready to impart what had been so freely given to him. Not without tears and blood was the redemption wrought. There were plagues in Egypt, wonders in the Red Sea. "And it shall be," it is written, "when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto them, By strength of hand the Lord brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage." We have no space now to review the story of the miracles which God wrought through Moses. We will only say, that if the reader will study the record, and compare passage with passage, and bear in mind the uncertainty of Hebrew notation, he will find that the book itself supplies some qualifications of the narrative, and suggests considerations which should control a hasty scepticism based upon an over-rigid interpretation of the letter of the marvellous record. We may see reason for reducing the size of the picture, but we shall retain its proportions and shall recognize its wondrous character. The hand of God, ever working in our world, comes out into the light in that tale of fear and wonder. We see that Nature, the orderly and law-abiding, sympathizes with her Creator and Lord, and yields her mighty elements for the fulfilment of his pleasure, breaking down the power of the rebellious, and visiting with swift destruction those who could not be turned from their wicked purpose. The poor Hebrews, save as they are represented

by their lawgiver and high-priest that were to be, scarcely appear upon the scene; it is a magnificent conflict between the angels of the Almighty and the fiends of pride and selfishness in the hearts of Pharaoh and his magicians, that sought to oppose with juggling arts or to weary out with obstinacy the ministers of Divine justice. At first, and so long as the blows fell but lightly, the parasites of the king made some poor show of imitating the portents which waited upon the word and sign of the man of God. *They did so*, it is written, with their enchantments, — a statement which will not surprise us when we consider the resources of Egyptian magic; but soon they retire baffled and discomfited. The spawn of the waters and of the air, the pestilence that walks in darkness, the destruction that wastes at noonday, the noxious influences that slay their thousands, the plagues that weary out man and beast, the stormy winds, lightning and tempest and hail, the locust-army, — that people numerous and strong, the land before them as the garden of Eden, and behind them as a desolate wilderness, — an army not to be stayed by the sword, running through the city, running upon the wall, climbing up upon the houses, entering in at the windows like a thief, darkening the sun and moon and hiding the light of the sun in their pathway, — and at last the mysterious symbolic sickening of the first-born, made the feeble doings of the Egyptian priests utterly contemptible, and compelled them to admit, in horror and dismay, that on the side of the oppressed as well as of the oppressor there is power. The day of Jehovah dawns at last, and it is great and very terrible. Who shall be able to bear it? Hecatæus of Miletus, one of the oldest and most discerning of Grecian historiographers, writing 500 years before Christ, testifies most distinctly that, in obedience to the injunction of an oracle, and to appease the Divine displeasure, the Hebrews went forth from Egypt; and this we take to be a Gentile testimony to the religious significance of the calamities which then befell that ancient land. The people are suffered to

depart, and are even laden with gifts. And yet the tyrant repents of his repentance, and gives the order to pursue, but only to meet with total and final discomfiture. He who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand opened for his chosen ones a path of safety, — for the oppressor a way of death. The sea covered the Egyptians; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

And so they and we are on our way to Sinai. We are not strangers to the place. It is in the land of Midian, the land of the lawgiver's waiting during so many years. Prominent enough to give a name to the whole peninsula towers the fourfold range of Sinai. The group of mountains to which this name especially belongs includes the peak of Horeb, and so, extending some three miles, rises at its highest point to more than 8,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. It is the easternmost save one of the four ranges, which are separated by deep valleys and water-courses. At the foot of Horeb there stretches a beautiful plain, including a surface of at least one square mile, and well supplied with those living springs which insure surpassing beauty and fertility, the resort still of the wandering Bedouins. The name Sinai is applied sometimes to a district, sometimes to a particular part of a district, sometimes to a mountain-ridge, sometimes to the southern end of this ridge, now called Jebel Mûsa or Moses's Mount. Departing from the tradition with reference to the matter in obedience to geographical requirements, Robinson assigns the promulgation of the law to Horeb, the northern end of the range, where the surrounding space is ample to satisfy all the requirements of the Scripture narrative, the mountain-sides yielding springs of water, and the intervening valleys being clothed with fruitage and beauty. This traveller speaks of a neighboring convent, over 5,000 feet above the sea, with its plantation of olives and its garden of apricots and apple-trees in blossom on the 26th of March. Here was the awful spot where heaven and earth were to be brought together, — where the Lord should be at once manifested and veiled in a thick

cloud,— where the chosen leader and guide should pass days and nights in solemn communings with the invisible Jehovah, and receive the mysterious tablets of the Divine Commandments.

In reading the Scripture story of the giving of the law through the mediation of Moses, we must bear in mind that we are studying the record of one of the greatest epochs in the movements of the Divine Providence, and we must not pause at wonders. That the mountains should tremble under the tread of the Almighty, that the peaks of the everlasting hills should be ablaze, and the smoke thereof ascend as the smoke of a furnace, cannot be reckoned incredible when the Invisible would so speak to the people that they may hear and believe forever. Souls that dwell in bodies, spirits that are incarnate, must be reached through the senses; signs and wonders are God's speech to them. The care with which the people were kept from too near an approach to the blazing mountains shows that we have here something more than mere phenomena, and that they were in danger of more than a ceremonial and conventional sacrilege from contact with a visible holy of holies. For the most part, the communication of the Divine will was made only to the lawgiver, and by his lips was communicated to the people.

Into the details of the communings of the lawgiver with Jehovah it is not possible for us to enter. We can get only glimpses into the thick darkness which encompasses the divinely commissioned leader. From that presence he returned with the law upon his mind and upon his lips; not, perhaps, in all its particulars, but with the fruitful germs of wholesome statutes, and with large applications of large principles,— the Ten Commandments, warnings against idolatry, a prohibition to erect any elaborate altar, which might detain them in the wilderness, and many precepts of justice and humanity, well deserving to be studied and kept even in these Christian days. It was not until Moses had gone again into the awful solitudes of the mount, with only Joshua for

an attendant, that he received the two tables of stone; two, because the one announces our duty to God, the other our duty to our brethren, and written by the finger of God, an expression which may be illustrated by the word of Jesus, "If I by the finger of God cast out devils," &c. These tablets, you remember, were broken by Moses, in his anger at a subsequent defection and revolt of the people, and the fragments were not preserved, lest superstition should misuse them; but their place was supplied by other tablets, inscribed, as we are told, by the lawgiver, under Divine guidance. So the law came by Moses, and with it the ritual, which was its needful embodiment, and the childhood of our race was put under tutors and governors. The pupil proved untoward and perverse and slow. Even at the foot of Sinai the people compelled him who was to be the high-priest of the pure faith to fashion for them an idol. Their religion had departed from them with the departure of Moses. They had watched in Egypt the march of Pharaoh's armies, and the image of the sacred calf was borne before the host. These military processions may still be seen depicted upon Egyptian monuments. Why should not they journey to the promised land in like manner? Those who are inclined to regard the Mosaic ritual as childish, may well learn from this defection how much the Hebrews needed something external, — a tabernacle, if not an idol. Ages of discipline were required to bring the national worship up to their spiritual and pure faith, and the national conscience to the height and compass of the Ten Commandments. There must be scourges and captivities, the blood of martyrs and prophets, the burdens of Elijah and Elisha, of Isaiah and Jeremiah. To him whose story we have been setting down so hastily, there was to be no outward rest; and even after forty years of wandering with a thankless people there should be only a vision of the land of promise. But the good work was begun, — begun though so many of those days of the Lord which are as a thousand years would be required for its consummation. We believe

in the one living and true God to-day, and accept as first principles the moralities of Sinai, because Moses lived and labored; because he was taught of God and listened to his teachings, and spite of weariness and discouragement, and the opposition of those who were to be lifted out of a slavish temper as well as rescued from a slavish condition, he held on his way, and finished the work that was given him to do. It is a noteworthy fact, that even those who have questioned the Mosaic authorship of the first five books of sacred Scripture, are ready to admit that the Ten Commandments are from him. What a glorious legacy were they for one to leave to his people and to his world! For here the training of man must begin, and whether on earth or in heaven one jot or one tittle of the law shall in nowise pass away until all be fulfilled. Only through the law does man know his sinfulness; and only he who knows his sinfulness will be drawn to Him who is first and chiefly the Saviour of sinners. If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments; at least, try to keep them. The practice of duty illustrates the need of faith, — faith in a Redeemer and Saviour. Then grace and truth are welcomed. The last word of the law is, Repent! the first word of the Gospel is, Believe and live! He who wrote the great precepts of religion and of morality upon stone sends his Son in the fulness of the times to write them upon the heart, to show them forth in a complete obedience, to make them possible for us by the frequency of his Spirit. If ye believed Moses, said the Saviour, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me.

In what we have written of the great leader and guide, we have sought neither to raise nor to set aside difficulties in the story or in the interpretation. We have wished rather to witness for a great Divine interposition, and for a splendid example of human faithfulness and service, which are obvious enough to the common mind, and can hardly be put aside even by the sceptical, and must needs quicken and instruct every impressible soul. If any would strengthen

their faith in God and in man, and in Him by whom God and man are reconciled and made one, we point them still, even in these days, to Moses in the bulrushes, to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush, to Moses before Pharaoh and the magicians, to Moses coming down from Sinai bearing the tables of the Commandments, and shedding forth from his face a measure at least of that strange light which shone out upon the disciples when he appeared with their Lord upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Unto this day no man knoweth of the resting-place of his body; but he himself — his mind, his spirit — yet speaks, and still accomplishes in the world the appointed work of preparation, — a work which, however strangely delayed, shall go forward, until the kingdom of Christ shall indeed come, and every heart shall confess his Divine power.

E.

WANTS.

THE stirring events and deep anxieties caused by the posture of our public affairs do not, and should not, stifle the deeper cries of the heart for its rest in God. We received, a short time since, the following letter. We hardly know whether it was intended as strictly a private one, or whether we were expected to answer it in these pages. Be that as it may, as it is only a specimen of what we frequently receive, and as its subject involves interests deeply and widely felt, we give it entire.

"MY DEAR SIR, —

"My desire for truth must be the excuse of this letter from a stranger. I am connected in religious association with the Unitarians. But their writings and views of the Saviour do not fully satisfy me. I cannot enter into an argument with their able writers, for I am not acquainted with the lan-

guages in which our Scriptures were first spoken. When I read, it seems all very well to the head, but my heart cries out for something more. And the Orthodox views I cannot receive at all. Can you (if I have made myself understood) give me what I want, or give me the key with which I shall be able to unlock, and find that rest or peace which Jesus speaks of when he invited 'all who are heavy laden.' I know he says, 'Come unto me,' and that is it. *Where is he?* And what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them? Any counsel that you feel able and willing to give will be gratefully received.

"From yours truly,

"_____ _____."

Another letter came to us, from one whose associations are with Orthodox Christians, indicative of earnest and painful strivings after light and peace. We venture to give two or three sentences. "I could not conscientiously unite myself with a Unitarian church, for I feel that, as a body, there is in them very little spiritual life. Besides, I cannot accept as true all that they believe, — I mean, most of them. Neither could I unite with any of the so-called Evangelical churches, for I could not accept their creed, and if I could, I cannot feel it is right to be so *bound*. Where does the path of duty lie? Christ says, 'If any man shall do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,' and this darkness may arise from a want of devotion to his service. Yet if I know my own heart, I do *most earnestly* desire to do his will, and my daily prayer is for spiritual light and guidance. . . . . What books would be of most assistance to me? I have felt that this trial, which I have so long endured, has done me good, but I am weary now, and long for the struggle to end."

Another person, of clear intelligence, whose purity of life we might well envy, and whose associations had been with the so-called "New Jerusalem Church," says: "I was sad and anxious, I knew not why. I supposed all the trouble was in me. But since I left, I have become fully convinced

that my want of peace arose from the fact that I was so entirely *shut in*."

We connot presume to guide others. We have felt deeply the need of a Guide ourselves, and we believe we understand, from a depth and fulness of sympathy which experience alone can give, the state of mind which these extracts disclose. We infer that it is a state of mind very general and pervading, and that, among all communions, the heart is asking for something which the denominations cannot give.

Long ago there arose on our dreaming hours the ideal of a church of Christ, so rich in the treasures of truth, so abounding in warm celestial charities, that the wayfaring man might come, be clothed and fed from her affluence, be comforted in her goodly fellowship, and on her large maternal bosom find shelter and repose. The want of such a church we believe to be one of the instincts of the heart, and that the instinct becomes more strong and urgent as the heart becomes more replenished with Divine grace. But come to ask where is this church to be found, we know of but one answer. It is not yet realized on the earth, and we shall not probably find it till we rise to the communion of the glorified. Those who box the whole compass, from Rome to blank Naturalism, or from Naturalism around to Rome, do not find such a church. And yet we doubt not that it is to come at length in the consummation of things, crowning work of the Saviour, as the New Jerusalem descends and touches the earth, and finally in an outward visible form fulfils the prophecy, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!"

As to the three communions touching which our correspondents give us the text for what we are to say, we trust it will not be invidious for us to record so much of our knowledge and experience as is pertinent to their queries. And we proceed in the inverse order in which we have named them.

There is the New Jerusalem Church, technically so called,

but very far from actualizing the New Jerusalem of St. John's Revelation. It has a christology of heavenly clearness and beauty, which answers almost exactly to the "Logos doctrine" of the early Church, and of which nearly every chapter of the Gospel of John is as full as it can hold. It has a pneumatology wonderfully distinct, rational, and substantial, which brings the shores of immortality so near that we can almost hear the chimes of the bells of heaven. It has a code of ethics and morals which condemns every form of selfishness. With all this it has one deep and crying want. *It lacks the Paraclete*, that last and richest legacy of Christ, without which piety is stiff and Jewish, and the Church is without growth and vitality, and soon becomes "hardened into a dry crust of conformity" and splits into sects. And the reason of this radical and fatal deficiency is obvious enough. *No church can have the free action of the Paraclete within it, founded on the word of a mortal and fallible man.* So long as the personality of Emanuel Swedenborg strides it like a colossus, its believers must indeed be "shut in." So long as his word is regarded as final and "continuous from the Lord," and the chief business is to dig out his meaning with a dictionary of correspondences, his huge personality must come between the believer and the Lord Jesus, and the Comforter in plenteous showers of grace and peace will never descend. And there will be no such thing as free enlargement and unfolding from within, no melting of all hearts into one, and pouring them out in large and generous charities, no intense and vital action that comes through prayer; but hair-splittings in theology, and the vain attempt to build up a church from without, with no church enlargement from within through the Spirit sweeping the soul like a river, and making a religious revival at every hour. If we may trust the opinion of the most competent judges who have acted within its pale, New Church ecclesiasticism, both in England and America, has been a signal failure. And we are compelled to regard this failure as the

judgment of the Lord against its noxious idolatry, preventing him from having free action within the church, from waking a warm spirit of devotion, and baptizing with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*

There is Orthodox Calvinism with its two wings of Old School and New, or staid and progressive Orthodoxy. The latter division abounds with life and self-sacrificing zeal, and apparently is doing more than any other division of the church, the Methodists perhaps excepted, in moulding society and winning souls to Christ. Its literature is vigorous, scholarly, throbs with a warm devotional spirit, and its pulpit has more power and influence than any pulpits in the land. We presume it will be conceded that it includes a large proportion of the best and brightest minds among the younger clergy. It is effectively reformatory in two directions, — against the sins of the age, and against the infidelity of the age. It flowers forth in such admirable works as Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." Taking firm ground in the essential divinity of Christ and its correlate, the radical depravity of man, it is doing more in our estimation in lifting the Church out of the naturalism of the times, than any denomination in Christendom. Very true, the old and fixed Orthodoxy is alarmed, and charges young Orthodoxy with fatal tendencies to rationalism.

* See Mr. Brotherton's late pamphlet on the New Church in England. See Professor Bush's writings *passim*. Mr. Brotherton says: "If any one amongst us should call in question some of the teachings of Swedenborg, however pure his life, he would sink to zero in the estimation of many. There is only one thing worse than this; and that is, the manifestation of some kind of zeal, especially if it does not go in the doctrinal direction. . . . . We have philosophic generalities, dull platitudes respecting goodness and truth, principles, degrees, and correspondences. These things are useful to the student, but as they are dealt out they can scarcely be said to constitute even a theology, but rather a nomenclature. We do not often hear preaching which probes the heart, which takes the sinner as he sits, and compels him to explore the dark places of his own bosom, exhibits him to himself in the light of Divine truth until he trembles, and, loathing himself, cries out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' We hear little about the need of personal religion. . . . . Not only are there few efforts among us for the regeneration of society; we even go out of our way to make light of those which others make." — pp. 13, 17.

We cannot see in it the least bearing in that direction. Why, then, the reader will ask, do you not go over and join it? For the simple reason that two of our correspondents have given. We cannot subscribe the creed. We cannot worship three persons. Rather we cannot do as Henry Ward Beecher does, enounce the creed bravely with the lips now and then, and go on the next day and give it side thrusts till it is thoroughly cut up. What he does, we presume, with perfect simplicity of mind, being born or brought up in Orthodoxy, in us would be double-dealing, or facing two ways. The new Calvinism loses in consistency while it gains in power, and there are "Inquiries in Theology," especially in the department of inspiration and hermeneutics, which it must ignore, or else have a thorough readjustment of its whole doctrinal system. What is the true theory of the Old Testament? What will you do with the Hebrew Cosmology and the Book of Jonah? How does the deity of Christ consist with the unity of God? What is the Bible pneumatology, and the teaching about the resurrection of the dead? How can we teach a vicarious atonement without running into Antinomianism? What about the Five Points? Must we keep them sharp and burnished, or may we file off some of them, and if so, which, and how many? We must take old Calvinism, if we take any, as alone self-consistent, and that would kill us in the process of digestion. And though, in our judgment, the new Calvinism tends in no wise to rationalism, or to Unitarianism in any shape that Unitarianism has yet assumed, it evidently does tend to a reconstruction of the whole scheme of doctrinal Christianity. That is a work which belongs to those who are educated within it, and discern its wants and exigencies, and wield its power and know how to reform it. For others to seek admission within its ranks for any such purpose, would be very much like treachery.

We come next to our own division of the Church universal, called by some Unitarians, called more comprehensively Liberal Christianity, which our two correspondents, first quoted, think is wanting in spiritual life.

In a wealthy and once prosperous society, which had become thoroughly demoralized under an administration of Parkerism, we heard the inquiry earnestly made for a minister who was a "Channing Unitarian." What a Channing Unitarian might be we had a very vague and floating idea, and we suspect the inquirer had himself. Turning to Dr. Channing's Memoirs, we find his views expressed as follows in a letter to Rev. James Martineau, dated September, 1841: —

"Old Unitarianism must undergo important modification or developments. This I have felt for years. Though an advance on previous systems, and bearing some better fruits, it does not work deeply, it does not strike living springs in the soul. This is perfectly consistent with the profound piety of individuals of the body. But it cannot quicken and regenerate the world. No matter how reasonable it may be if it is without *power*. Its history is singular. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason, — against mental slavery. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a *Unitarian Orthodoxy*. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at or deplored, for all reforming bodies seem doomed to stop, in order to keep the ground, much or little, which they have gained. They become conservative, and out of them must spring new reformers, to be persecuted generally by the old. With these views I watch all new movements with great interest." (Vol. II. p. 399.)

Later still, he says, "I am becoming less and less a Unitarian." A Channing Unitarian, then, is one who becomes a Unitarian less and less; in other phrase, who leaves Unitarianism behind so far forth as he finds it partial and superficial, and presses on towards fulness and completeness in Christ Jesus. This we should think is sufficient answer to those sensitive critics who deem it a reflection upon the memories of the sainted dead of the denomination to aspire to truth that never dawned upon them, — a sentiment, one might almost think, enough to make Channing speak from his grave, or draw down his indignation from the skies.

Plainly, there are three kinds of Unitarianism. There is that which shades off into natural religion, losing everything which is distinctive in Christianity, tending to a total disintegration of the Church. Then there is what Dr. Channing calls "Unitarian Orthodoxy," which is simply a few platitudes about the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of human nature, and the excellence of virtue, fixed and fossilized as the sum-total of the Gospel revelation, to undergo no addition or diminution to the end of time. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" It is one of these two types, we suppose, which our correspondents have come in contact with, and no wonder that they "find very little life in them," and that "the heart cries out for something more." Then there is Channing Unitarianism, properly so called, the only kind that he would acknowledge as genuine, — that which finds in Christianity an all-comprehending and ever-unfolding Divine system imperfectly apprehended as yet, but the sole hope of the world and the inexhaustible riches of God. This, as he viewed the matter, was the Unitarianism with which the denomination started, — "pledged to progress as its life and end." It is the only one which has the living germs of a glorious future, which is not already dying, and which does not deserve to die. It will become less and less Unitarian, for the simple reason that it brings the believer evermore to the beholdings of absolute truth, and gives him Christianity, not as the sect has named and fixed it, but as the ever-coming Christ unveils it to those who only hearken to his COME UNTO ME.

What, then, is the only consistent position for any earnest man to hold who believes that Christ is more than sect, that existing forms of religion are transitional and provisional, and who waits for the ultimations of the New Jerusalem upon the earth? What but to stand faithfully in his lot wherever he can stand in truth and in freedom, and speak the word and do the work which God gives him to speak and to do? What but to press nearer and nearer to the Lord Jesus

Christ, by all the means which are afforded him, and then speak out any truth which he finds, or breathe out any love with which his heart overflows, for the good of that communion in which he finds himself placed? In what other way are denominational peculiarities to soften and fade out before the growing splendors of the Son of man? In what other way is the New Jerusalem to descend, until in place of sect we have indeed a Church, catholic both in faith and in charity, and whose differences shall not be schisms, but the variations of shade and coloring through which the glory of the landscape is toned and harmonized? Meanwhile the way is direct and short for the earnest inquirer of any sect to a profounder peace and a more sufficing faith than his sect can give him. It is to rise above its level, seeking Christ at first hand, by a life in conformity with his word, by personal communion, by a daily walk with him as the God with us, and the giver of the Comforter, being sure that he will make good his promise. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and WE WILL COME AND MAKE OUR ABODE WITH HIM."

"Where is he, and what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them?" We have tried several times to answer such questions in these pages, but we reserve them now for another number. The answer, however, only becomes perfect as we follow him in the regeneration, till we take up the strain of the heavenly ritual, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

S.

REMEMBER that this is the very elixir, the very hell of hell to the damned spirits, that they had once a time wherein they might have procured everlasting rest and glory; but they foolishly and vainly misspent that time and season, which is now not to be recovered.

BE frugal of your time; it is one of the best jewels we have.

MY NIECE'S TROUBLE.

"Oh Aunt Sarah! here you sit day after day, and the world does n't change with you one bit! I verily believe that you have n't moved those vases on the mantelpiece, except to dust them, for the past forty years. How can you endure such a life? For my part I am tired to death, and hurry from one amusement to another that I may get rid of the horrible feeling that life is all a mockery, and does n't amount to anything. Why, sometimes every man, woman, and child I meet seems to me a skeleton; and how they can grimace and appear happy, and make such humbugs of themselves, I can't imagine. If they think at all, of course they must see that nothing they do or say is of any real use; how can they help looking forward and wondering what the end will be? And here you live without anything to divert your mind, as if you were *really* happy. I don't believe that you are either stupid or deceitful, and I don't know what to make of you."

That was a long speech, but I was used to such greetings; for my niece often burst in upon me, and began at once to unburden her mind of the uppermost subject, without waiting to bid me good afternoon. So I was not at all surprised, only pleased to see her, for she did much to make my life less monotonous; and besides, I loved her for her own sake.

Her words brought freshly back to me the first troubled winter of my life, — when I began to see below the surface of everything, to cry, Peace, peace! when there was no peace, and to carry a heavy heart to my pleasures and my work. I longed to comfort my poor child at once, and save her the months, perhaps years, of groping which I foresaw for her, though I knew that her end would be peace without my aid; so I determined that, before she left me, she should have my sympathy at least, and what little advice I could give her from my own experience.

"This is something new, Lucy," I said, "you seem always as gay as a lark."

"It 's only seeming," she replied, sadly; "at least, it has been only seeming for a long time now. I have n't told any one about it, but I 've carried round with me everywhere just such a heartache as I could put away in a dark corner and have all to myself, and appear outside just the same as ever; but every morning the first thought, sitting waiting for me on my pillow, ready to take possession of me as I come to myself, (I 'm taking great liberties with Emerson, Aunt Sarah,) is the same old grinding fancy, that nothing in this world amounts to anything. I groan and say, 'Another day to give account of!' And I go through the same routine of little duties from which I can't escape, and yet which amount to nothing, never go deeper than the surface, nor call out a single faculty. I long sometimes to stop strangers in the street, and ask them what they are living for. However, it would n't be of much use; they all have the same craving and dissatisfaction, I know. Why, look at your neighbors up and down this quiet street; what are they aiming at? which of them is happy?"

While she ran on with much more in the same strain, my thoughts wandered from house to house, that I might bring forward some example for Lucy's encouragement.

There is my neighbor A, the fair representative of a large class. He is out early in the morning, moving fast and looking neither to the right hand nor the left, like a man of business as he is. He says that he began life poor, and suffered mortifications and trials innumerable till he was convinced that money was a good thing, a great thing, and indeed everything (not that he wishes to say that religion is not first, of *course*). But look at the comforts money brings: education, — and is not knowledge power? Could not he now hold his head much higher among his friends had he been educated as well as Mr. this or that? Comforts, dress, amusements (not that he cares for these, but his children do), pleasures, fine houses. It commands respect, and he is not quite sure that it does not sometimes command love too. In short, it is to him the most desirable of all things. He

loves to make money, and he means to make it; and the question is pretty freely answered, — that is what *he* lives for.

B is a pretty little woman; her fingers sparkle with diamonds, her silks sweep the streets, her fan waves at the opera, her slippers dance at the gayest balls, — she lives for pleasure, and loves it best of all things. Everybody pets her and loves her, she is so kind-hearted. She plans all the morning for her evening's amusement, and gives herself little time to think. I wonder if the thought may not now and then rush over her, 'What are you doing it for? What does it all amount to?' Perhaps she has not thought of it definitely enough to give an answer, were she asked directly; but sometimes her face is very sober as she sits at the window, and I think that it is not entirely because her new dress did not fit, or Frank did not ask her to dance with him but once.

I never saw any one more industrious than C. She sits and sews the whole day long. In public her dress is faultless, with the only drawback that it leaves the impression that she has given her whole mind to it. She sews for fairs too, and for her friends, — beautiful bridal pincushions, and babies' sacks miraculously embroidered, — and no one could help admiring her neatness, skill, and patience. But I never heard of her reading, or caring for anything beyond what appertains to the body; and though she seems always placidly content, I sometimes suspect that there must be a yawning gulf in her heart which all the stitches of a lifetime could not close.

D evidently has a craving, but whether she rightly understands what it is, I cannot tell. Her eager desire seems to be for attention, and, in the street and at home, she is always either in a state of fluttering delight at the amount she receives, or laying plans to attract more. She has no more than her proper share, however, and a large part of her life is necessarily unfilled; then she is unsatisfied, if not positively unhappy.

E dearly loves his children, — carries them in his thoughts all day, drudges for them, plans for them, and sacrifices him-

self for them; neither does he forget that they are immortal souls. He is to be envied in his enjoyment of them, as they climb over him like young opossums. They give him pain sometimes, but he loves them too judiciously for them to give him any permanent trouble, and, with all his cares, his life must be satisfactory to him through them, for through time and eternity he can look forward to his rich possessions. No! Even with this rose there is a thorn, for almost as surely as they grow to be men and women will they choose to give to a stranger a love stronger than they have for him; his old age may be comparatively lonely and desolate, and he can only truly enjoy his children while he blindly persists in looking upon them as immortal *children*.

F is an old maid, and it is wonderful how much she accomplishes in the world. She is ready for every call, besides the definite work laid out for her, which many conscientious people would make an excuse against further demands. She visits and receives her friends, and sews for herself and others, and works for fairs in the intervals of teaching school, and has a helping hand to offer for every benevolence which is brought before her. She is fresh and happy, and gives pleasure wherever she goes, and I more than suspect a secret of happiness to be hers, deeper than the secret of industry which brings so much of that desirable gift. F was the person I could quote, and I thought I knew her secret.

"Yes," Lucy answered, when I spoke of her, "she has always seemed very happy, but so do thousands of others; how do you know, Aunt Sarah, that she has not lonely hours and terrible heart-sinkings? You never suspected these feelings in me till I confided in you."

"None of us are perfectly happy, Lucy, and we never cease to have sorrows and troubles; but underneath them there is either a basis of happiness or unhappiness, on which we build our houses, and these little, outward circumstances pass, as the world passes before our windows, — now a beggar, now a rich man, — now a painful, now a pleasant sight, — they

affect us for the moment, but do not shake the house. I think F's basis is happiness, and that I can help you to her secret."

Lucy seemed so ready to listen, I felt I could speak freely.

"You are troubled that your life amounts to nothing; which means that you have not found your right place in the world; for every one has a place, we may be sure, since God has seen fit to send us here. You never can be at ease till you find it and fill it. You mean to be conscientious, and live faithfully and nobly, so naturally you aim too high at first, and think these very little every-day duties which you say you cannot escape from, but which so take up your time, are eating up your life in vain."

"Now, Aunt Sarah, don't preach me that doctrine *again!* I *know* it by heart; I have thoroughly tried to do with my might whatever my hands found to do, however small the duty was; but when I look back upon a day so spent, it looks like child's patchwork, not fit for use, and I feel myself dwindling down daily, chained like a galley-slave to work I was not meant to do. I am not ambitious, but I am afraid of the account I shall have to give of such a wasted life, and I deepen the pit of my omissions every day, without knowing how to fill it up."

"Do you remember Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness?" I said. "God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts. We can get more food to grow strong upon out of little every-day duties faithfully performed, than from the profoundest studies or the most public deeds, when we step out of our own place for them. It's old and commonplace advice, I know; but the importance of little things can never be enough considered.

"God never allows all the doors to be thrown open, that we may look straight forward through our whole life; but I can open for you a little crack, and if you push through that, the door beyond will open gradually before you, but you must go on alone. F's secret is that she loves her neighbor as herself. Such love always brings happiness, and I think this

medicine will heal your disease, in proportion to the dose you take. Try it; do the first kind act which comes in your way, and watch the result. One from whom both you and I have had many a precious lesson, has said that the three classes of evil which are appointed for our trial are worldliness, sensuality, and selfishness; that from these he is least in danger who is most entirely occupied with thinking and caring for others, and if one could be wholly so occupied, like an angel, the danger would cease entirely. I think that is true; at any rate, prove it, and hold it fast if good. Never omit an opportunity of doing a kind act or speaking a kind word; and still further, take the remedy as you would an antidote against poison, and when you find the unsatisfied feeling stealing over you, seek out some object for your kindness. I am much mistaken if you do not soon learn to let God make what disposition of your life he chooses, without your caring to ask what it will amount to."

Here a visitor interrupted us, and I was not sorry, for I had said what I wanted most to say; and as I get old I have to check a tendency to prosiness, which I find grows upon me. Lucy went away without an opportunity to tell me whether she cared for my words or not; but in a moment a laughing face appeared at the parlor door, and she said, with a roguish enjoyment of her prompt application of my remedy, "Here is your evening's paper, Aunt Sarah; I thought I would save your poor, stiff old bones the trouble of picking it up."

While my neighbor E gave me a glowing account of his Benjamin's last accomplishment, I watched Lucy's light step down the street, and prayed that her's might not be one of those

> "Restless and craving dissatisfied hearts,
> Whence never the demon of hunger departs,"

and that I might in some measure save her young life from that cloud which darkens the days of so many young girls, and makes them such an easy prey to bodily and mental disease.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE MOB SPIRIT.

THE ferocious mob spirit breaks forth now and then at the North, for the purpose of putting down a stray Secessionist or some apologist for treason. Strange to say, respectable people sometimes wink at it, and respectable journalists rebuke it mildly. Why will they not see that the least concession to, or encouragement of, the mob spirit, though in a cause they may deem ever so just, is warming into life a serpent which may one day sting them to death? Let us beware how we teach these "bloody instructions." We may be in a minority some time, and they will come back to plague us. He who has committed no overt act against the civil order, though we may hate and condemn his opinions and his way of expressing them, has a right to all the power of the Commonwealth, if need be, to shield him from personal violence. Those who undertake to lynch Secessionists become themselves traitors to the good cause; for what are we fighting for but civil order and constitutional liberty? Though the minority be very small and very obnoxious, theirs becomes the case for which law is specially needed, and over which its protecting majesty should extend. Let every man watch in himself the first rising, and be ready to rebuke and bring to justice the first manifestation of this devilish spirit of intolerance and cruelty. S.

HOW PEOPLE WALK.

I WAS confined to my room in a strange city, became sick of books and newspapers, and looked out of the window to study the people that kept streaming by. It was a raw morning, and the street was swept by a gusty wind. Good old Dr. Holt used to say he could tell a man's character by his walk, his tastes, his habits, his social standing, his culture, his force of character, and even whether there was any moral stamina in him. Let us see whether there is any truth in the Doctor's theories, for here are all sorts of characters and races in this Babel of a city, and I will observe whether they put themselves into their gait and bearing. First come the market-women, all Irish.

Every one of them leans forward, lifts the bottom of her dress with her heels, and keeps up a flapping of skirts in the gusty breeze. Not an Irishwoman passes but makes immense pedal demonstrations, as if at least one fifth of her was made up of foot and ankle. After this come the men, who are evidently from the lower strata of the population. Almost every one of them looks blue, leans forward, squeezes his lungs into the smallest compass he can, as if afraid of breathing too much of the cold air. They do not so much walk as creep, never having learned, evidently, that lungs were made to breathe with, and that the more air they take in, the more their blood will be oxygenized, and their brains sparkle with life and intelligence, and their bodies with manly energy. There is a corner at the end of the block where most of these people vanish, taking a turn out of sight. Curious it is to see them turn that corner. The women make a dead halt, and then take a new tack with a new setting of sails. The men look up from the pavement to find where the corner is, and then jerk themselves round it. But see! there comes a man up the street with a quick and easy motion, his chest fully expanded, his cheeks rosy red, cutting the wind with a commanding air. He turns the corner with a graceful curve and disappears. "Who is he?" "Col. H., who addressed the caucus last night." It is near nine o'clock, and now the upper stratum of the city are evidently finding their way into the streets. The ladies that pass now have no feet. You only see dresses sailing by with equable motion, and making a curve around the corner without any flapping in the wind. Now and then there is a dress lifted up by the heel, but it is pretty sure to be either slouchy, or flaring and gaudy. Observe how those men carry their hands. Those who lean forward and look blue, paw the air crosswise, as if trying to swim. Those who walk erect and breathe with their lungs as well as their windpipes, move their hands less, and always in nearly parallel planes. Some move brisk and in straight lines, like an arrow shot at a mark. These are the business men. Children bound along as if their feet were india-rubber balls. Students walk leisurely, and as if going nowhere in particular. One thing impresses you. How many one-sided, gaunt, homely, rickety, bow-bent, ambling, halting, cadaverous people there are in the world, verifying Dr. Bushnell's remark, that, in order to get one handsome person, you must select a feature here and a tint there from a hundred others, and imagine them put together in a new combination. There is not

comeliness and symmetry enough in a hundred men or women, taken at random, to make a single handsome one. I saw only one man decently built and well projected in all that day's study, — the aforesaid Col. H., who probably came from the drill of West Point. We verily believe that one reason of so much deformed and rickety manhood is, that people are afraid to breathe, or perhaps too lazy for it. Children in school do not learn to breathe, except with compressed lungs. People walk the earth, not as free denizens upon it, entitled to a full allowance of the ocean of air that lies about them, but as if tending earthward and stooping towards their graves before their time. Dr. Fitch says that, if all parts of the lungs are used and kept well oxygenized, they will seldom get diseased. Put them, or any part of them, on short allowance of room or of air, and the brain will lack ventilation, the cheek lose its beauty, the soul its courage, the lungs get diseased, and the man, instead of walking erect, like Adam in Paradise before he sinned, will bend down and creep towards his grave. Let us teach the children two other things besides the list of school studies, — how to walk and how to breathe. S.

THE following soul-stirring lines were written long ago, by the late W. B. O. Peabody, D. D. They are full of patriotic fire, and specially appropriate now.

THE ALARM.

LOOK there! the beacon's crimson light
  Is blazing wide and far,
And sparkles in its towering height
  The rocket's signal-star.
Rise! rise! the cannon rolls at last
  Its deep and stern reply,
And heavier sleep is coming fast
  Than seals the living eye.

And now the warning trumpet peals!
  The battle 's on the way;
The bravest heart that moment feels
  The thrilling of dismay;
Around the loved in shrinking fear
  Love's straining arms are cast;
The heart is in that single tear,
  That parting is the last.

A thousand windows flash with fires
To light them through the gloom,
Before the taper's flame expires,
To glory or the tomb;
Far down the hollow street rebounds
The charger's rattling heel,
And, ringing o'er the pavement, sounds
The cannon's crushing wheel.

Then answers to the echoing drum
The bugle's stormy blast;
With crowded ranks the warriors come,
And bands are gathering fast;
Red on their arms the torch-light gleams,
As on their footsteps spring,
To perish ere the morning beams,
For death is on the wing.

The courier in his arrowy flight
Gives out the battle-cry:
And now march on with stern delight,—
To fall is not to die.
Already many a gallant name
Your country's story bears;
Go rival all your fathers' fame,
Or earn a death like theirs.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, LADY TREVELYAN, with Additional Notes to Vols. I., II., III., and IV., a Sketch of Lord Macaulay's Life and Writings, by S. AUSTIN ALIBONE, and a complete Index to the entire Work. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — This volume, the last which we are to have from the pen of the greatest of historians, closes with the death of King William, in 1701. The plan announced at the opening of the history was to bring it down within the memory of living men. The reader finishes this volume with a pang of sorrow that the narrative must stop here, and that the grave hath closed upon the knowledge and genius that were to illustrate the English history of the eighteenth

century. Just as he was coming to the reign of Anne, the Augustan age of English literature, in the knowledge of which, judging from his essays on Addison and Johnson, his memory was a mine of wealth, the pen drops from his hand.

The sketch of the life and writings of Lord Macaulay, prefixed to the present volume, takes up more than a hundred pages, and, though only a compilation, loosely thrown together, gives glimpses of his childhood, private life, and public career, which will be very eagerly read. He had an exceedingly retentive memory, and all its varied stores were at command. He is another instance confirming Sir William Hamilton's theory, and refuting the popular notion that a prodigious memory draws its nutriment from the other faculties and makes them weaker. His stores were not only vast, but his power of combination and masterly arrangement, his splendor of illustration, and what might be appropriately termed his word-magic, are without a rival in modern literature. S.

Phenomena of the Four Seasons. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — We have revived with much pleasure our acquaintance with this little volume. It comprises the four lectures, published some twelve years ago, entitled, "The Resurrections of Spring," "The Triumphal Arch of Summer," "The Euthanasia of Autumn," and "The Coronation of Winter." It has, in addition, an exposition of 1 Cor. xv. 35 – 44, which defends the lectures against some criticisms made upon their teachings pertaining to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Dr. Hitchcock's theory is, that sameness of particles is not necessary to the idea of bodily identity; that since the portion of the seed that enters into the future plant or tree forms but an infinitesimal part of the tree itself, and finally, perhaps, none at all, so only an infinitesimal particle of the body laid in the grave may enter into the resurrection body. Why the Doctor should assume that any particle whatever must come up out of the grave to form the nucleus of a new body we cannot understand, since we do not find it in the Bible, and why we may not just as well leave the grave behind us altogether, when we have done with time. But as he comes within an infinitesimal particle of what we hold as truth, we read his theory with great interest. We think Dr. Hitchcock mistakes altogether the argument

in "Athanasia." The writer of that book by no means asserts that "there is no such thing as bodily identity" existing throughout nature. What he denies is that *bodily* identity is essential to *personal* identity, and therefore that there is any necessity that we should carry any part of our earthly bodies into the spiritual world to preserve our personal sameness. So far as we understand, there is a perfect agreement between Dr. Hitchcock and the writer of "Athanasia." If we shall be living a dozen years hence, no particle of our present bodily structure will enter into the bodies we shall then wear. Yet we shall be the same beings. Even so *philosophy* requires no atom of our present bodies to form a part of our future bodies in order to our personal identity. So far both writers are agreed. But Dr. Hitchcock thinks that the *Scriptures* assert that something is to come up out of the grave at the resurrection, hence his infinitesimal germ deposited there and guarded as the nucleus of the future spiritual body.

The present edition makes a neat volume of 176 pages, with the same illustrations as the former edition. It will be welcomed by all who love to read Dr. Hitchcock, — and who does not, that loves devotion and candor? S.

The Boston Review for May finishes its criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. It certainly proves that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not a Calvinist in any other sense than he once undertook to define his own Calvinism, — "I am a Calvinist," he said, "in this sense: I believe as Calvin *ought* to believe, if he were living at the present time." The reviewer, we think, is certainly mistaken in ascribing to Mr. Beecher any fixed and consistent system. A man who says to-day that Christ is the only God he worships, and that the Father is to him only a filmy idea, and avers to-morrow that he is a tritheist worshipping three Gods, only saying "one God" with the lips because the Bible tells him to, must hold his theology, we take it, in a somewhat loose and dishevelled condition, and so far he may be a hopeful catechumen under such kneading as that of the Boston Review. The Review, again, is trenchant, spicy, and frank-spoken for the old Calvinism, and evidently is to be one of the forces of theological literature. It will do valiant battle at the outposts of revealed religion where the danger is greatest from the subtle and enervating naturalism of the times, and for this it has our hearty God-speed.